THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Fou enj. Franklin

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APRIL 28, 1928

Garet Garrett—Albert W. Atwood—Joseph Cummings Chase—Theodore Dreiser
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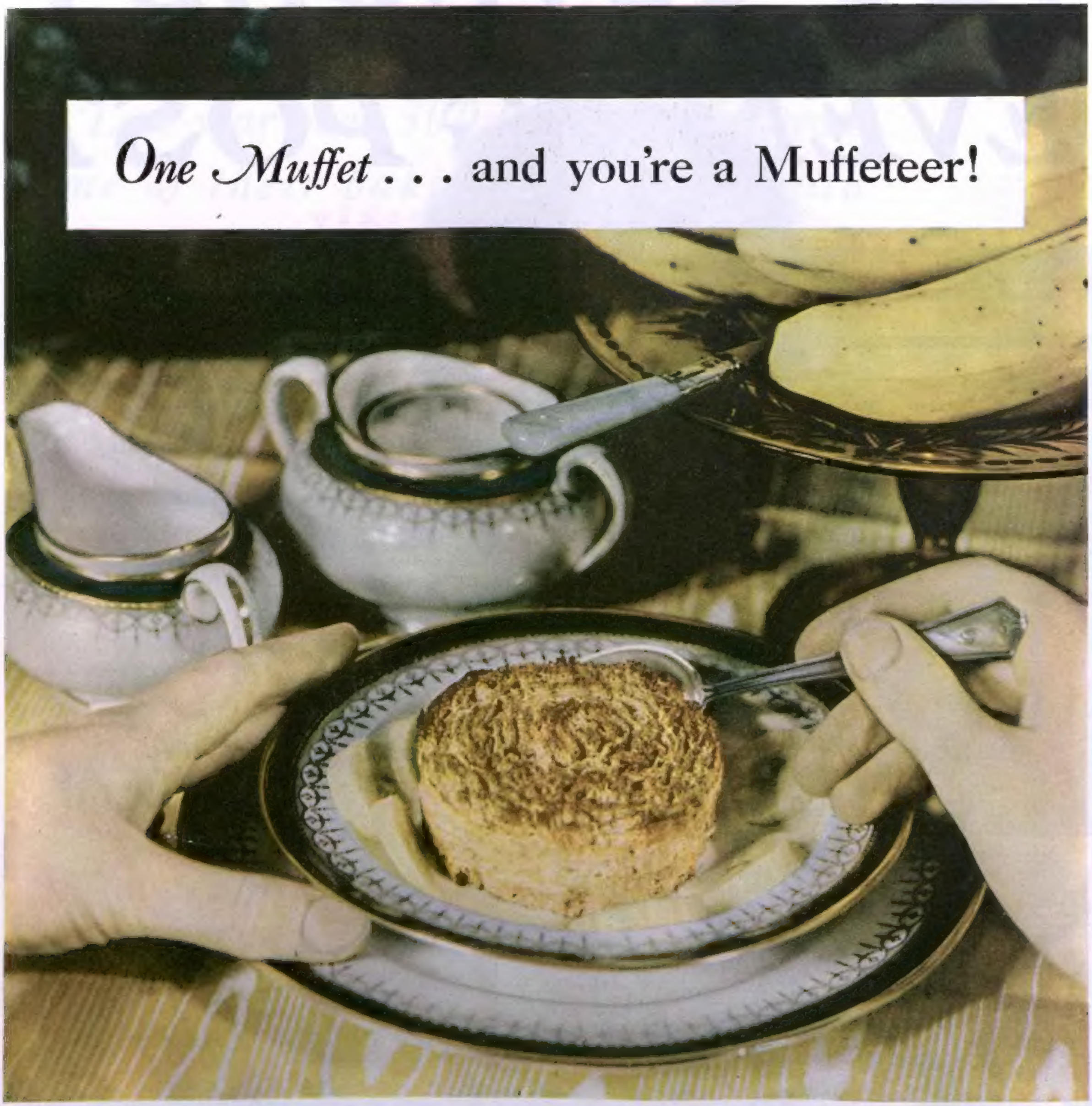
One Muffet . . . and you're a Muffeteer!



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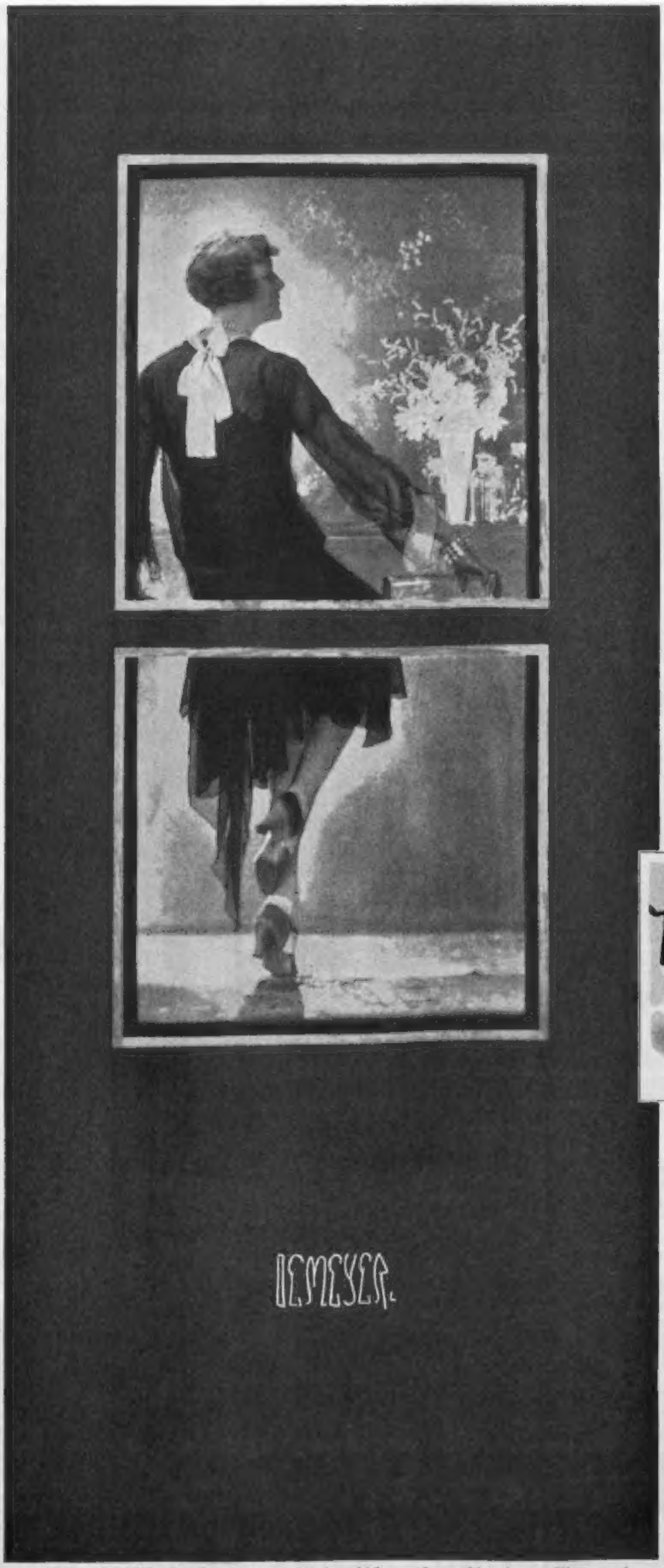

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THE SCANDAL DETECTIVES

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

IT WAS a hot afternoon in May and Mrs. Buckner thought that a pitcher of fruit lemonade might prevent the boys from filling up on ice cream at the drug store. She belonged to that generation, just now in the process of retirement, upon whom the great revolution in American family life was to be visited; but at that time she believed that her children's relation to her was as much as hers had been to her parents, for this was almost twenty years ago.

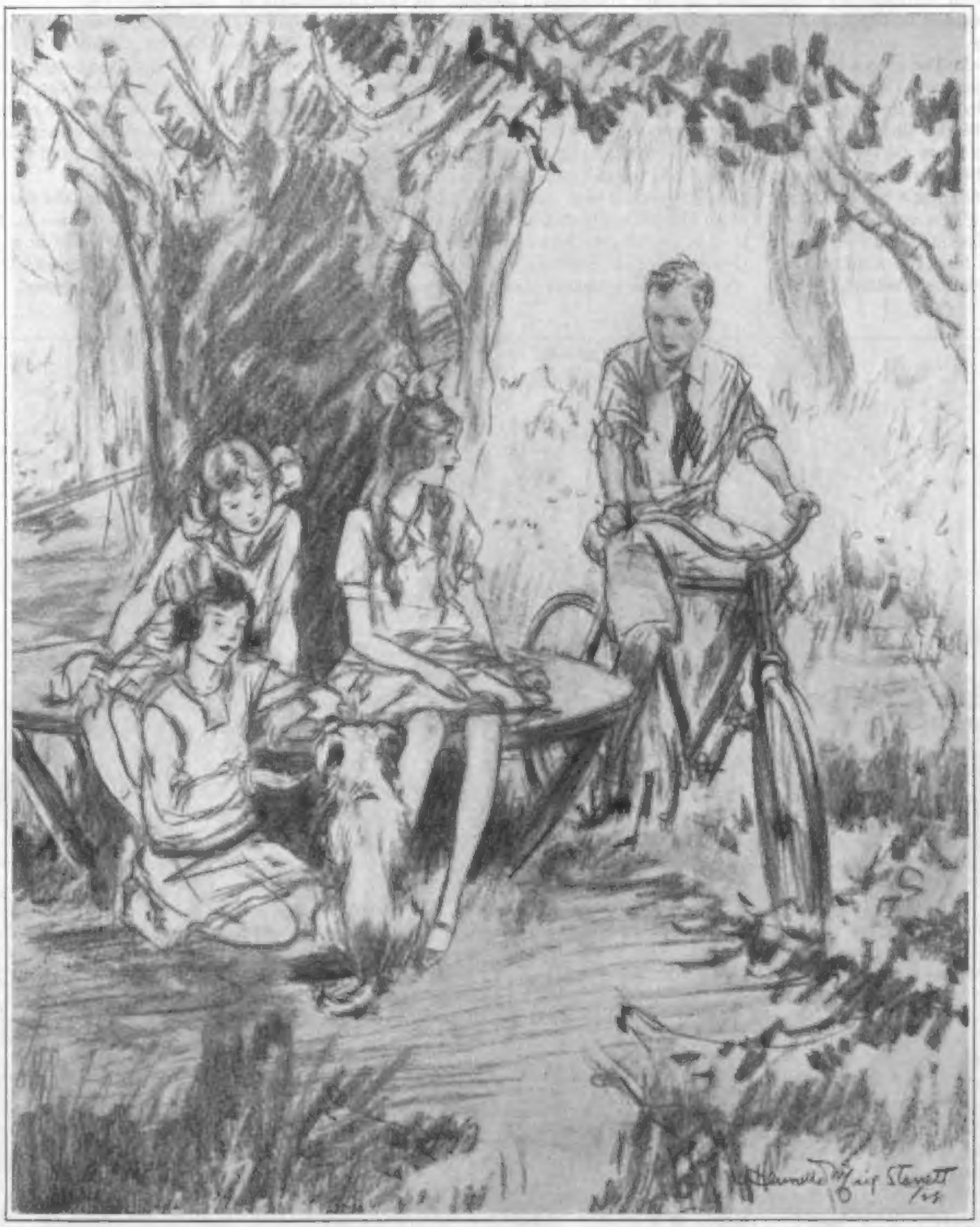
Some generations are close to those that succeed them; between others the gap is infinite and unbridgeable. Mrs. Buckner—a woman of character, a member of society in a large Middle-Western city—carrying a pitcher of fruit lemonade through her own spacious back yard, was progressing across a hundred years. Her own thoughts would have been comprehensible to her great-grandmother; what was happening in a room above the stable would have been entirely unintelligible to them both. In what had once been the coachman's sleeping apartment, her son and a friend were not behaving in a normal manner, but were, so to speak, experimenting in a void. They were making the first tentative combinations of the ideas and materials they found ready at their hand—ideas destined to become, in future years, first articulate, then startling and finally commonplace. At the moment when she called up to them they were sitting with disarming quiet upon the still unhatched eggs of the mid-twentieth century.

Riply Buckner descended the ladder and took the lemonade. Basil Duke Lee looked abstractedly down at the transaction and said, "Thank you very much, Mrs. Buckner."

"Are you sure it isn't too hot up there?"

"No, Mrs. Buckner. It's fine."

It was stifling; but they were scarcely conscious of the heat, and they drank two tall glasses each of the lemonade without knowing that they were thirsty. Concealed beneath a sawed-out trapdoor from which they presently took it was a composition book bound in imitation red leather which currently absorbed all their attention. On its first page was inscribed, if you penetrated the secret of the lemon-juice ink: "THE BOOK OF SCANDAL, written by Riply Buckner, Jr., and Basil D. Lee, Scandal Detectives."



The Diffused Magic of the Summer Afternoon Withdrew Into Her Suddenly—the Soft Air, the Shadowy Hedges and Banks of Flowers, the Orange Sunlight, the Laughter and Voices—the Magic Left All These Things and Melted Into Imogene as She Sat There Looking Up at Him With a Smile

In this book they had set down such deviations from rectitude on the part of their fellow citizens as had reached their ears. Some of these false steps were those of grizzled men, stories that had become traditions in the city and were embalmed in the composition book through indiscreet exhumation at family dinner tables. Others were the more exciting sins, confirmed or merely rumored, of boys and girls their own age. Some of the entries would have been read by adults with bewilderment, others might have inspired wrath, and there were three or four contemporary reports that would have prostrated the parents of the involved children with horror and despair.

One of the mildest items, a matter they had hesitated about setting down, though it had shocked them only last year, was: "Elwood Leaming has been to the Burlesque Show three or four times at the Star."

Another, and perhaps their favorite, because of its uniqueness, set forth that "H. P. Cramner committed some theft in the East he could be imprisoned for and had to come here"—H. P. Cramner being one of the oldest and most substantial citizens of the town.

The single defect in the book was that it could only be enjoyed with the aid of the imagination, for the invisible ink must keep its secrets until the fatal day when, the pages being held close to the fire, the items would appear. Close inspection was necessary to determine which pages had been used—already a rather grave charge against a certain couple had been superimposed upon the dismal facts that Mrs. R. B. Cary had consumption and that her son, Walter Cary, had been expelled from Pawling School. The purpose of the work as a whole was not blackmail. It was treasured against the time when its protagonists should "do something" to Basil and Riply. Its possession gave them a sense of power. Basil, for instance, had never seen Mr. H. P. Cramner make a single threatening gesture in Basil's direction, even hint that he was going to do something to Basil, and there preserved against him was the record of his past.

It is only fair to say that at this point the book passes entirely out of this story. Years later a janitor discovered it beneath the trapdoor, and finding it apparently blank,

gave it to his little girl; the misdeeds of Elwood Leaming and H. P. Cramner were definitely entombed at last beneath a fair copy of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

The book was Basil's idea. He was more the imaginative and in most ways the stronger of the two. He was a shining-eyed, brown-haired boy of fourteen, rather small as yet, and bright and lazy at school. His favorite character in fiction was Arsène Lupin and his ambition in life was to be a gentleman burglar, a romantic phenomenon lately imported from Europe and much admired in the first bored decade of the century.

Riply Buckner, also in short pants, contributed to the partnership a breathless practicality. His mind waited upon Basil's imagination like a hair trigger and no scheme of Basil's was too fantastic for his immediate "Let's do it!" Since the school's junior baseball team, on which they had been pitcher and catcher, decomposed after an unfortunate April season, they had spent their afternoons struggling to evolve a way of life which should measure up to the mysterious energies fermenting inside them. In the cache beneath the trapdoor were some slouch hats and bandanna handkerchiefs, some loaded dice, half of a pair of handcuffs, a rope ladder for rear-window escapes into the alley, and a make-up box containing two old theatrical wigs and crêpe hair of various colors—all to be used when they decided what illegal enterprises to undertake.

Their lemonades finished, they lit cigarettes and held a desultory conversation which touched on crime, professional baseball, sex and the local stock company. It was at this moment that they became aware of footsteps and familiar voices in the adjoining alley.

At the window, they investigated. The voices belonged to Margaret Torrence, Imogene Bissel and Connie Davies, who were cutting through the alley from Imogene's back yard to Connie's at the end of the block. The young ladies were thirteen, twelve and thirteen years old respectively, and they evidently considered themselves alone, for in time to their march they were rendering a mildly daring parody in a sort of whispering giggle and coming out strongly on the finale: "Oh, my *dar*-ling Clemen-*tine*."

Basil and Riply leaned together from the window, then remembering their undershirts sank down behind the sill.

"We heard you!" they cried together.

The girls stopped and laughed. Margaret Torrence opened and shut her jaws several times to indicate that they were chewing gum, and with a purpose. Basil immediately understood why.

"Whereabouts?" he demanded.

"Over at Imogene's house."

They had been at Mrs. Bissel's cigarettes. The implied recklessness of their mood interested and excited the two boys and they prolonged the conversation. Connie Davies had been Riply's girl during dancing-school term; Margaret Torrence had played a sentimental part in Basil's recent past; Imogene Bissel was just back from a year in Europe. During the last month neither Basil nor Riply had thought about girls, and, thus refreshed, they became conscious that the center of the world had shifted suddenly from the secret room to the little group outside.

"Come on up," they suggested.

"Come on out. Come on down to the Whartons' yard."

"All right."

Barely remembering to put away the Scandal Book and the box of disguises, the two boys hurried out, mounted their bicycles and rode up the alley. The Whartons' own children had long grown up, but their yard was still one of those predestined places where young people gather in the afternoon. It had many advantages. It was large, open to other yards on both sides, and it could be entered upon skates or bicycles from the street. It contained an old seesaw, a swing and a pair of flying rings; but it had been a rendezvous before these were put up, for it had a child's quality—the thing that makes young people huddle inextricably on uncomfortable steps and desert the houses of their friends to herd on the obscure premises of "people nobody knows." The Whartons' yard had long been a happy compromise; there were deep shadows there all day long and ever something vague in bloom, and patient dogs around, and brown spots worn bare by countless circling wheels and dragging feet. In sordid poverty, below the bluff two hundred feet away, lived the "micks"—they had merely inherited the name, for they were now largely of Scandinavian descent—and when other amusements palled, a few cries were enough to bring a gang of them swarming up the hill, to be faced if numbers promised well, to be fled from with laughter into convenient houses if things went the other way.

It was five o'clock and there was a small crowd gathered there for that soft and romantic time before supper, surpassed only by the interim of summer dusk thereafter. Basil and Riply rode their bicycles around abstractedly, in and out of trees, resting now and then with a hand on someone's shoulder, shading their eyes from the glow of the late sun that, like youth itself, is too strong to face directly, but must be kept down to an undertone until it dies away.

Basil rode over to Imogene Bissel and balanced idly on his wheel before her. Something in his face then must have attracted her, for she looked up at him, really seeing him, and slowly smiled. She was to be a beauty and belle of many proms in a few years. Now her large brown eyes and large beautifully shaped mouth and the high flush over her thin cheek bones made her face gnome-like and offended those who wanted a child to look like a child. For a moment Basil was granted an insight into the future, and the spell of her vitality crept over him suddenly. For the first time in his life he looked a girl in the eye, realizing her completely as something opposite and complementary to him, and he was subject to a warm chill of mingled pleasure and pain. It was a definite experience and he was immediately conscious of it. The diffused magic of the summer afternoon withdrew into her suddenly—the soft air, the shadowy hedges and banks of flowers, the orange sunlight, the laughter and voices, the tinkle of a piano over the way—the magic left all these things and melted into Imogene as she sat there looking up at him with a smile.

For a moment it was too much for him. He let it go, incapable of exploiting it until he had digested it alone. He rode around fast in a circle on his bicycle, passing near Imogene without looking at her. When he came back after a while and asked if he could walk home with her, she had forgotten the moment, if it had ever existed for her, and was almost surprised. With Basil wheeling his bicycle beside her, they started down the street.

"Can you come out tonight?" he asked eagerly. "There'll probably be a bunch in the Whartons' yard."

"I'll ask mother."

"I'll telephone you. I don't want to go unless you'll be there."

"Why?" She smiled at him again, encouraging him.

"Because I don't want to."

"But why don't you want to?"

"Listen," he said quickly, "what boys do you like better than me?"

"Nobody. I like you and Hubert Blair best."

Basil felt no jealousy at the coupling of this name with his. There was nothing to do about Hubert Blair but accept him philosophically, as other boys did when dissecting the hearts of other girls.

"I like you better than anybody," he said deliriously.

The weight of the pink dappled sky above him was not endurable. He was plunging along through air of ineffable loveliness while warm freshets sprang up in his blood and he turned them, and with them his whole life, like a stream toward this girl.

They reached the carriage door at the side of her house.

"Can't you come in, Basil?"

"No." He saw immediately that that was a mistake, but it was said now. The intangible present had eluded him. Still he lingered. "Do you want my school ring?"

"Yes, if you want to give it to me."

"I'll give it to you tonight." His voice shook slightly as he added, "That is, I'll trade."

"What for?"

"Something."

"What?" Her color spread; she knew.

"You know. Will you trade?"

Imogene looked around uneasily. In the honey-sweet silence that had gathered around the porch, Basil held his breath.

"You're awful," she whispered. "Maybe.... Good-by."

"Basil the Boozle! Hello, Basil the Boozle!"

II

IT WAS the best hour of the day now and Basil was terribly happy. This summer he and his mother and sister were going to the lakes and next fall he was starting away to school. Then he would go to Yale and be a great athlete, and after that—if his two dreams had fitted onto each other chronologically instead of existing independently side by side—he was due to become a gentleman burglar. Everything was fine. He had so many alluring things to think about that it was hard to fall asleep at night.

That he was now crazy about Imogene Bissel was not a distraction, but another good thing. It had as

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PEASANT BLOOD

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

ANNA! Anna!" Anna saw the small black sunshade advancing among the box-bordered paths and hoped that it would thread the maze and return to the house. But it came on through the flower garden toward the vegetable garden, and under it her mother-in-law, Madame Chandler, tall, black-haired and sharp-eyed. Her figure had the erectness of youth, but her face was covered with a fine network of wrinkles. She was dressed in black silk made in polonaise fashion, with pleatings which seemed to have taken pattern from the reticulations of her skin.

Anna lifted her head and body from their bent position above a bed of cucumbers which covered half the large garden. Perspiration ran from her face, dripped upon her breast and coursed in a score of rivulets beneath her clothes. She had been at work since five o'clock and experience as a trained nurse as well as her own sensations told her that she had worked enough for a day in the heat of a Southern Virginia summer. Born and bred in Northern New York, she found acclimation difficult. The heat affected her mind as well as her body; she had to guard her lips so that she might not speak out what was in her heart.

"Yes, madame!" Her voice was respectful, the title that which Mrs. Chandler preferred.

"This is no place to be on Sunday morning."

"I'm coming in in a few minutes," promised Anna.

"Please be suitably attired when the guests arrive."

"Yes, madame."

The sunshade turned, maintaining its even line above the boxwood. Anna bent her back again.

"This is no time for company," said she.

"Mother! Mother!" This was a young voice, a laughing voice, coming from the boxwood labyrinth. She straightened her back instantly, regardless of pain which made her wince. "Where are you, mother?" The child's language had no r's; it was indescribably musical and sweet.

"Here, darling!"

A little boy came into view, his face crimson, his black curly hair damp, his eyes shining. He flung himself upon Anna, and as she bent to receive his embrace her sunbonnet slipped off, showing a broad face with high cheek bones. Her hair was brown and her eyes blue. There was intelligence in her forehead, steadfastness in her gaze and strength in her body; otherwise she had little beauty.

Marshall was beauty itself; it was hard to believe that he was her child. He had been to Sunday school at the Methodist chapel a mile away, sent thither contrary to his grandmother's will, to whom there was no Christian church but that body which she called the Church of England.

"They said why didn't you come, and I said because of company. Are they here?" Marshall spoke with awe—company was rare.

"Not yet. Go in and brush your hair and wash your face and keep very cool and quiet."

"Why do you work on Sunday, mother?"

"All these little cucumbers will grow too large by tomorrow. They must be picked, and Henry's busy."

"Why do you plant so many, mother?"

"So that I may sell them and get money to buy a rabbit skin to wrap my Baby Bunting in."

Marshall laughed and gave a little skip and disappeared. Anna remained upright until she heard a door slam, then she moved her basket and bent again to her work.

They Covered Their Surprise With Extra Warmth. The Woman Looked Like a Trained Nurse!

"Miss Anna! Miss Anna!" Here was still another sort of voice—old and cracked. Down a path which led directly from the kitchen door to the vegetable garden came an aged negro in a long-tailed coat. "De madame say to remind you ob de comp'ny."

Anna straightened her back for the last time. "Yes, Henry. You take this basket."

The old creature obeyed sulkily; he regarded her, she knew well, with tolerance only. She was not aristocracy, she spoke quickly, her pronunciations were harsh, she worked with her hands. Her introduction to the family had been in a menial capacity; a famous surgeon who was madame's cousin had sent her from Baltimore to take care of Marshall's father when he had been thrown from his horse and terribly injured. The marriage was a blow to madame, to the kinsfolk, to Henry.

"Han's what wuk ain' ladies' han's," said Henry.

Anna proceeded up the short path; there was no time to take the white folks' path. It was after eleven o'clock and dinner was to be at one. She must bathe and dress and superintend the setting of the table and supervise the cooking. Henry was a feeble and untidy houseman and the colored women hired for the day were careless and slatternly. When she was very tired, she saw visions; she saw now, as clearly as though it were a mirage, a kitchen like a hospital laboratory.

This afternoon she would pack the cucumbers into bottles and pour over them the hot dressing which was a Chandler secret. That would be a rest; the guests would be gone, the black women would be done, she could move about in quietness and peace. Madame would sleep in the drawing-room, Henry would sleep in his cabin near the kitchen door, Marshall would bring his book and read aloud while she worked. At such moments the ancient house, with its clambering vines and overshadowing trees, had beauty even for her. Everything in the house was old—the furniture which she often mended, the portraits which were uncleaned and almost unrecognizable, the silver which there was no time to polish.

Such moments were rare; she was too harassed, too burdened by responsibility, too intent upon the weather, the ravages of insects, the danger of devastating epidemics among fowls or swine. If fertilizers failed or insects or germs triumphed, there would be no funds upon which to live. There was no income except what she produced. Another and more serious anxiety was beginning to press upon her.

"Grandmother says I'm not to do errands," said Marshall. "I don't need to study," said Marshall. "I can easily keep ahead of all the rest."

She saw another vision, a tall figure, a beautiful face and head, and idle hands. She heard a lazy, lovely voice: "You see, I had no competition, darling; nothing"—he was mocking her—"nothing to bring out my talents."

One of the stout colored women was peeling potatoes, the other was shelling peas. The season for peas was properly over; these were the product of late planting and copious watering. The women did not look up; like Henry, they regarded her as far beneath the family into which she had married. Already their labors had established confusion where there had been order.

In the dining-room, she felt a chill; high as the temperature was, it was much lower than the temperature in the sun. She stood still until each detail of the room came into view—the great bare table, the sideboard, the court cupboard, the cellaret, the fireplace, the portraits, and last of all the design on the paneled wall, copied from a wall in the tidewater home of the Chandlers, far away, and long since destroyed by fire. Clearest of all was the frill of a white cap in a portrait in the darkest corner. The face of the subject was round; it showed neither birth nor breeding, but it had shrewdness and strength. The other portraits had a general resemblance to one another; the faces were long or oval, almost all were dark-skinned.

A damask cloth, many times mended, had been freshly laundered and lay folded on the sideboard along with the silver and china which had been made ready yesterday. The door into the hall was open and through it came first the sound of voices—the madame and Henry were talking together; then the sound of shuffling feet—Henry was advancing to assist in the laying of the cloth. He came through the door, the whites of his eyes and the dingy white of his shirt front presenting him as a queer drawing.

"Where's Marshall?" inquired Anna. It was a question she asked frequently. The aged woman with her strange ideas and the aged colored man who seemed to belong in a tree were no companions for a little child—"a white child," she said with passionate unreason.

"He sittin' wid he gran'ma," answered Henry. A glitter came into his eyes and a faint smile to his lips. The two spread the broad cloth. "Dis specially weabed for de table," said Henry. "Guess you didn't see nothin' like dis befo'."

"Never," answered Anna with generous admiration. "Isn't this heliotrope lovely?"

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MACHINE PEOPLE

By Garet Garrett

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

THE spirit of man is in his machines. He sees it and is afraid. So also his spirit was in pyramids and temples. Yet these evoke simple feelings of awe and admiration, whereas the machine inspires a sentiment of dread. Where lies that difference?

The wonder of a pyramid is monumental. The wonder of a temple is beauty. But the wonder of machine is function. There is the difference. The machine is the will of man engined. It is the free extension of himself in a new dimension, and that is the dimension of force. Having, as out of a dream, raised up this power, the spirit of him externalized, and seeing how for good or evil it may be multiplied by itself without end, the conjurer has moments of terror. It is not the machine he fears, even though he says it is.

First and last, he has believed in many jealous gods, all inhabitants of this dimension. He has not yet met one of them face to face, but as he stands on the rim of knowledge where light ends, groping for more elemental facts, and remembers that he knows only how force acts and nothing at all about what it is, then—well, nothing that might happen would greatly surprise him. There is that.

But much more it is that he fears his own nature. The history of the human spirit is that very often knowing the better way it will take the worse. As the spirit is, so must the machine be. Demon spirit, demon machine. Thus there will be good and evil machines and some good and some evil in any of them. The machine itself is not terrifying. What possesses the machine may be. This is man afraid of himself.

Fear moves the whole theme against science. Any one of its many variations may be so referred back. And that few are entirely free of it may be inferred from the fact that protagonists of science themselves contribute to the fear theme, as in the following expression, which is representative:

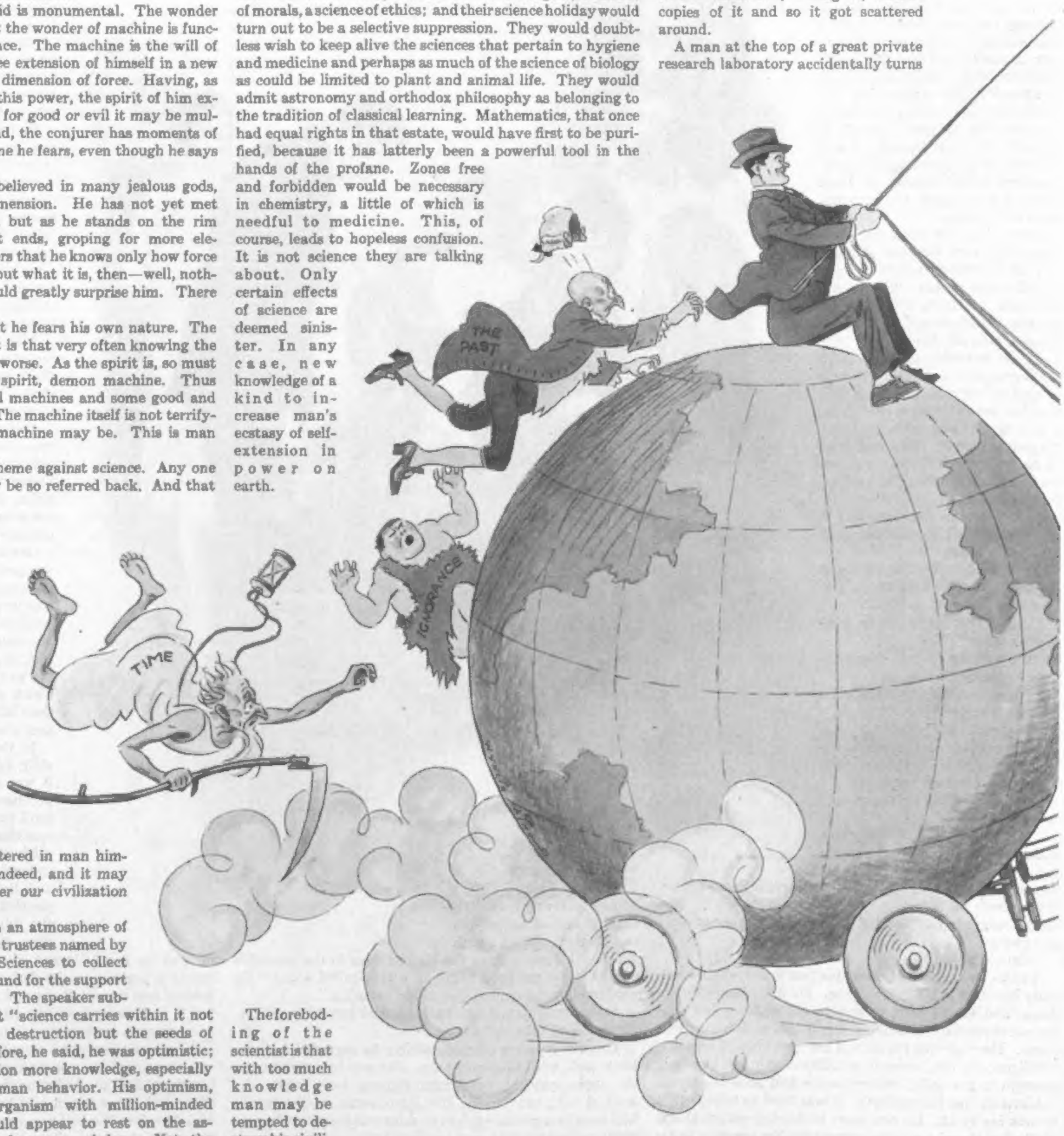
"Already the applications of science to human affairs have far outrun the ability of man to use them wisely. The engineer has provided agencies of incalculable value in time of peace, but they are also endowed with prodigious powers of destruction which can be loosed in time of war. Unless we solve the problems encountered in man himself, the outlook is dark, indeed, and it may even be questioned whether our civilization will endure."

This was said recently in an atmosphere of science by one of a board of trustees named by the National Academy of Sciences to collect and administer a national fund for the support of research in pure science. The speaker subscribed to the thought that "science carries within it not only the seeds of its own destruction but the seeds of its own salvation." Therefore, he said, he was optimistic; he proposed toward salvation more knowledge, especially scientific knowledge of human behavior. His optimism, contemplating a social organism with million-minded knowledge and power, would appear to rest on the assumption that knowledge increases wisdom. Yet the problem, as he himself had stated it, was that knowledge already has far outrun human wisdom.

A Holiday for Science

EVERY other variety of the theme is pessimistic. Religion, advancing the claims of faith against reason, complains of scientism that it absorbs man's idea of God and leaves him spiritually desolate. It takes away his beautiful myths, the inner truth of them along with the tale; it has made him to regard himself as an ascending beast, responsible only to his wayward will; it has delivered him in bondage to his senses and reason, with all of life that proceeds from the heart left out and no way to satisfy the transcendental cravings of the spirit.

Among ardent religionists and modern mystics are those who propose a science holiday for so long as may be necessary to restore the lost prestige of the soul. Some would make it forever, wishing for mankind a return to the Middle Ages, when faith and reason were reconciled in one body of knowledge, and human thought reached to heaven. Yet even these will speak of a science of religion, a science of morals, a science of ethics; and their science holiday would turn out to be a selective suppression. They would doubtless wish to keep alive the sciences that pertain to hygiene and medicine and perhaps as much of the science of biology as could be limited to plant and animal life. They would admit astronomy and orthodox philosophy as belonging to the tradition of classical learning. Mathematics, that once had equal rights in that estate, would have first to be purified, because it has latterly been a powerful tool in the hands of the profane. Zones free and forbidden would be necessary in chemistry, a little of which is needful to medicine. This, of course, leads to hopeless confusion. It is not science they are talking about. Only certain effects of science are deemed sinister. In any case, new knowledge of a kind to increase man's ecstasy of self-extension in power on earth.



The foreboding of the scientist is that with too much knowledge man may be tempted to destroy his civilization. What will save him is wisdom. Religion's foreboding is that with too much knowledge he will destroy his soul. All that can save him is faith.

It is true that knowledge will alter man's ways of thinking about Nature and God. That has nothing whatever to do with his religious feeling, which, though it may be intellectualized, has not its source in the intellect. Great scientists have been believers and nonbelievers, always in the individual case for a reason that could not be given.

Faraday, who captured and delivered to inventive mankind the force of electro-magnetism, belonged to a small sect that hired no preachers; and if the world where his fame was had wanted to find him on Sunday it would have been obliged to look for him in the pulpit of a little church in some unheard-of village, preaching a sermon on the soul.

Steinmetz, a recent worker in the field opened by Faraday, once drew a map to represent the idea of sequence in the wave phenomena of cosmic energy and so divided it into octaves that it suggested the keyboard of an organ. Other scientists, seeing it, wished copies of it and so it got scattered around.

A man at the top of a great private research laboratory accidentally turns up his copy in the way of looking for something else and thinks you may be interested. Beneath the chart is a typed text, pasted on:

"Did Steinmetz write this?"

"No," he says. "I did that."

The text for the keyboard will be found at the bottom of page 110.

Some heavenly creatures once came calling on Ezekiel in a vision. Each one of them had four faces—cherub, lion, ox and eagle—and they were in other details wonderful. But Ezekiel particularly noticed their celestial motor vehicle. The rims of its wheels were high and dreadful, set with eyes, and: "The appearance of the wheels and their work was like unto the color of a beryl; and they four had one likeness; and their appearance and their work was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel. When they went, they went upon their four sides; and they turned

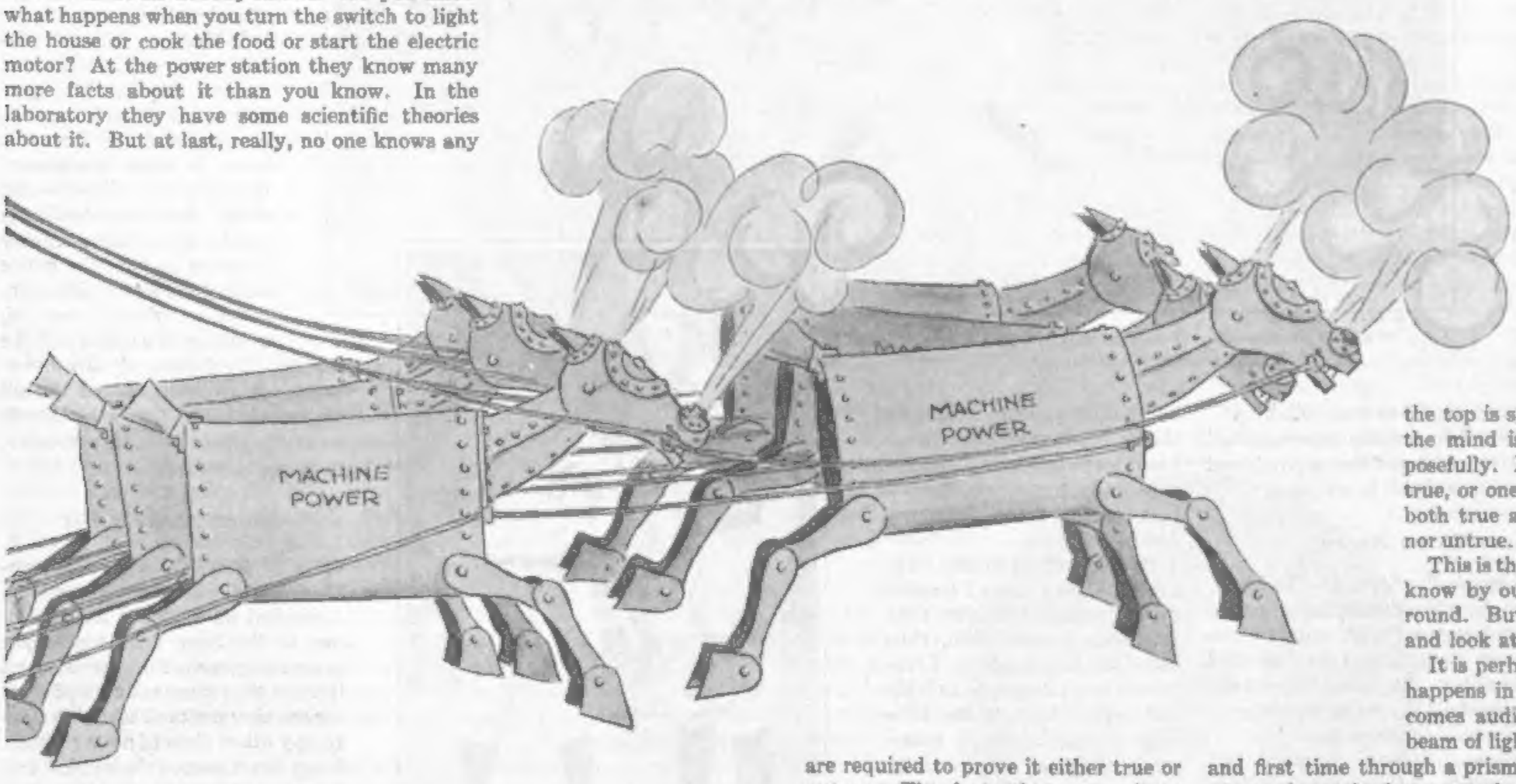
Knowledge

not when they went." He concluded that the spirit of the creatures was in the wheels.

You would hardly expect a prophet to seize at a glance the physical principle of a four-sided wheel that seemed to go on its four sides without turning. That principle may yet be discovered. If this ever happens we shall call it science. But with that kind of wheel in his hands, and though he were moving the traffic of the world by means of it, still would the true scientist admit rationally what is stated emotionally in the negro spiritual:

Ezekiel saw the wheel
Way up in the middle of the air.
Little wheel run by faith,
Big wheel run by the grace of God,
Way up in the middle of the air.

Here, besides the rare æsthetic perception to make poetical use of a mechanical image, is a profound truth. Every wheel we have is a wheel within a wheel. Every wheel that runs does run by faith, though you take it to be only the faith implicit among us that the big cosmic wheel will run true and not fail. And what makes the big wheel run at all nobody knows. Do you know what happens when you turn the switch to light the house or cook the food or start the electric motor? At the power station they know many more facts about it than you know. In the laboratory they have some scientific theories about it. But at last, really, no one knows any



more about this force of electro-magnetism now touching our everyday existence at every point than you know yourself when you turn the switch. You know what will happen. You know what that force will do. You do not know what it is, nor does anyone else know.

The Offspring of Philosophy

CERTAINLY no one would hold that science is more unreligious than art—especially modern art. Yet art supports the case of religion against science. This it does on æsthetic ground. The machine is making the world ugly. Machine civilization, with its standards and methods of mass production, is sunk in idolatry of a fabulous materialism, power, wealth, success. Where is culture in this vulgar scheme? Where is Nature?

But what art fears is that its own world of remembered images, ideas and relations will be swallowed up; and it cannot imagine how to create another that will contain this new reality. The world of machine civilization is set with strange forms. These are not symbols. They are direct facts, unhaunted by human experience. They have no analogies, no associations, no past. They exist for the first time originally in the present; therefore they recall nothing. That is why they are not symbols. Their meaning is not in them; it is outside of them, in their functions. There is no art tradition of how these machine forms may be seized by the æsthetic sense and made into art forms, nor of how people may be related to them in feeling.

Ruth gleaning in the fields of Boaz stands in a simple threefold relation to the universe, to the earth, to her man. She may be perceived æsthetically. Art can tell her something she would not otherwise know about herself.

Ruth in three ounces of rayon minding a machine for capital—how may she be perceived?

That was life, and art included it. This is life, and art excludes it. Man interrogating the serpent is art material. Man interrogating the atomic table is not. Art has nothing to tell him about himself. It does not see him æsthetically, which is the only way of seeing that can justify art; and therefore it is probable that he will not see art. Nevertheless, he will see many wonders.

Philosophy, too, has a case against scientism. This is high altitude. Philosophy once contained physical science and then set it off as a satellite. Now the moon behaves in the manner of a planet, expecting other bodies to revolve around it.

Between philosophy and science, nevertheless, is a working relation that cannot be broken. When science cannot get any farther with facts alone, and is blocked for want of new ideas, it takes its facts to philosophy, asking for another hypothesis to fit them. Philosophy proposes a new hypothesis. It may or may not be true, but science, returning with it to the field of experiment, says, "Let's behave as if it were true and see what will happen. At least we may be able to knock down some new facts." That is generally what happens. True or untrue, the hypothesis is a weapon for prizing new facts out of the unknown. Facts are required to prove it either true or untrue. The facts that prove it to be untrue may be strange enough to suggest a new hypothesis, and so the procedure is.

All this, says philosophy, is quite right. That is as the relation should be. But when science becomes impatient with the rate of progress in the region of pure thought, where the hypothesis should come from, and enters it to find one on its own account, it very often forgets what it came for and ends by inventing a whole new system of thought, generalized from physical facts, and that is not its right business at all.

It is the affair of science, says philosophy, to explore the causes of phenomena; whereas it is the affair of philosophy to consider the cause of cause. It is not for science to comprehend philosophy, since philosophy comprehends everything—the whole, that is to say—and of the whole, science, for all its luminosity, is merely one part. Philosophy comprehends also religion, art, ethics, first cause, the purpose of life and the meaning of meaning. Science, not knowing its own limitation, is likely to betray man with the delusion that an account of the universe in physical terms is an account of everything in it, including himself. That is a disaster philosophy dreads.

Here is dangerous walking for the common lay person. He shall watch his step. Yet he may trust himself to recognize feeling in any language, and it is with feeling that philosophy argues the matter. For this purpose it takes anything it likes from religion, art or ethics, as it rightly may do, since it comprehends them; and then, as it comprehends science also, it is in a position to scold science out of its own text. It remembers many things about science that science itself would just as soon forget. There was a great scientist who reduced the universe to a mechanism and said, "In this system there is no need of a god." He was right unawares. There was no need of a god in his mechanism for the reason, as it turned out, that there was no such mechanism. It would not work and had to be thrown away. Mathematics is the scientific mind's tool of precision. Yet more than once with that tool speculative science has proved the existence of a nonexistent universe.

Discoveries Put to Use

PHILOSOPHY accuses science, moreover, of idolatry and confusion. It has been heard worshiping a god named ether that had promised to explain all the mysteries of the physical world. This god was invisible; his existence could not be proved. But science said his existence was not at all important as a fact, only as an idea, and it proposed to behave as if the idea were true—proposing, therefore, to found a physical doctrine on a metaphysical assumption. At another time science has seriously considered matter to be nothing but a series of holes in an imaginary medium. First it tries to explain the unknown by the known; then it proposes to explain the known by the unknown. There seems one heroic solution. It occurs even to the stupidity of the lay person. The world is too complicated. That appears to be the trouble. So why not take it that both Berkeley and Hobbes were right. One reasoned away matter; the other reasoned away mind. In that case there is neither mind nor matter, neither materiality nor immateriality. There is nothing left to explain. Nothing exists. Then science perhaps could make a world fit for human understanding.

Now science, injured in its feelings, will be heard from in its own case. In the first place, if it were stupid it would not have this immense authority to be challenged. There is a certain structure. At the top is speculative science. There the mind is intellectually naïve purposefully. It will take anything to be true, or one and the same thing to be both true and untrue or neither true nor untrue.

This is the mind that may say: "We know by our senses that the world is round. But let us suppose it is flat and look at it that way."

It is perhaps unfortunate that what happens in this region of thought becomes audible. No matter. From a beam of light passing for the thousand and first time through a prism, from the chance contact of two pieces of substance or from one instant of irrational curiosity, may come a fact that will open suddenly a whole vista of strange knowledge. This is discovery and there is no technic of it. Galileo in a cathedral, gazing at the swinging lamps, perhaps because he was bored, discovered the law of the pendulum. This was of no practical use whatever. Merely a fact. Then someone invented a clock—all but one troublesome detail. How could the revolutions of its wheels be regulated? Ah, the pendulum!

Many years ago a physicist named Lagrange might have been seen in his laboratory playing with a stretched string that had been loaded with tiny weights at equal intervals. He would have said he was trying to make a mathematical analysis of the behavior of mechanically vibrating bodies. He noted certain facts of phenomena, gave them large names and reduced them to a generalization that had no relation whatever to anything real that people were then wanting. Later the telephone was invented. People did want that; and having found how convenient it was in the neighborhood, they wished to extend it over wide areas. Then the problem of how to transmit electrical vibrations long distances over a tiny wire. In the search for a solution of this problem Lagrange's work was remembered. In view of analogies discovered since his time between the behavior of mechanically and electrically vibrating bodies, what did those little weights on his string suggest? A device now called the loading coil. Without loading coils along a telephone wire, behaving as the little weights behaved on the string, long-distance telephony would be practically impossible.

(Continued on Page 110)

Twenty-Five Years in Sports

By BOZEMAN BULGER

CLOSE to quarter of a century ago I was waiting at the editorial door to the old Evening World office in New York, hankering to be a great political writer. A week before, I had received a bonus of five dollars for an interview with William J. Bryan—just returned from Russia—on the Kishinef massacres and thought I was all set for a regular job. I was determined not to disclose the fact that I had been a sporting editor down South. It seemed so terribly inconsequential.

Finally a smiling young man came out—not the great editor I had expected.

"I'm Vincent Treanor," he announced, "in charge of the sporting desk. I was down in Perry's a while ago and heard you give Tim O'Brien the recipe for making a real old-fashioned egg-nog. It sounded good and tasted even better. . . . What's on your mind?"

To him I confessed my ambition, and thought I had scored a point when he told me that he had once heard my father make a Fourth of July address at Tammany Hall.

Instead, he inquired rather abruptly, "Do you know anything about the spitball, this new curve that Jack Chesbro is pitching?"

I admitted that I did—that I had really experimented with it myself. It developed in a moment that my political writing ambition had suffered a setback in advance.

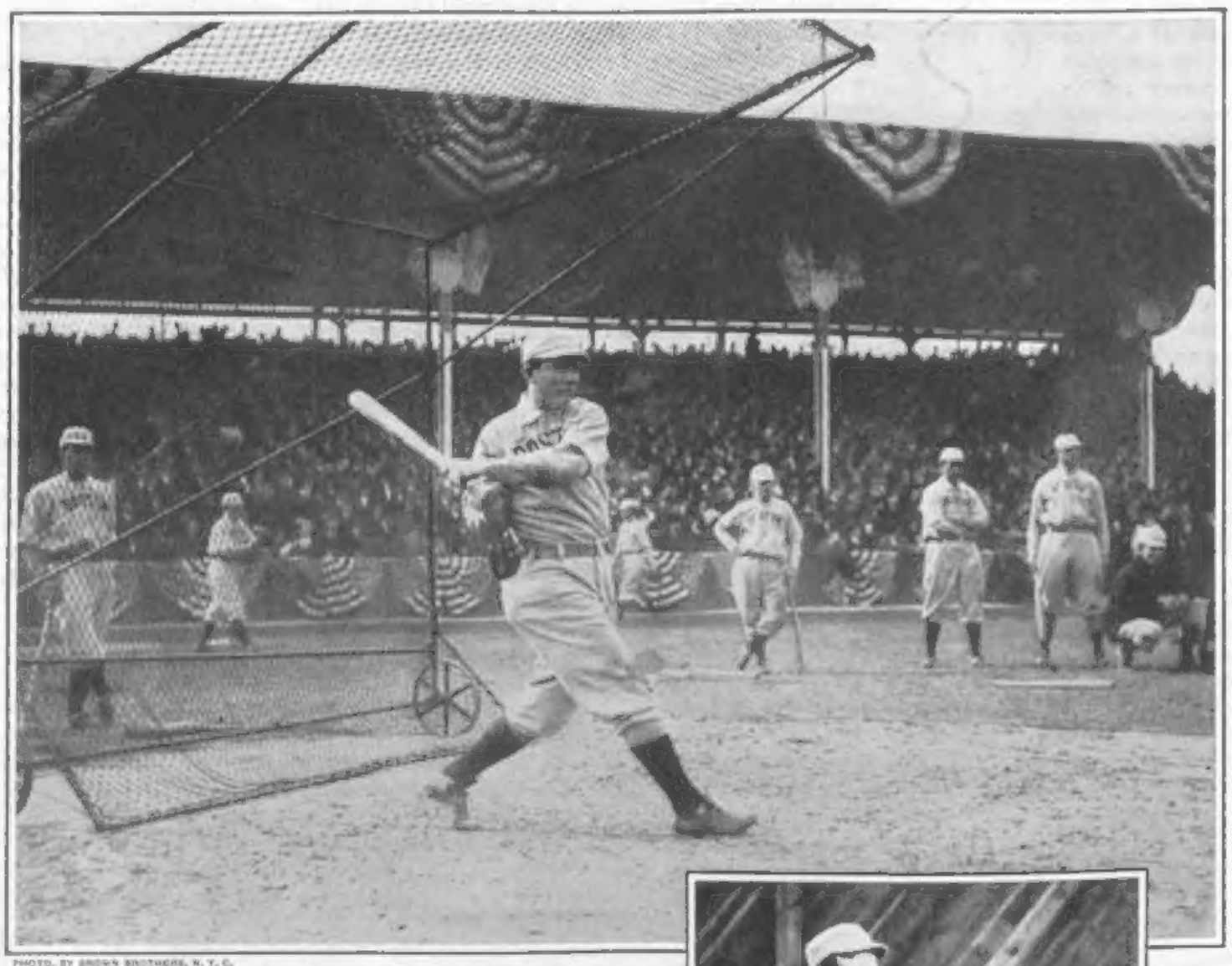


PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

When Tris Speaker Was Young and the Boston Red Sox Were Champions

A Neat Fortune Given Away

SOMEONE in a group of baseball writers who had been touring in the South with a New York team, including the late Allen Sangree and the late Langdon Smith, author of the famous poem Evolution, or the Tadpole and the Fish, had written Treanor a note telling him: "A young fellow from Alabama who understands baseball is coming to see you. You might be able to use him as a sports writer."

"Come in here and talk to me," Treanor directed. "I'd like to have you see Clarke Griffith and get photographs of the positions of a pitcher's hand in throwing the spitball. Then you write a story about it." I hesitated, still clinging to my idea of writing politics. "Everybody knows about politics," he told me, "but dog-goned few know about the spitball. In this town Jack Chesbro is a much more important man than William J. Bryan. You can make more money writing about him."

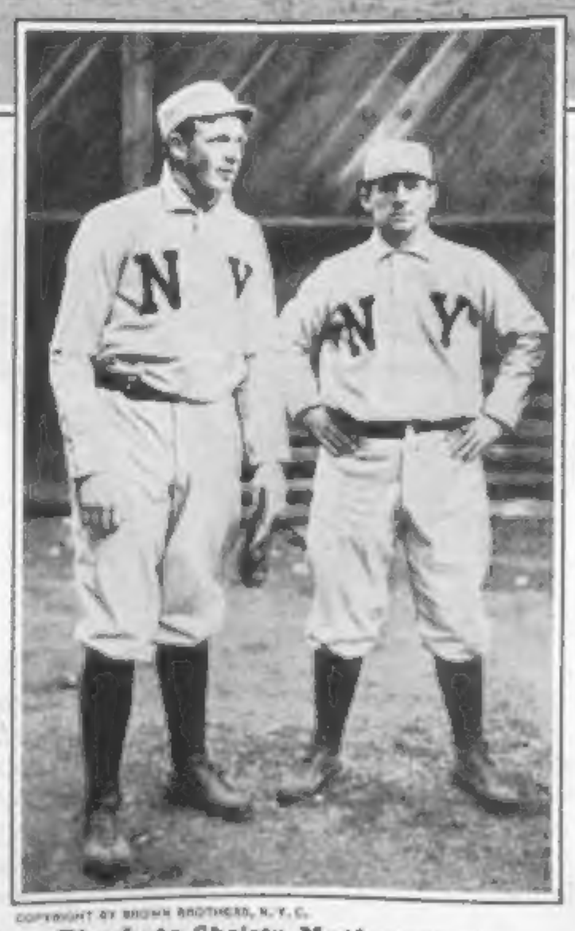
PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., N. Y. C.

Fence-Busting Young Mike Donlin

I learned that the Evening World had been waiting for two years to get a man to write baseball regularly. Imagine that! Nowadays each paper has from two to four. Treanor was really testing my knowledge of the game, though I didn't realize it.

Having known Clarke Griffith for a long time, I bustled up to the office of the New York American League club, then called the Highlanders. I procured the photographs quickly and rushed back to the Evening World, where I elaborately explained the principles of the spitter as distinguished from the ordinary curve which takes its spin from the tips of the fingers. The spitter, you know, slides off the finger tips by the use of saliva as a lubricant and takes its wabbling direction from the thumb.

"You're hired," I was told, "at thirty-five dollars a week."



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The Late Christy Mathewson as a Recruit From Bucknell College, and a Younger John McGraw

With a bank roll worn down to twenty dollars and a wife and baby waiting uptown to hear the news of my New York triumph, I broke the running-broad-jump record for the telephone booth, there to be initiated in the most humiliating manner. The office boys, according to years-old usage, had filled the concave top of the stool with ice water, which I promptly sat in. All new men were initiated that way.

Another bit of office humor in those days was always displayed when a writer went on his first trip out of town. While the self-conscious young man was bidding everybody good-by, an office boy would cover the door knob with prepared mustard from the office restaurant. The climax of the farewell was to grab that door knob and get a handful. This had a most chastening effect on the noisy exit. They don't haze the new men in the newspaper offices any more, and I am sorry for it.

The reason I could write familiarly of baseball then was that I had been a fairly good amateur pitcher; had been manager of a semiprofessional team down South; had helped organize the present Southern League in 1901 and had been the sporting editor of the Birmingham Age-Herald. This was a side line, though. I was also night editor and wrote the baseball story in the afternoon just because I liked it.

Among my other boyish activities I had given away the franchise of the Birmingham club to a group of men because I thought them good fellows. The club is now worth around $200,000. That will give the present-day fan an idea of how unimportant sports were regarded twenty-five years ago. For years I actually felt embarrassed at telling anybody I was a sporting editor. My aim, influenced perhaps by my father's friends, was what I then considered higher.

Within my time of discovering, exploiting and joshing heroes, the space devoted to sports has increased from a bare two columns in some newspapers to eight pages. The editorial staff of a metropolitan sports department is now twice as large as the entire staff of the first daily newspaper on which I worked, including the editor and the owner. Evolution of this newspaper feature has changed the old "sporting editor" into a "sports editor." He is now an executive, no longer a writer.

Sports Make a Hit

TO FORTIFY my own impression and consequent statements, I checked up with the foreman of one of the New York newspaper composing rooms the other day and learned that more columns of matter are now devoted to sports than to any other class of news printed. Long ago it passed the market and financial pages, and rivals the general report of current events. Within my personal acquaintance there are four sports writers, formerly earning no more than fifty dollars a week, who now pay taxes on incomes of more than $25,000.

Better to illustrate the growth of baseball, for example, as a definite factor in civic life—when the first World's Series was played in 1903 it was with difficulty that the municipal authorities were persuaded to give it a tumble, as we would say on the sports pages. In 1924, when the New York Giants and the Washington Senators played for the world's championship, the President of the United States threw out the first ball. He also attended every game played in Washington. Moreover, Mr. Coolidge had his picture taken with the players of both clubs grouped about him. President Harding once owned a ball club.

Going through years of newspaper clippings, I find a three-inch notice—the largest of the lot, by the way—devoted to an announcement of the death of King Kelly, the greatest ball player of his day, also responsible for the famous cry of "Slide, Kelly, slide!"

Two years ago the front pages of metropolitan newspapers were filled with alarming stories of the sudden illness of Babe Ruth. That incident got much more prominence than a proposed settlement of the French financial situation, an international disarmament scheme and a governor's message to a state assembly.

That observation is not a figure of speech. We measured the space as well as the sensation horse power of the headlines. Besides, there were many action photographs of Ruth and one of a line of street urchins waiting outside the hospital. I venture the opinion right here that today more members of the finance committees in the House and Senate at Washington know the latest home-run record of Babe Ruth than could tell you the actual indebtedness of France.

In the winter of 1926-1927 there was an unsubstantiated charge that Tris Speaker and Ty Cobb had been guilty of some misconduct in baseball many years ago. This aroused such intense public interest and indignation that an effort was made by two or three congressmen to take the matter up on the floor of the House of Representatives.

Several newspapers in New York and others throughout the country printed the complete stenographic report of the testimony before Judge Landis, the baseball commissioner, paying telegraph tolls on more than eight solid columns of matter. It drew the same prominence and space as a President's message.

Another evidence of growth: When I first began writing baseball the Associated Press limited its reports of games to the bare score. That is really why the newspapers engaged experienced writers to cover these events in detail. Within the past few years the conservative Associated Press has introduced a complete sports-news service, even to winter gossip, and so have the United Press, the International News and other news-gathering agencies. This has not lessened the number of special writers. In fact they have increased.

An Overflow Crowd, of About 1904, Watches the Navy Near the Army's Goal

The Final Authority on Sporting Events

MY FIRST chance for a sports career came in the fall of 1898, when I was working as a clerk in the state legislature in Montgomery, Alabama. There was to be a big football game there between Sewanee and Auburn, an event ranking in importance, comparatively, with Yale and Princeton in the East. My brother was on the Auburn team, which had John Heisman, later nationally famous, as a coach. Robert McDavid, correspondent for the Atlanta Constitution and later secretary of state, had orders for a complete story of the game. Incredible as it may sound now, there wasn't a newspaperman in the state capital—with the legislature in session, too—who knew how to write a football game.

The late Sewell Haggard, then a correspondent and afterward editor of several metropolitan and English magazines, knew that I had played football on a scrub team and told McDavid about it.

"You don't have to know how to write," McDavid told me. "If you understand the game and will merely put down the plays on a pad of paper, we will make a story out of it and I will see that you get ten dollars. I can't find a man in town who can do it and there isn't time to have one brought on."

Heisman agreed to let me stick right by his side, but I didn't—that is, all the time. I was so innocently intent on putting down the most inconsequential details that I ran up and down that field until my tongue was hanging. But I got all those plays, and with such average accuracy that Heisman later used my notes to figure out gains and losses of ground.

McDavid fixed up a nice flowing lead which I admired greatly and the next day I saw my first sporting story—as dreary as it was—in print. I wonder if any newspaperman ever forgot that thrill of seeing his first effort in cold type. No, he couldn't.

The local Montgomery papers carried stories of about 500 words which McDavid helped them put together. Today a game of similar importance would get from two to three columns in the Montgomery Advertiser and a lot of feature stuff besides.

When the legislature adjourned, Haggard got me a job on the Birmingham Age-Herald at ten dollars a week—and I'm not so sure that I wasn't overpaid.

The sports editor of today isn't what he used to be. In 1899 we were called sporting editors, the title carrying with it the suggestion that anything of a sporting nature whatsoever was our meat. One of the sporting editor's duties was to settle all bets, whether related to sports or not. Often men would get into argument in a saloon and after betting large sums of money would telephone for the sporting editor to come around and settle it.

I remember one night two excited men calling at the office to have a dispute settled as to whether the contortionists in a circus really used snake oil to make them supple. It took nearly a week to get hold of a circus man—and then he flippantly wrote that the contortionists used buzzard grease.

There was no such thing as a sporting staff then. On the very big papers the sporting editor had an assistant, but it was the function of the editor himself to write all the stories and decide all the bets. He had to be an expert on baseball, racing, boxing, football, bicycling, chicken fighting and poker. Whatever he printed in the paper was accepted as final.

At that time the Cincinnati Enquirer was the supreme authority and appeals went to the sporting editor of that paper, its two most famous authorities being Harry Weldon and then Ren Mulford. In the East, the recognized authority was the New York Sun—and, of course, the Police Gazette, with its accompanying photograph of the town's sporting barber.

Testing the Knowledge of the Readers

THE public, for some reason, had the firm belief that a sporting editor knew everything or could find out on a moment's notice. Today the fans are so well informed that they frequently call up to test the sporting editor's knowledge rather than to increase their own.

Undoubtedly the fans have a better technical knowledge of baseball than any other sport. A writer may make a careless error in the description of most any other event, but he had better not make the slightest mistake in baseball or his desk will be piled with indignant and sarcastic letters.

A few years ago one of the leading magazines ran a fiction baseball story. In an unimportant part of the plot the author became entangled in the playing of an inning and wound it up with four men being put out instead of three. The editor received more than 100 letters from fans, jubilantly calling attention to the slip. In desperation, he finally reprinted that section of the story with the rather ingenious explanation that the mistake had been purposely made so as to test watchfulness of the fans. He then congratulated them on their keen knowledge of the game.

Being without a league ball club that first year in Birmingham,

(Continued on Page 186)

PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., N. Y. C.

Roger Bresnahan at Batting Practice

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS N. Y. C.

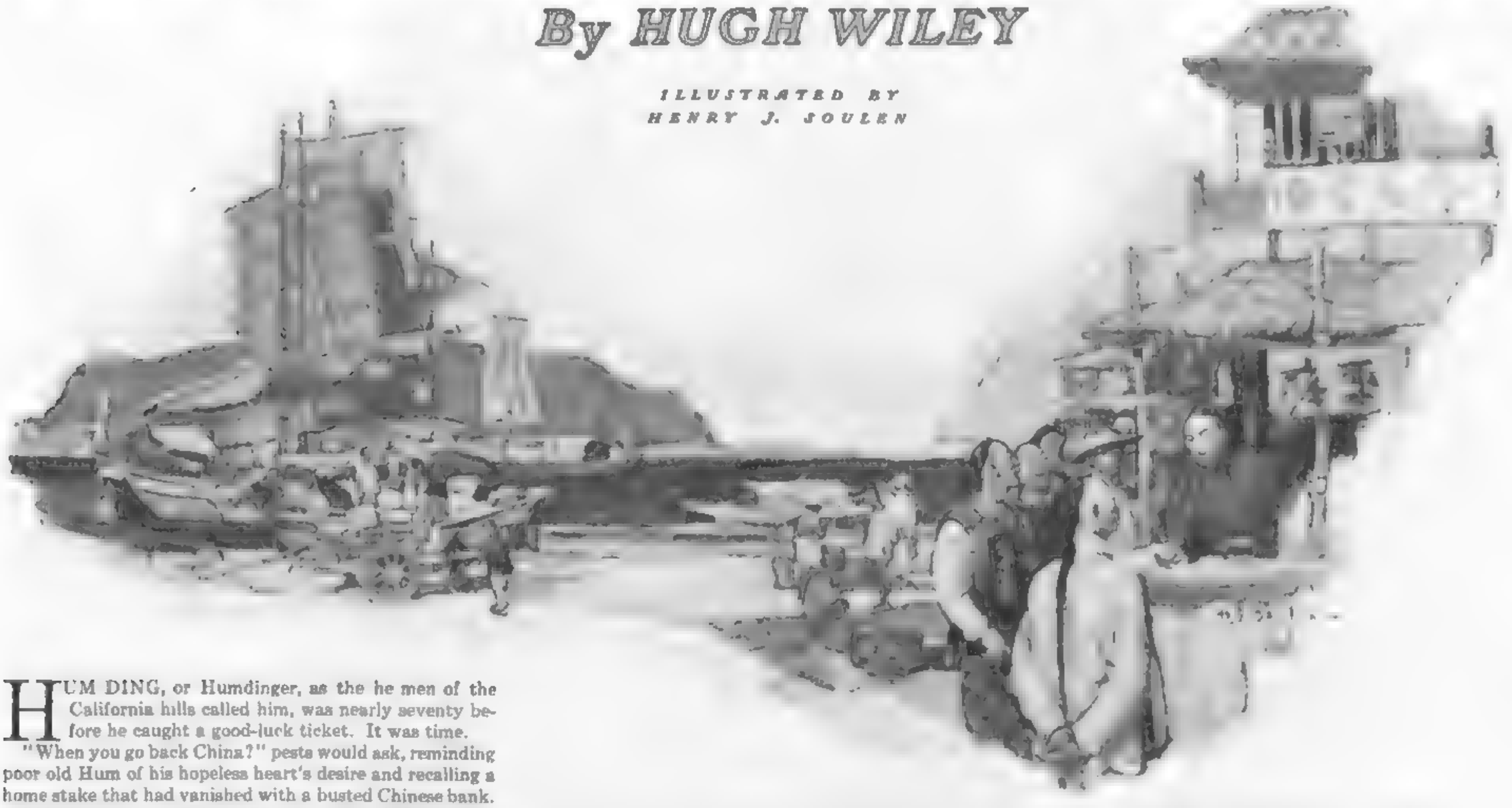
Mathewson at Bat at the Polo Grounds

In Circle—Ty Cobb When His Speed Was Burning Up the American League

THE HOMING OF HUM DING

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY
HENRY J. SOULEN



"In the Springtime of Life Must the Seeds be Planted to Insure for Old Age a Harvest of Peace. Why Plant the Seeds of Happiness in This Barren Soil? Tons of Gold Remain in the Hills of the Barbarians' Country. Follow Me and Ye Shall Gain Wealth"

HUM DING, or Humdinger, as the he men of the California hills called him, was nearly seventy before he caught a good-luck ticket. It was time.

"When you go back China?" pests would ask, reminding poor old Hum of his hopeless heart's desire and recalling a home stake that had vanished with a busted Chinese bank.

"Nebber go back China. What you want? Better you go 'way from my kitchin. All time talkee talkee talkee. Hully damn!"

Before Hum Ding had left China to begin his personal conquest of California, the neighbors had rallied at his father's house with advice: "There are riches in the California land, and where men feast even dogs get fat."

Continuing this theme, a slant-eyed recruiting agent for a labor contractor crouched in a thatched hut on the shore of the Homeless Sea and made converts:

"In the springtime of life must the seeds be planted to insure for old age a harvest of peace. Why plant the seeds of happiness in this barren soil? Tons of gold remain in the hills of the barbarians' country. Follow me and ye shall gain wealth."

"A man with money speaks the truth."

"Aye, but the head of a snake cannot creep without a body. He needs us, perhaps, for his own ends."

"A crooked-mouthed trumpet player forever creates discord."

"But you cannot quench your thirst by looking at a plum tree."

"True enough, but the traveler is in trouble all the time."

"Gold cures trouble," Hum Ding decided. "I, for one, will go to the barbarian land and seek my fortune." He led a rush which resulted in a dozen new recruits for the labor contractor.

"Say nothing of my success," Hum Ding advised his father. "A rich man living on a mountain top will be visited by relatives coming for a thousand miles. We are to be rich."

"Meanwhile," observed the paternal parent of Hum Ding, "I shall continue to work for copper wages until you return with your gold. If I am diligent the rice field will not be lazy, and we shall live. Of three roads, choose the middle one. Retain your umbrella even when the weather is fine. Seek thy fortune, give no thought to me. Peace in a thatched hut—that is happiness. My son, I await your returning."

Hum Ding halted in his journey for a while in a port on the China Sea, virtually a prisoner of the labor contractor with whom he had signed on for a journey to the United States. He was a prisoner because he had pledged his word to accompany the slaver, but while the last consignments of the human cargo were accumulating he was free to roam at will through the labyrinth of humanity which for centuries had congested the great port. Here he saw strange sights and learned strange things.

He saw a sneak thief with greased body packing his queue with needles to render his capture more difficult. He stood on Kwanyin Hill beyond the North Gate and saw a funeral procession carrying the white lotus as a badge of mourning, with a sprig of growing bamboo to signify that the soul of the departed would sprout again in another world; and this procession moved toward the field of graves which extends up the slope to the White Cloud Hills. Professional mourners, dogs of the devil, wearing white sheets over their shoulders, wept real tears and howled continually except when their mourning changed quickly to a smile and a nod to some passing acquaintance.

He saw the execution of a pirate captured on the West River. The captive was given an opiate and made to kneel. His neck was drawn out with a rope. A sword flashed in a golf stroke and the execution was over.

Gambling seemed as much part of the local life as breathing. Cricket combats, scorpions and lizards; turtles racing under the impulse of glowing coals in canisters on their shells. Cockroaches drunk with sugar and alcohol, with partisans betting as to which side of a line the inebriated insect would fall. Betting on the number of seeds in an orange, after their copper cash had gone and when the gambling houses were therefore closed to them. Men betting their ragged raiment and losing it; then, naked and hungry, signing on with the slaver as companions for Hum Ding and the other hillmen of the labor crew.

Here in this rich field of human distress the slaver made quick work of assembling his cargo.

At the hour when the ship sailed, Hum Ding realized that the one ambition of his heart was to return to the land of his birth. Through the long succession of troubled years which followed, his desire to return to China became more intense.

"Until tomorrow becomes yesterday men will be blind to the good fortune of the present," he reflected.

Late on the evening of his departure from his homeland, seated near a rice kettle for one brief hour on deck, he saw a glimmering light fade from a headland to the west, and that was the last he saw of China for more than fifty years.

"Wealth and peace await us in the new land," some unfortunate optimist predicted, writhing in the tortures of the ship's hold, en route to the promised land. "It is a land of peace and plenty. Evil days come not, and every man discovers a haven of tranquillity."

Among other items of interest noted during the week of Hum Ding's arrival in his California haven, the criminal calendar recorded the forfeiture of the bail bonds of Chung Yung, Ah Tuey, Ah Yum, Ah Tim and twelve or fifteen more alleged felons. Chung Wong was shot in Washington Alley. Ah Hee, alias Cockeye, sentenced for six months, stabbed a jailer to make it all worth while. The play at the Chinese theater ended with three real murders. Yow Mow from San Luis Obispo failed to awaken after a banquet, after which Sam Yit, proprietor of the restaurant on Dupont Street, was murdered by another guest.

Five Chinese suicides preferred to beat the game in their own way. Lotteries, auctions, hoodlums, escaped criminals, a barrage of bricks and clubs, and plenty of bloodshed formed a maelstrom of activity under which, in a basement below the kitchen under the stage of the Grand Theater, Hum Ding found refuge.

Below the stage of the Grand Theater was a kitchen for the gambling rooms. The rest of the space was divided into two rows of rooms from east to west with passages in the rear from one end to the other. There was a passage through the room under the stage.

The way from the audience room of the theater to these rooms was barred with a heavy plank-and-iron door. The gambling rooms under the audience room had an exit through plank-and-iron doors, and from the west, under the dressing rooms, through similar barriers.

For a while Hum Ding helped the cooks in the gambling-room kitchen. Life seemed to be hedged about by iron-barred doors. But after a year in this refuge, Hum Ding, attaining luck and some degree of culinary skill, was sent as a cook to a new employer on a mountain ranch. Here, by comparison, save for its loneliness, was paradise and peace.

True to form, Hum Ding's earthly paradise hit the rocks shortly after he discovered its beauties. The ranch went broke, but the financial disaster suffered by the rancher failed to dislodge Hum Ding from his six-by-eight sanctuary adjoining the ranch kitchen. He liked his room because it was small enough to get around in.

Ten feet from the kitchen, under a shed, a two-inch pipe dribbled into a tin can the collected waters of a hillside spring which seeped through the gravel a hundred feet up a cool and shaded ravine in the red-hill country. Search for a more definite outlet of the spring had been unavailing and it had been abandoned; but summer and winter, without appreciable variation, the water supply in the two-inch pipe, emptying into the spring house back of Hum Ding's kitchen, ran cold and clear.

After some years of easy living with hard luck, and rations enough to add a mere twenty pounds to his weight, the proprietor of the mountain ranch hit pay dirt in a project where, by retailing the local rough stuff of life at city prices, he became a going concern. The mountain ranch was turned into a summer resort.

Then for the first time since he had arrived at the place, Hum Ding got some wages from his employer at the end of the year. With money in his pocket, he felt justified in beginning a series of calculations in an endeavor to discover just how soon he might have enough wealth to justify his return to China. Ten thousand dollars was the sum of his ambition, and the clicking beads of his abacus revealed that he would be ninety years old before the ten-spot could be accumulated. Hum Ding felt that the results were discouraging. Living to be ninety seemed to be a risky business. He felt that seventy was about the best he could do, and transferring obligation, he disclaimed responsibility for any tricks that life might play on him after that age.

"Time is like an arrow. Unless I make haste with my fortune my bones must lie in this barbarian land."

Then, forgetting his helplessness, he sought deliberately to enjoy the tranquillity of his surroundings. He compared his present status with the perils of his former days and was content until, into the even program of his life, came a series of annoying interruptions which left nothing settled in his march to wealth and ease.

Lady hikers craved early breakfasts; delayed couples came in late for supper; and when it seemed that solitude was most precious, chattering humans came to his kitchen and insisted on talking. "A grain of sand can hide a mountain." Except for one great tie which bound him to his job, the weight of the chattering tongues would have battered him loose from it.

"Well, the big fish shun clear water. I will submit to these trifling annoyances without complaint. Presently the winter will come and then there will be an end to these talking men."

He employed himself with a new set of calculations on his cold-blooded abacus, but the results yielded no encouragement. He confirmed the fact that he must needs live to be ninety to enable him to save enough to justify his return to his home. He dreamed of his home in China and he felt the pull of some instinct which drove him to achievement which would result in a tranquil grave in the land of his fathers.

For a moment then he questioned the impulse which drove him to return.

He reflected that for half of each year he was at peace, and that through the Sierra winters, when no one could approach the ranch, life held those happy things which gold could not purchase.

"I am poor by condition, but by ambition I am rich. An intelligent man recognizes the will of heaven. Without hills to climb, there would be no green valleys."

Hum Ding's soliloquy was interrupted by the arrival of one of the stage drivers, who handed him a Chinese newspaper.

"Here you are, Humdinger—see can you read them chicken tracks."

Hum Ding took the paper and stored it in his bedroom. He noted that a draft of air was coming in through a loose window and made haste to chink up the crack with a discarded necktie which some tripper had abandoned.

That night, when the camp was quiet, following his usual routine, Hum Ding lighted a candle and made his way to the little spring house near the kitchen, where the two-inch pipe dribbled the water supply from the distant spring. The water flowing from the pipe plunged into an empty coffee can which was suspended by a bent wire looped over the pipe. The water, icy cold, flowed over the edge of this tin into a tank wherein were submerged half a dozen stoneware jars containing some of the more perishable stores from Hum Ding's kitchen.

Two or three tame carp swam in the dark corners of the pool, but Hum Ding paid no attention to these emergency rations. He lifted the coffee tin by its wire bail from the end of the water pipe, and after pouring most of its liquid contents into the pool, he carried the tin to his room.

He set the coffee tin on a rickety table against the kitchen wall of his kennel, and from beneath the straw tick on his bed he fished a tightly corked whisky flask half filled with quicksilver. He poured a jigger of quicksilver into the water remaining in the coffee tin. Thereafter for half an hour he sat on his bed shaking the quicksilver around in the bottom of the tin.

After this, with a nice skill which spoke of long practice, he tilted the coffee tin until nearly all of the remaining water escaped and with it a heavy sediment of black sand.

The quicksilver in the bottom of the tin seemed to be more sluggish now than it had been in the whisky flask. He held a piece of buckskin in his left hand and poured the lagging quicksilver into it out of the coffee tin. Deftly he picked up the four corners of the buckskin and from the pouch so made he squeezed the quicksilver out into a little China bowl.

From beneath another section of his straw tick he dragged out a polished teakwood case in which was stored a set of gold scales. Into the pan of the gold scales, with an old toothbrush, he scraped a few thin flakes of gold and some traces of moistened yellow dust from the buckskin through which the quicksilver had been squeezed. He ran the brass weight out with its suspending thread on the arm of the gold scale and read the results of the week's clean-up.

He grunted an acknowledgment of his reward in a surly tone, as if to question the justice of mortal affairs.

"Not thlee dollah. Nevah ketchum thlee dollah. Epry time all same. Ketchum two dollah sickty-fi cent."

From under his bed he dragged one of a pair of rubber boots. The foot of the boot was filled with something that added greatly to its weight, and into this storage place Hum Ding carefully brushed the dust and flakes of gold from the pan of the little gold scale.

He put his gear away then and indulged in a review of his problem in arithmetic. He discovered that he had no chance in a million of getting home before old age overtook him. The gold supply was a constant two dollars and sixty-five cents a week. He had been reaping this harvest of two dollars and sixty-five cents every week since the second year after he had arrived at the mountain ranch. He had searched in vain for the source of the gold. He had sought in vain to increase the profits by increasing the flow of the spring. The gold supply was a fixed quantity, two dollars and sixty-five cents a week, and more than once this had held him to his job in spite of the chattering tourists and all the other ills to which a downtrod cook is heir.

Now there was no doubt in his mind about his chance of getting home before he died. He would die here in the land of the foreign devils. Adding to death's discomfort, there was the question of his tong's integrity relative to his bones. Some of the older members of the outfit had been buried in San Francisco in spite of the tong's obligation to ship the remains or the remaining fragments of its dead members to China. Well, the hour was late. All these troublesome things could rest until tomorrow in the juggling hands of various doubtful gods.

One bright thought lingered to heal the wounded day. Earthly peace of a sort would presently arrive with its balm, because within another month all the chattering tourists would retreat to the city before the winter snows. The ranch would then enjoy something approximating the silence which it had known for centuries before men had found it.

"Heaven is away high in the sky, but this room of mine is here below, and save for what may be unworthy ambitions, it is heaven enough for one who deserves less."

When all the tasks of the day had been performed, Hum Ding found time to open the Chinese newspaper which had come up from San Francisco. One page of it was crowded with advertisements repeated from week to week and never varying in their text—herb doctors. A second page of advertising matter held forth glittering opportunities to buy dollar watches for ninety-eight cents, cigars, hair oil, vegetable seeds, overalls and shoes. Local items of a

(Continued on Page 174)

Arriving in San Francisco Late in the Afternoon, Hum Ding Walked From the Ferry Building to Grant Avenue

Changing Fashions of Finance

The Investment Trust—By Albert W. Atwood

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

AS YET THE INVESTMENT TRUST IS HELD DOWN BY NO SUCH LAWS AS APPLY TO BANKS TRUST COMPANIES AND INSURANCE COMPANIES
RISK
DANGERS
Wyncie King

ONE of the strangest ideas that find expression in the flow of careless conversation is that finance is a dry subject. Those who really feel that way must have a static conception of stocks and bonds and markets; finance must represent to them a fixed, unchanging thing. Little do they realize that it is beat upon by fashions and fevers and the myriad forces that mold the living organism of human society.

Thus in this changing world the wheel of time and fortune has turned again, and there now emerges, suddenly and dramatically, the newest phenomenon of the market place—the investment trust. It is seized upon like wildfire and promises to play a significant rôle in future development. A few years ago it was practically unknown, under that name at least, in this country. But now so-called investment trusts spring into being almost daily; their offerings are avidly absorbed by the public, which begs for more.

Six years ago the investment trust was a stranger here; since that time the public has subscribed nearly $750,000,000, a sum not far below the aggregate accumulated in sixty years of development of similar mechanisms in Great Britain. No wonder the assertion is made that in ten—possibly even in five—years American investment trusts will have total assets of $10,000,000,000. A public official before a legislative committee said there were 1500 such concerns in his state; another official corrected him and said there were only 100. Perhaps there are only fifty or twenty; no one can count or follow such an outburst of new companies.

One of the first of the American investment trusts showed only a mediocre growth until three or four years ago. For some time its resources hovered around $500,000; now this and its associate companies boast of about $90,000,000. Another company formed more recently sold to more than 5000 investors four series of shares amounting to $10,000,000 within less than five months of its inception.

It is barely five years since those who believed that this British investment device could be adapted to American conditions were having the utmost difficulty in educating the public to take even the slightest interest in such a novelty. Now the pendulum has swung so far in the other direction that the pressing need is for rigid discrimination, severe analysis and extreme caution.

In more than twenty years of experience as a financial writer I have rarely if ever seen a new development take hold so rapidly or enlist the support and eager interest of such a variety of people. Investors themselves are clamoring for investment-trust securities, and are practically compelling trust companies, banks, investment banking houses and brokerage firms to organize them. At the other extreme, the student is seeking to place the investment trust in the financial scheme, to find out what it is all about.

Diversification Made Easy

IN BETWEEN are those who are organizing or thinking of organizing an investment trust. They range from the greatest of the country's industrialists and bankers down to the pettiest of small-time promoters, the fly-by-night opportunists who hop from one money-getting device to another while the hopping is good. Motives range from actual altruism all the way down to the most sinister desire to separate the public from its money while the separating lasts. There are investment trusts to work the investor and there are others to work for him.

The idea, which originated in Belgium and Switzerland but has been most highly developed in Dundee, Edinburgh and London, is simplicity itself, and therefore makes a swift, direct appeal. The funds of numerous subscribers or participants are combined and invested by skilled managers with the object of not only obtaining safety of principal through diversification of risk but higher returns than would be available to the individual. In Great Britain, at least, there are no restrictions, as with our savings banks and insurance companies, to a limited list of bonds, and the management can shift the composition of the portfolio, as the group of holdings is known, as circumstances warrant.

It was logical that we should adopt or adapt sooner or later this European idea, just as we have incorporated in our Federal Reserve banking and joint-stock land-banking systems other financial principles from abroad. It was a natural part of the spreading out of our markets. The array, the variety of securities is now so great, so complex, that the individual investor is confused. He does not know how to choose among so many; it is natural for him to turn to those who profess expertness in choosing for him.

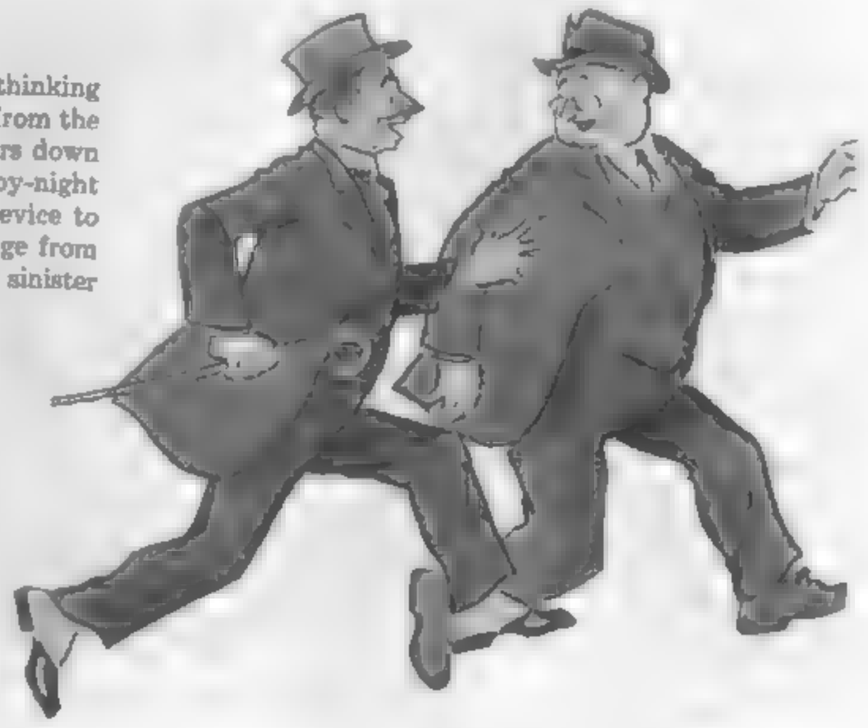
The investment trust has come along at the very time when the investor wished to shift responsibility but did not know how or where to shift it. There are said to be several hundred thousand seasoned, marketable securities in the world. Then, too, the investor has read and heard much about the advantages of not putting all his eggs in one basket; the investment trust looks like a positive method of avoiding that danger; he receives a single share or certificate instead of many, and the managers do the diversifying.

A Post-War Clientele

THEN, too, the investor has read and heard much about the fortunes made from buying common stocks. But he is timid about placing his small savings in a few common stocks after years of rising prices. But why not turn the job over to experts, to professionals? This is the age of specialization. One goes to a lawyer for legal advice and to a doctor for medical counsel. Why not go to an investment trust for investment assistance? It boldly proclaims specialization and diversification, in both of which the investor believes. He is sorely perplexed on his own account; here seems to be a way out.

It is only since the war that the small investor has emerged as an important direct factor in our markets. Before that time there was no large class of people here to patronize such an institution as an investment trust. But in Great Britain there had long been a leisure-class group who preferred to follow a few established leaders, like Robert Fleming, instead of their own individual financial judgment. Our larger capitalists were imbued with the individualism of a pioneer country and preferred to do their own investing.

But now we have veritable armies of small and moderate sized investors, most of whom are eager for fortune-building devices. Then, too, the redemption of the Liberty Bond issues throws myriads of recruits into the ranks of potential clients for the investment trust. Mellon's operations here are not wholly unlike Goschen's famous funding of the public debt, and it was at that time that the



British trust company was stimulated into its great development.

Nor would one expect this country to assume a creditor position without the growth of new agencies for foreign investment. Most of the concerns thus far organized have placed the bulk of their funds in domestic securities, but there are exceptions to the rule. If the investor is attracted by the high rates of interest on foreign stocks and bonds, he feels safer in making the venture through the protecting medium of an investment trust than on his own.

Then, too, it looks as if the investment trust were flourishing in part because of a favorable competitive position, perhaps temporary only, in relation to other devices. As yet it is free from state and Federal regulation, held down by no such rigid laws as apply to banks, trust companies and life-insurance companies. There are alleged advantages also in respect to taxation.

Yet it would be the height of folly to assume that this introduction of a British device has within it the magic to abolish investment losses and spread riches on every hand. For one thing, we cannot tell as yet to what extent it is the mere child of optimism, an expression of buoyant rising markets, an excrescence of overcapitalization and inflation of credit. Any stock-buying device, disguise it as you will under foreign names, was bound to succeed in the past few years. The investment trust may have sprung up not so much in response to the other causes mentioned but as a mere manifestation of a bumptious bull market.

Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that a long-established and recognized principle has merely received a new application or twist and a current emphasis in the raging markets of the past few years. It is more the term that is novel rather than the functions, which have long been operative through other parts of our financial machinery.

As pointed out by Dr. Leland Rex Robinson, one of the first to introduce the British investment-trust idea, as such, in this country, the money of the American people, whether in bank deposits, trust funds or life insurance, has for decades been rendered more secure by the principle of diversification. He adds, of course, that banks, trust companies and insurance companies exist for other primary purposes than coöperative investment and portfolio management. Yet the fire-insurance companies have of recent years afforded the discriminating investor practically all the advantages of any investment trust as such.

Spreading the Eggs Around

THESE companies have made very little if any return on their underwriting, but have in numerous instances built up enormous profits on the handling of their stock investments. It is true that premiums paid in constitute a fund from which fire losses must eventually be met. Investment here is not the sole business, but from the stockholders' standpoint it has proved so in effect. As premiums are paid in for three years ahead, the unearned premium, the reserve and the companies' own capital form a very large fund for security handling. Moreover, the managements are far more experienced and astute in such matters than many of the hastily assembled and amateur directors of new investment trusts.

Fire-insurance stocks, it is true, have been very popular of late, due, no doubt, to the recognition of these very facts. Yet anyone who wanted to enthuse over the investment-trust device could have done so to his everlasting enrichment by purchasing fire-insurance stocks five or six years ago, before investment trusts had got under way.

Then, too, we have a great horde of companies selling bonds against a variety of real-estate loans, and thus qualifying, in a sense, as investment trusts. There is nothing new about them, and while some are good, others are very bad indeed. Locally, the building-and-loan associations employ the same principle of diversification; and the Farm Loan system and the War Finance Corporation are or were examples of the same precise principle applied on a large scale by the Government itself.

The extreme popularity of the investment-trust idea seems to be due to the public's sudden realizing the merits of keeping its eggs in more than one basket. But for years this has been exemplified by the great public-utility holding companies. Certainly they spread their risks to the last conceivable degree. Nor does it seem possible for the element of stability to be carried farther.

Surely, if a broad charter giving the directors power to buy and sell securities of any kind constitutes an investment trust, then there is nothing new about it. I have seen an eighty-page investment-trust charter which seemed to consist largely of words. Its directors cannot do a single thing which was not granted far more effectively and in fewer words to the United States Steel Corporation by the state of New Jersey on February 25, 1901. A few short paragraphs in that charter grant every conceivable power.

Then, too, there are companies formerly engaged in other lines of business which are now Simon-pure investment trusts, and in fact were such for a number of years before anyone even thought of a so-called investment trust. The Adams Express Co., organized in 1850, was originally in the express business, but for the past ten years has been an investment concern. The American International Corporation was organized during the war to engage in foreign trade, shipping and similar activities, but in the past few years has devoted its large resources solely to investments. Both these companies have or have had distinguished financiers on their boards of directors.

Then, too, while the Union Pacific Railroad operates an extensive railroad system, it also owns vast amounts of common stocks in several other great separate systems, such as New York Central, Illinois Central and Baltimore and Ohio, constituting to that extent a Simon-pure investment trust in railroad common stocks.

Moreover, there is the Bancitaly Corporation, which, though organized originally and primarily perhaps to promote branch banking, owns hundreds of different bonds and stocks of railroads, utilities and industrials in many countries and, as a matter of public record, on a far vaster scale than any so-called investment trust.

It may be objected that most of the institutions and companies I have cited were not formed originally with investment the sole and primary intention. I do not see that this matters. The point is that investment trusts, in fact if not in name, have long been available to the American public, and, under the control of experienced managements, their exact standing has long been known to the whole financial public.

Besides, smaller informal private and semiprivate investment funds, really more similar to the early Scotch mechanisms than many of the new, widely advertised and formalized creations of the past few years, are a very old story in this country. One such fund available to the general public boasts of average dividends of nearly 14 per cent for twenty years, without calling itself an investment trust, without employing salesmen and with only a minimum of advertising.

Really then what has set the financial public's imagination on fire is not so much a new idea or a principle, or even a practice. It is the sudden introduction, promotion and exploitation of a name, which, as the attorney-general of New York points out, conveys the impression of more stability and integrity and possesses more strength than any other two words that could be chosen.

A Rejected Name

THE real appeal then is in a symbol, a label, a term, a title. But essentially the term is a misnomer. What is called an investment trust is in reality either an investment company or a mere speculative pool, a trading jack pot. Large numbers are of the latter variety. But even if the investment idea predominates, the correct term to apply is that of investment company or corporation; or if its organization be informal, then perhaps the word "fund" applies with accuracy.

The reader need not be told that the great new brood of investment trusts are entirely different institutions from what are called trust companies in this country. It is said that in the early days of the American trust company, functions were performed quite similar to those of the new so-called investment trust. The point to make, however, is that the idea of trusteeship as understood in this country does not necessarily have any place in an investment trust so called.

The essential fact is that we have borrowed a name or term from British practice and applied it wholesale to every conceivable manner of enterprise. There is grave danger in such a wide application of this appealing and confidence-inspiring name to a hybrid multitude of

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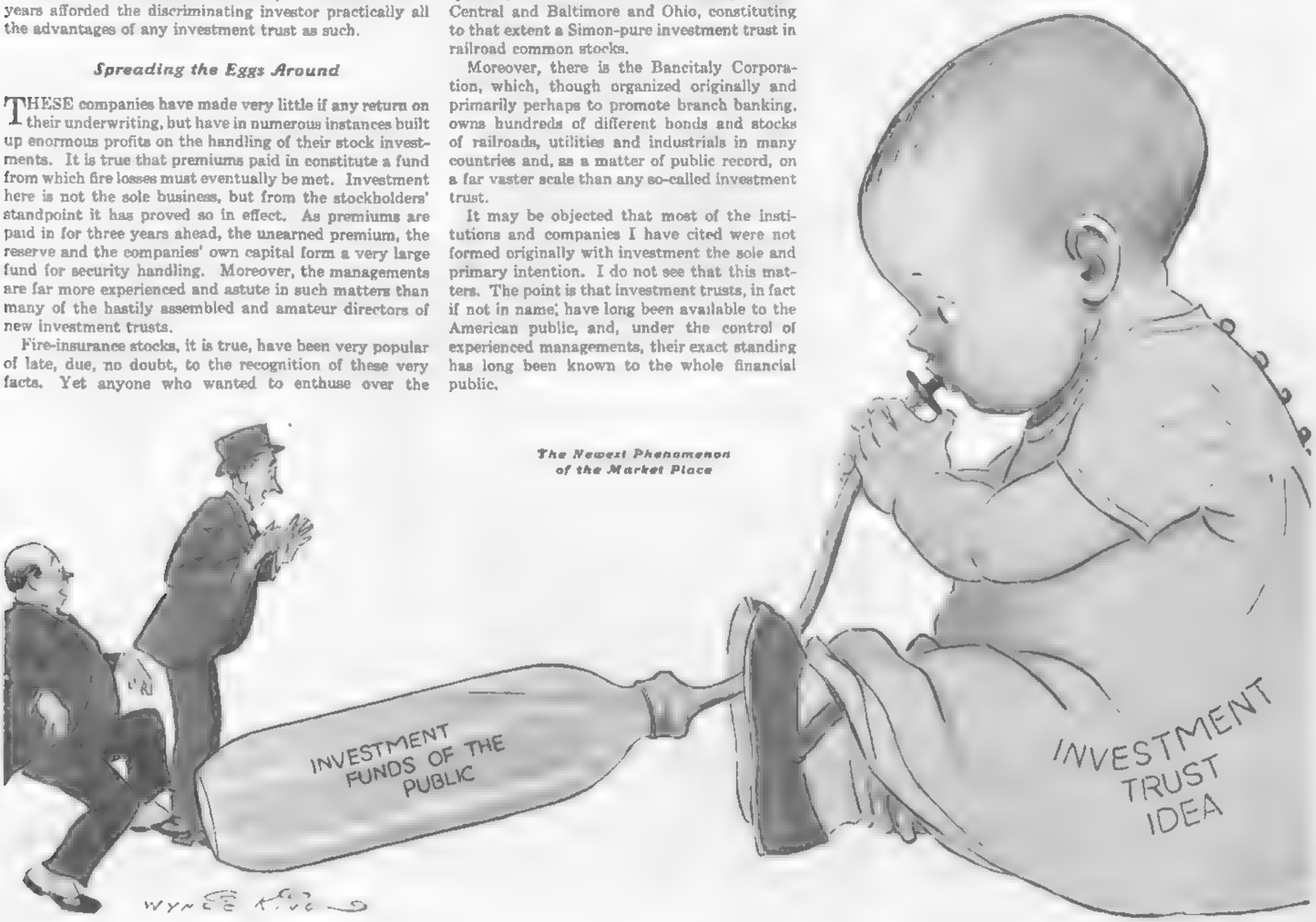
The Newest Phenomenon of the Market Place



THE RIGHTFUL PRINCE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

"THE trouble," said Martin Knox, president of the Board of School Trustees of Lombardy, "is that you hain't orthodox. It's causin' talk."

"What," asked Solon Breeze, teacher of the Eighth Grade in that village, "is orthodoxy?"

Martin chuckled. "It's doin' everythin' jest like your granddad done it. A woman hain't orthodox when she uses bakin' powder instid of sody and cream o' tartar. That's the general idee. You hain't it, because you allus got a parcel of boys traipsin' around after ye, and because you hain't wore out a single saplin' on 'em. The cry's goin' up that you're pamperin' the youth of the community."

"That," said Solon, "is dangerous. They killed Socrates for it."

"Socrates who?" asked Mr. Knox, but did not pause for a reply. "Now mind ye, I'm fur ye, hoss, foot and artillery. We got ye here to keep them young sprigginses in school and to teach 'em suthin. Nobuddy else ever contrived to do it. As fur me, I don't care a tinker's darn how; it's what, that I'm int'rested in. I hear Peewee Tubbins passed him an examination. The like hain't never been known. You're keepin' 'em in school and teachin' 'em this and that. But there's opposition to ye. There's them on the school board that wants ye to git through."

"Do you advise me to quit?" asked Solon.

Mr. Knox cocked a keen gray eye at the young man. "Kin ye stomach a rumpus?" he asked.

"I think," said Solon, "I could digest a little one."

"This won't be no little one. The' hain't no rumpus like a school-district rumpus, and the' never was. Folks kin git up more venomosity over school elections'n they kin over line fences or quarrels amongst heirs. A school fight is a mean fight, and if ye hain't of a mind to fight mean, ye better pack your grip."

"Then," said Solon, "let's step out and shed blood and not bother with buckets. Is one allowed to bite in the clinches?"

"And backbite in the grocery store," said Mr. Knox. "Shake, young feller. Now here's how it stands: In a school fight mostly the parents is with the board, and them that pays taxes to support the schools but don't derive no benefit is agin. But here the board's split. The's three fur ye and three agin ye, and me a-settin' on the driver's seat holdin' the team in the road. I got the decidin' voice."

"But what follows?"

"School meetin'. Two trustees to be elected. Them that's agin ye is goin' to try to elect two of 'em, and if they do your goose is cooked."

"I'm wondering," Solon said, "if it's worth while."

"Is what worth while?"

"Making the effort," said Solon. "I came here to try myself out. I wanted to find out things about me—and the Eighth Grade has taught me considerable. It has taught me, for instance, that I can do the job. I can teach those kids and make 'em like it."

"Yes?"

"I've proved that. So what's the use getting all mussed up in a village row? It's a large world and I can get along in it. I even venture to think there are places where I would be welcome in some capacity."

"Huh!" Mr. Knox grunted, and then he snorted. He was a man capable in the line of strange noises. "Was you lookin' fur appreciation?" he asked.

"No."

"'Cause nobuddy ever gits it, teachers in special. Take most anybuddy you kin think of that amounted to suthin there's Abe Lincoln, fur instance. Did he git any appreciation till after he was dead? Didn't they try to kick him out of his job? And so on and so forth. I cal'late this here question comes down to this, Mr. Breeze: Be ye satisfied with doin' a job fur these here harum-scarum boys, or do you want a parcel of growed folks to stand off and sling posies at ye? Is it wuth while to do a rip-snortin' hunk of work jest fur the sake of accomplishin' it, or must ye have

"We Dassent Do Nothin' That Folks in Gen'ral'll Git Down on Us Fur," Said the Wise Woodchuck

hymns of praise sung fur ye so they can resound soothin' in your ears?"

"That," said Solon, "was a good speech. You win."

"Then," said Mr. Knox, "you go about your business and we'll see what's to be contrived."

Solon got up from his chair and left the office of Mr. Knox's hotel for the street. Hardly had he walked a dozen paces when stealthy footsteps approached from behind and he felt a crumpled paper thrust into his hand. He did not turn his head, nor did he give any outward sign that he was aware of this strange proceeding. Presently, with ostentatious pretense of caution, he opened the paper. All it contained was a small black star done in ink. Promptly he touched his right shoulder with the index finger of his left hand, thrust the paper in his mouth, chewed it to pulp and then cast it from the bridge into the river.

He had received a summons from the Black Star Order! It called him immediately to the secret rendezvous of that occult organization, and the pains and penalties for disobedience were such as to make strong men tremble.

Solon turned the next corner with intention to climb the hill on his way to the place of meeting—which was a disused sugar house in the maple orchard belonging to Gummy White's father. One did not arrive at this spot by the shortest route, but deviously. The supposition was that none but sworn members of the order were aware of its existence, and the secret was kept to the death.

But he was delayed briefly, for a young woman came out of the bank and met him face to face—the Seventh Grade teacher, who carried on her profession in the room adjoining his own. He had seen her—and heard her—on the first day of his teaching in the school. His methods, she had made evident to him, did not meet with her wholehearted approval, and his rejoinders to her protests had not been of a character to make him dear to her. There had been a coolness since that day; she had held aloof, ignoring him when it was possible to do so and conducting herself as a very superior person when his existence must be noticed. But now she stopped.

"I hear," she said sharply, "you are going to quit."

"How news does travel!" said Solon.

"Is it true?"

"Who am I," he asked, "to impugn your sources of information?"

"You mustn't," she said imperiously. "You must stay."

"I thought you spent your waking hours looking forward to the day of my downfall."

"If," she said, "I ever think of you at all, it is when you are forced on my attention."

"Which," he said, "I gather has happened."

"If," she said, "you let them force you out, I don't see how you can ever look yourself in the face again."

"I shall grow a beard and lurk in the shadows."

"Those boys," she said, "adore you."

"A peculiarity," he said, "which is not shared by girls, big or little."

"They trust you," she said.

"Whither are we drifting?" Solon desired to know.

"If you quit"—she put an amount of scorn into the word "quit" which was quite astonishing—"they will feel you have betrayed them. It will hurt them." She hesitated briefly. "One may dislike a man and still respect him. If you go away now, just when those boys are depending on you, I shall despise you."

"A gracious alternative," he said. "I can stay and be disliked or go and be despised."

"I don't suppose you have stopped to realize there are twenty mothers here who are very grateful to you."

"I should like to believe it," he said gravely.

"It's true. . . . And you will stay?"

"The matter seems to be in the hands of higher authority," he said. "But supposing I agree to stay—shall there be a reward—a what-do-ye-call-it?—guerdon? On the thirtieth of every month, will you agree to smile at me for a period of eleven seconds? You may continue to frown the other twenty-nine days. I am merely asking a slight break in the monotony."

"For the life of me," she said viciously, "I can't see how anybody can like you—even a boy."

"Some day," he said, "when I've lots of spare time I'll explain it to you."

"Oh!" she said, and came very close to stamping her foot.

"By the way," he said, "now I come to notice it, you don't look like school-teaching. You have more the aspect of *thés dansants* and caviar sandwiches and six men cutting in to the dance. How come molding the juvenile mind?"

"To eat," she said shortly.

"The influence of food on the careers of beautiful women! Now there's a title for a thesis."

"Was that a compliment?" she asked shortly.

"No," he said; "merely a what-do-ye-call-it."

"I'm sorry I stopped you," she said. "But it seemed necessary."

His eyes came to rest in her eyes and the quizzical light faded from them, leaving them grave—so grave and so dark that her resentment vanished for the time and another emotion took its place—an emotion which was not exactly sympathy, certainly was not admiration, which might have been curiosity, but was in reality a sort of blend of the three, with astonishment added. It was impressive. It established him as a personage.

"Please," he said, "do not be sorry. There are not so many gracious actions in the world that one may venture to regret the very slightest of them."

"Oh!" she said, but in a very different tone from before.

"And so, Miss Seventh Grade," he said with his old, irritating, semihumorous air, "you may tie a knot in your tie. You've done your day's good deed."

"Good morning," she said.

A great many young men—practically every young man—would have asked if they could not accompany her. Solon did not ask. His lifted hat closed the incident. Presently she turned to look at his back as he ascended the hill, and though she would have gone to the stake before admitting it, she was distinctly nonplused.

Solon, with all the cunning of an Indian, approached the sugar house and rapped upon its rickety door in a peculiar and significant manner—one rap, then a scratch with the nails, then two raps.

From within an important voice called, "Who's rappin' for admittance?"

"One," said Solon, "with the right to enter."

"What color be ye?"

"Black."

"What shape be ye?"

"A star."

"How many p'ints?"

"Five."

"Enter!" He opened the door and stepped into the semidarkness of the cluttered little room, where—his eyes growing accustomed to the light—he made out the figures of the full membership of the Black Star Order, with Woodchuck Collins in the chair.

"The meetin's opened," said Woodchuck. "The main object of this here order is to pertect its members from their enemies, and to bust in and rescue 'em if necessary. We work secret and nobuddy ever knows what we do or how we do it. But a unknown hand strikes terror."

"Git to the p'int," said Gummy White.

"The p'int is that the enemies of one of the members is strikin' at him behind his back and we got to go out and make 'em wish they never done it. Number 21, which is Mr. Breeze, is practically surrounded. Ol' Man Whortle and Ol' Man Bowen is the ringleaders of this here plot to git Number 21 fired out of his job teachin' the Eighth Grade, and what be we goin' to do about it?"

"So this," thought Number 21, "is the object of the meeting!" His heart grew warm. These boys really liked him, and underneath this boyish ritual which must make a thrilling game of the event there lay a splendid loyalty which he was well able to appreciate. He did not speak, but waited.

"I betcha," said Peewee Tubbins, "we kin make them men wisht they never was born."

"We kin do that," said Woodchuck, "but it won't git us no'eres. What we got to do is to keep Number 21 from gittin' fired. We got to think up a plot. If it don't work, and Number 21 has to git through, then we kin take our revenge. And mebby we won't do it! But the main idee is to keep him hangin' onto his job."

"You betcha," said Banty Morton. "If they, now, fire him, I betcha we kin bust up the ole school. I betcha my pa don't want him to git through."

"I betcha my pa don't want him to git through more'n yourn don't," said Pazzy Boomer. "I betcha my pa thinks he's a better schoolteacher'n anybody else does."

"When I up and passed that examination," said Peewee Tubbins, "my pa he says Number 21 must be more'n human. He says Number 21 ought to be president of a college or suthin', because no other teacher ever got me to pass no examination. He says anybuddy that kin git me to understand arithmetic kin do miracles."

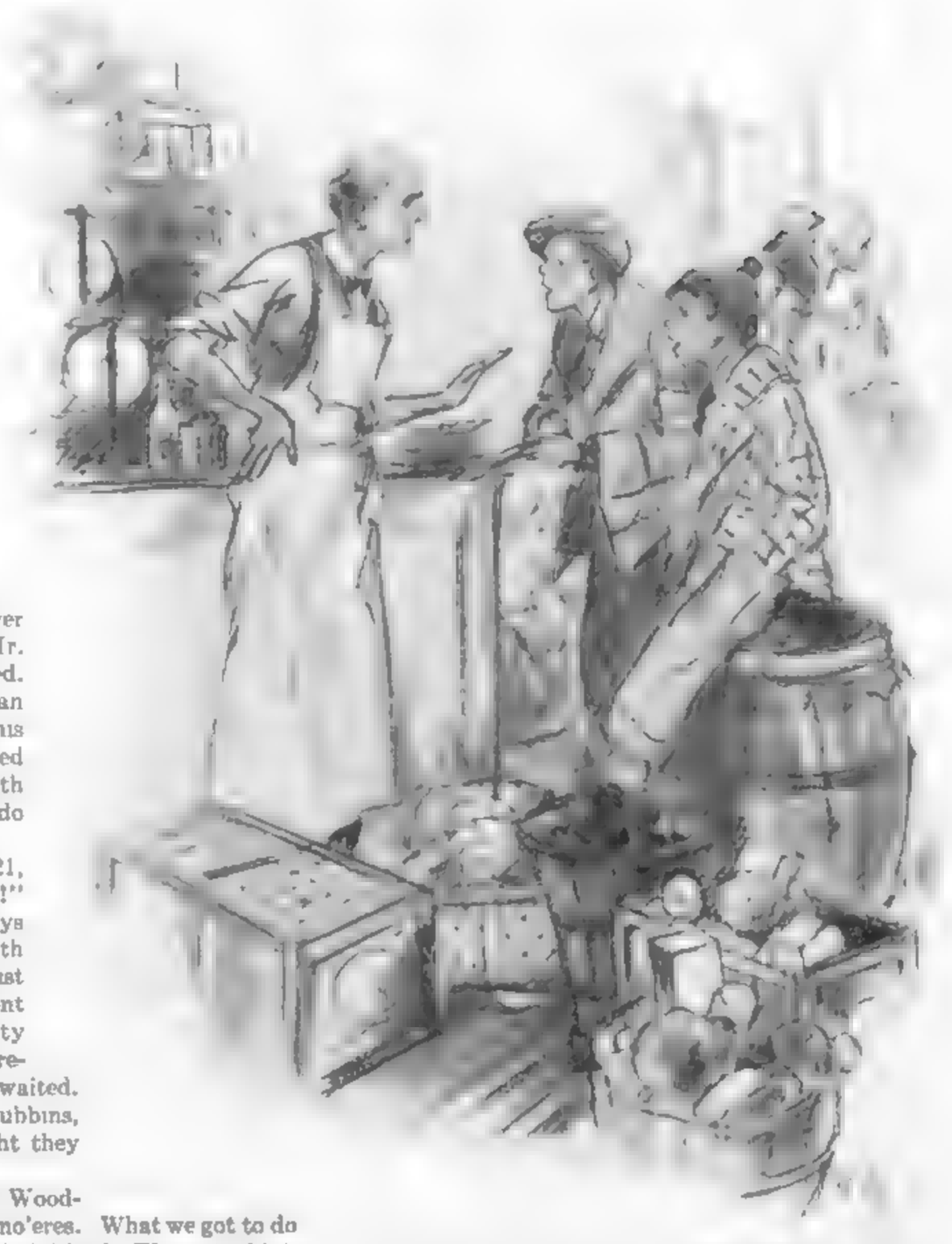
"What be we goin' to do about it?" asked Woodchuck.

"We got to contrive to surround them enemies and hem 'em in," said Gummy.

"Mebby Number 21 has got some idees," said Woodchuck.

It was no simple situation for Solon. Here was a loyalty which was fine and unselfish, and these boys must never know that it was embarrassing to him, or that any action they might take along the imaginative lines appealing to boyhood might prove disastrous to him. Most important of all, he must not permit them to lay up trouble for themselves. He frowned and knitted his brows. "The Black Star Order," he said, "has got to live up to its laws."

"You betcha," said Peewee.



"We Hain't a-Goin' to Say Nothin' Right Out, But Seein's it's You, We Dast Tell You That's a Purty Powerful Secret Organization Behind This Petition"

"And Number 1"—this was Woodchuck—"was right when he called this meeting. There is a plot, and I, as a member, am entitled to the protection of the order, or to its vengeance if the plot succeeds. But we must go slow. It seems to me the first thing to do is to find out all about the plot. We must be sure who is in it and just what they are planning. Then we must think up some way to upset their apple cart. But the order mustn't do anything to get itself into trouble."

"The main thing this here meetin' was called together fur," said Number 1, "was to find out if you wanted to keep your job."

"You bet I do!" said Solon.

"Then," said Number 1, "I cal'late we kin adjourn and spy around into this plot and get all set. The rules is we leave one to a time so as nobuddy'll git onto our meetin' place. Number 21, you come last, so you kin go fust."

Solon walked to the door. "I'm much obliged to the order," he said.

"The star will be stuck into your hand when the next meetin's called," said Number 1.

The members of the order squatted in their places while Solon made his way back through the sugar orchard. Peewee, from the window, reported him as reaching the road.

"Now," said Number 1, "we kin git down to brass tacks. He's a-scairt of gittin' us into trouble. He thinks he kin fool us into keepin' quiet. Well, he can't do it, nor nobuddy else neither. The order's in this here fight to stay."

"Yes," said Gummy, "and they kin lick me with a gad every night for a year too. But I won't—not unless I git caught at suthin'."

"My pa," said Pazzy—Number 6—"says it all depends on this here school election, and if enough folks is fur Number 21, then he can't git fired."

"We kin go round gittin' votes," said Banty Morton—Number 4.

It was then that Number 1 hit upon his great idea. He was not Number 1 for nothing:

"Fellers, I betcha I know the thing to do. I betcha, if we kin work it, he won't never git fired."

"Spit it out," said Gummy.

But Number 1 loved to work up to a climax. "I betcha folks'll pay some attention to the Black Star Order then.

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"Those Boys," She Said, "Adore You"

IN SENIOR SPRING

"Isn't Everything Just Too Exciting?"

By DAY EDGAR

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

A STUDIOUS, religious hush pervaded the shadowy interior of the university library; but Mr. Amos Parke, sitting alone at a table in one of the many alcoves, completely ignored the book spread between his elbows. Instead, his cheek on his palm, he gazed dreamily at the green shade of a reading lamp suspended within a few inches of his nose.

"Gosh!" he murmured happily. "I'm going to crash through at last."

Because one of his potential triumphs hinged upon European history, Amos Parke's gaze presently dropped to the printed page. Not even this reminder of a subject he detested—a course he had elected under the impression that it would require little study—could depress him as he closed the history book and began inserting sheets of newly written notes into his black leather binder.

At the sound of steps, a soft padding on the rubber runners, Parke looked up and saw two freshmen, each with a book in hand, walking past. Even from that disinterested glance he learned that one of the freshmen, before turning into the next alcove, had recognized him. A familiar discontent stirred in Parke's breast. This discontent presently increased; for from the adjoining alcove came the sound of books dropped on the table and then, in hoarse whispers, a dialogue which fell distinctly upon the ears of Amos Parke:

"Did you see that fellow we passed?"

"You mean the tall skinny one at the table?"

"Yeah; know who he is?"

"No."

"Don't you know him? Why, he rooms with Ed McMaster!"

Yes, Amos Parke sourly reflected, Ed McMaster's roommate. The freshman intended it as a high compliment, and the identification was not a new one to Parke. It had begun in sophomore year with McMaster's rise to prominence as first-string center on the varsity football squad; throughout junior fall, while McMaster's fame increased, Amos Parke had stood pleasantly in reflected glory. This gave him importance on the campus—an importance heightened by McMaster's election to the captaincy. Because the abode of the football captain was a campus shrine, friends of McMaster gathered every afternoon and evening in the rooms he and Parke shared. Parke in this way met an athletic element in the class which otherwise would never have noticed him. It had been pleasant to know these heroes, pleasant during the past fall to sit in the room and hear a discussion of the previous Saturday's game by the Olympians themselves—a highly technical discussion of mistakes, strategies and triumphs not included in the press accounts. The final Saturday that season had brought victory and championship to the university; to Ed McMaster it brought All-American honors and the emblematic white sweater, after which all life recedes and levels out into undramatic plains.

The light that beat upon the championship captain also illuminated his roommate; but his share, Amos Parke gradually learned, could become a disadvantage. This embittering knowledge had driven him weeks ago into several resolutions—resolutions to which he clung grimly as he now slapped on a drooping felt hat, thrust his arms into a limp yellow slicker and went quietly down the corkscrew iron stairway to the ground floor of the ancient library.

From the front vestibule he emerged upon a campus steeped in warm March fog. His gait increased when he saw, by the tower clock just ahead, that it was five minutes of four. He hurried along a damp cement walk, passed under an arch and was presently manipulating a tiny brass knocker—molded in the form of a negro mammy with arms akimbo—upon a door at the end of a corridor. A slight nervousness disturbed him. He had never felt at ease in the presence of Roy Telfair, for to Parke there was always something impressive about the editor of the university's seriously literary magazine. And because he had more at stake today, he became unusually apprehensive as he pushed the door inward.

"How are you?" Parke began. "I dropped in to see about that poem I submitted."

Roy Telfair, seated in shirt sleeves at his redwood desk, had turned; from behind shiny gold-rimmed spectacles his slow black eyes rested upon Amos Parke with impersonal amiability.

"Will you see if it's in that basket?" he asked. "I'll be through with this in just a minute."

Holding a strip of cracked yellow leather, he turned again to the tattered book from which rose the smell of glue, and Amos Parke bent over a wire basket filled with manuscripts.

How often he had done this! For almost four years, dealing with four different editors, he had stubbornly offered his poems, each with fresh hope of success. Always, on the day appointed for contributors to call for unwanted material, he had received back his manuscript. They were humiliating occasions for Amos Parke. Especially did his cheeks burn from shame if there were other contributors present; and now, thankful that he was alone, his hands trembled among the papers as he hurried lest a second person should arrive. He came to the bottom of the wire basket, then scanned the manuscripts in reverse order.

"Did you find it?"

Roy Telfair, as Parke straightened, spoke affably, but remained occupied in arranging a heavy inkstand on top of the glued strip of leather binding. He drew back from the finished work, viewed it with gentle enthusiasm; then, rubbing his hands with a handkerchief, he faced Parke inquiringly.

"The name's Amos Parke, but I can't find my stuff here. It's entitled Lines to an Uncertain Lady."

"Oh, is that sonnet yours?" asked Telfair warmly. "I'm sorry, but I didn't know you were Amos Parke. Why, yes, we're going to use that."

From a desk drawer he drew a red folder and soon Amos Parke, almost unmanned by joy, was looking at the familiar manuscript of an extremely familiar sonnet. And yet how different it seemed now! That single sheet of white paper had acquired warmth, richness, significance; it fairly exuded personality.

"I've marked a change here in the octet," Telfair was explaining. "I hope you don't object."

Object! No, Amos did not object. They might change every line—they might cut, expand and edit every word so long as the sonnet still fulfilled its main function of getting the name of Amos Parke into public print.

"What number do you think it'll appear in?" Parke asked carelessly from the doorway.

"The Commencement Number," said Telfair—"out about the first of June."

The best time of all, Amos Parke told himself as he hurried jubilantly toward his room. His printed name would be on library tables in the upperclassmen's clubs, in dormitory rooms, on the town news stands; it would remain on view during senior vacation and commencement week, when town and campus were crowded with friends and relatives. A professor in the English department would review the issue for the campus daily, and once more the combination of letters identifying Amos Parke would be spread before the people.

He wanted to stop and perform a jig on the cement walk; he wanted to send a rock hilariously through the chapel window at his left, not because he disapproved of compulsory chapel, but in natural obedience to the delightful, suffocating pressure that beat exultantly against the walls of his chest.

II

THIS pressure persisted while he took a stingingly cold shower and ran upstairs to his room. Here, clad only in plaid golf stockings and a union suit, he heard the approach of loud, familiar footsteps. The door swung open and in came Ed McMaster, one hundred and ninety-five pounds of bone, muscle and popularity.

"Hello, Parkey," he said breezily. "Where've you been all day?"

"Up in the library, Ed, making an outline for that history test."

McMaster settled into their biggest easy-chair; Parke, his tan shoes now on, planted one foot on a protruding drawer of the desk and began tightening the laces.

"That course certainly eats into your time," remarked McMaster. "Don't see why you ever signed up for it."

"I hopped it for a gut," Parke explained, "and the darn thing back-fired."

"Have you tried to get out of it?"

"Oh, as long as I'm in it," said Parke, changing to the other shoe, "I might as well stick with it till June."

"How do you stand in it so far?"

"Been getting first and second groups."

"You have?" exclaimed McMaster, perplexed. "Then why the devil are you killing yourself over it?"

"Oh, well," said Parke evasively, "I'd just as soon get a good mark as a bad one."

"I know," conceded McMaster impatiently; "but you could slide by with a fourth or fifth group and not do any work at all."

When Amos Parke Saw the Number Typed Opposite His Name He Made No Exclamation. Instead, He Turned, Pushed His Way Through the Crowd and Went Straight to His Room

"As a matter of fact, Ed," said Parke quietly, "I'm trying for Phi Beta Kappa."

For several seconds McMaster stared. "Well, for heaven's sake!" he said, slowly and with emphatic disgust.

Amos Parke, buttoning the collar of his clean white shirt, uneasily avoided his roommate's eyes; then a mild irritation spread through him. After all, why should he feel embarrassed? It was his business if he wanted to work hard and stand with the best scholars of the class. He intended to make no apologies to Ed McMaster or anyone else. But he realized that not even their friendship would permit him to say: "I'm trying for a key because I'm sick and tired of just being known as your roommate. I want to grab off a little glory of my own before I graduate."

Because the truth was unspeakable, Parke gravely lied: "My father was talking about the key last time I was home, and it would please him if I got one."

Ed McMaster shook his blond head in silent disapproval; then he looked shrewdly at Parke.

"I bet I know what's wrong," he said. "Some professor's been talking to you."

"After all, Ed," said Parke briskly, "there's a certain amount of distinction in winning a key."

"How do you figure that?"

"Why, anything that only twelve per cent of the class can have is an honor. Take the varsity letter—it's because so few fellows have it that you were willing to get out there and fight for the privilege of wearing one."

"That's entirely different," said McMaster patiently. "A varsity letter means something, but the ——"

"The Phi Beta Kappa key means something too."

"What's it mean then?"

Because of recent talk with his faculty adviser—the same professor who had first pointed out the possibility of his election to Phi Beta Kappa—Amos Parke found himself armed with information and argument.

"Well," he began carefully, "Phi Beta Kappa, of course, roughly translated from the Greek, means Philosophy, the Guide of Life."

"Yeah," agreed McMaster belligerently, "and what's all that prove?"

"Well," Parke began again, buckling his brown knickerbockers at the knees, "a Phi Beta Kappa key on your watch chain shows that you belong to a sort of intellectual aristocracy. It's known the world over—in lots of places where your varsity letter wouldn't get a tumble—and wherever the key is seen, it's recognized as a symbol of superior intelligence. It proves that the wearer has brains and has made use of them at ——"

"That's the bunk!" McMaster exploded scornfully. "All it proves is that you've stayed home from the movies at night, and stayed in over week-ends so you could plug away at the books while the rest of us were relaxing. The Phi Beta Kappa key," he concluded emphatically, "hasn't got anything to do with brains. It simply proves you were good at staying home from parties."

Amos Parke silently peeled the price tag from a new maroon necktie set with little silhouetted wolf heads; then, preferring almost any other topic, he switched into levity.

"For a fellow who's roomed with me all these years," he said lightly, "I must confess you show very little progress."

McMaster had moved to the desk; and now, absorbed in the rapid composition of a letter, he was obviously unaware of everything else that existed. For a moment Amos Parke was tempted to break the news of his afternoon's triumph. He refrained, however, from mentioning Lines to an Uncertain Lady; for if he told about it now, dragged it into the conversation, he felt that he would be revealing how much he himself was impressed by his success. The effect would be infinitely more satisfying if he waited until publication.

He withdrew to his bedroom, where, having completed dressing, he stood in front of the mirror and subjected his upper portions to a critical scrutiny. He discovered, at last, one flaw. Holding a hairbrush in his left hand, he sprinkled on the upturned bristles a dozen drops of a mildly fragrant dressing. His free hand held protectively against his necktie, he leaned forward and pushed the brush again and again across his right temple until the offending hairs became an indistinguishable part of the glistening black surface. With equal care he settled his drooping gray felt hat upon his head and five minutes later stood, surrounded by dense white fog, beneath a consecrated elm tree at an unfrequented corner of the campus.

"For a Fellow Who's Roomed With Me All These Years," He Said Lightly, "I Must Confess You Show Very Little Progress"

As quietly as a ship emerging from a mist, a familiar blue roadster was presently bearing down upon him. The roadster, plainly under control of an expert, rolled to a stop so that the nickel door handle was exactly in line with Amos Parke's heart; without moving, he was looking straight into a pair of black eyes gleaming above an alert, expectant grin which breathlessly inquired, "Isn't everything just too exciting?"

As they moved off through the fog Parke produced his telescoping leather cigarette case and Mary wordlessly diminished the speed of the car. By the time they resumed their pace two cigarettes were providing two sources of smoke which drifted to the sides and flew backward to mingle with the fog.

"It's great to get out in the fresh air," said Parke relishingly, and drew a mouthful of smoke deep into his lungs. Mary nodded—short rapid nods which gave a more enthusiastic confirmation than could be found in speech. Mary, in fact, showed less dependence upon the spoken word than anyone else he knew; with her black eyes, with her brows and eyelashes, with the inclination of her head, she could express attentive interest, delighted agreement, emphatic admiration. And Amos Parke invariably acquired from her presence a sense of personal importance which received scant nourishment on the campus.

She was showing now her genius for keeping her eyes on the road; even when she half turned to nod or lift surprised brows, her gaze remained on the wet concrete that stretched away into white obscurity. Hence, Amos Parke was enabled to indulge his inclination to look at her.

He saw, on the other half of that black leather seat, a girl whom beauty had passed by. Instead, her heritage had been a measure of cuteness and a shy desire to be informed. Her continuous smile drew her cheeks up into little red knobs; her body was outlined by contours which curved just in time to save her from being roly-poly. The hem of her green dress now reached almost to the upper rim of a rounded kneecap; for the next two inches pink silk took up the responsibility; and then a fawn stocking, smooth and glossy, ran down to a small foot incased in a slipper of alligator hide—a foot which could press the accelerator only when the corresponding hip cooperated by sliding a little forward on the leather cushion.

Amos Parke now speculated upon a question which had occupied him before. He liked Mary, he reflected—liked her a lot. But was he in love with her? She was the only girl he bothered with at all. He thought about her quite often. In fact, whenever things got unbearably dull around the room, his thoughts turned to Mary. That, he supposed, was a sure sign of love.

This discovery endowed Mary with a new, fascinating importance. He slid a little closer to her, regarded her as though he had never seen her before. Then, with the feeling of having been overheard, he looked quickly to the front. In the little mirror above the windshield their glances met.

"Hello," her eyes said. "And who are you looking at?"

For more than an hour they drove slowly in a great, irregular circle that took them, with the hum of tires on wet concrete, down shallow valleys, along straight stretches, around banked curves, and brought them at last back to the white iron bridge spanning the lake which, in a few more weeks, would be crowded by spectators of the spring regatta.

Twilight had arrived, and now, as they drew near the campus, the fog became for Amos Parke a curtain veiling mystery and high romance. On all sides, just out of sight, he felt that rare adventures were in the making, that terrifying heroes, astride armored palfreys, rode out from the pages of children's picture books and magically haunted the mist. Even the undergraduates acquired a flavor of romance; singly or

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"About Me?" Cried the Dark Lady of His Sonnet. "Oh, Parkey, I'll Simply Die!"

RUSSIAN VIGNETTES

By Theodore Dreiser

IT IS four o'clock of a December afternoon in Moscow—the time appointed for your inspection of a quite new group of apartments for workers—the what-communism-is-doing-for-the-workers kind. The Russian labor day is eight hours, and, since it often begins at 7:30, ends at 4. You have seen the rooms of perhaps twenty families, all in one group of buildings. They have each a room or two, according to the number of people in the family. Never less than three for one room, ordinarily five or more for two. And furniture which for lack of beauty or taste or real comfort almost defies description.

So poor have been the working classes heretofore that they have never had any furniture worthy of the name, and so have really scarcely created a market for any. And the apartment in which you are invited to dine, and which is occupied by two brothers-in-law and their wives, consists only of two rooms, equipped with two single beds, a baby carriage for a newly arrived baby, a sewing machine, a table two by three feet, and three chairs and a box. A mixture of propaganda prints, some photographs of Lenin, Marx and Lunacharsky, and lithograph reproductions of old-time bourgeois paintings, ornaments the walls.

But no bath. There is a communal bath in the basement of the twelve-apartment building. And no kitchen. You learn—with surprise if it is for the first time—that there is also a communal kitchen—one for every six apartments—and that supplies for every single family kitchen are to be found in a closet or cabinet labeled with the owner's name and ranged, along with the others of this communistic group, in the general kitchen on this floor at the rear.

"But isn't this a hardship on the woman who does the cooking—to be compelled to go outside her apartment and along with five other women share a common kitchen?" I was talking to my communist guide and secretary, also a guest at the time.

"Be of good cheer. You do not understand the Russian temperament. Far from this being a hardship, it is a social pleasure, one of the daily reliefs from ennui. Here are our two hostesses now. As you see, they are preparing the feast for us. Let's go back with them and see how it is done. It won't annoy them or their neighbors in the least. They will accept us as additional company."

Together we go back into a fairly large general kitchen, occupied by two large wood-burning ranges, six closets and several sinks for washing and drying dishes. And gathered about these, a dozen or more persons—women, children and a few men, young and old. Closest the stoves proper were the mothers, or wives, or daughters, or grandmothers, each busily engaged with the peculiar culinary business before her. With one it was a large water kettle, full and being brought to a boil; with another—with almost all, I might say—the inevitable Russian pot in which some general family stew was being prepared. Here, too, were potatoes being boiled; there, bread being toasted. In one skillet was a well-known Russian sausage, watched over by a very old man who was at the same time boiling water for his tea.

And the conversation! Although I could understand no word, I was reminded of Dostoievsky's weird and talkative groups. I could sense the intimacies, for although I was a stranger and my presence made a matter of general exposition by my mentor and my two hostesses, still no trace of embarrassment on the part of anyone. On the contrary, a very general and, as it seemed to me, gay curiosity. "Oh, an American, and he wishes to learn Russian ways."

"The old man over there," explained my guide, indicating, "says that a Russian kitchen is as good a place as any."

And from the dry look around the old peasant's mouth, I could guess that he had delivered himself of an ironic truth.

"And what are they talking about?" I asked.

"This one," my secretary informed me, indicating a girl who was next a frail old woman, "asked her just now if her son had found work. And she said no. And that stout old dame there insists that there are too many people in here, that the rules really call for only one each from a family. And"—after listening again—"those two are talking of the number of influenza cases here now. And that one is saying the lettuce she bought is of poor quality. It is the usual kitchen gossip, I think."

"And you really mean to say there is no sense of inconvenience or personal dissatisfaction in being compelled to commune in this fashion?"

The Old Clothes Stall at Moscow. At Left—Women Prisoners Receiving Choral Training in the House of Correction in Moscow, Illustrating How the Russian Government is Treating its Lawbreakers

A Soup Kitchen in a Caucasus Village

"On the contrary, I assure you there is something in the Russian peasant, perhaps in all Russians, which makes them rather crave than dislike this. They are innately social. In here they lend one another dishes and food, trade their sorrows and joys. If you were to live here a year or so, you would see. They like to eat in groups, travel in groups, play, and even sleep, in groups. It is no hardship. It is a pleasure."

The meal that followed illustrated even more of this—neighbors coming in to share the company of the strangers, to offer delicacies from their own tables, to ask us to come again and eat with them. But I am dismissing that, for when all was said and done, the most truly communistic color of the house was the kitchen conclave I have just described.

II

ONE cannot help contrasting Russian and Western equipment, since in Russia they are always talking of what they are going to have, how soon Russia is to be industrialized, and then how every up-to-the-minute device will be at everyone's door and elbow. And truly, in the most amazing places—in the heart of Siberia; in Tashkend and Samarkand, capitals of that central Asiatic region east of the Caspian; in Daghestan, Azerbaijan, Georgia, and where not else—one comes upon the most modern things side by side with the most ancient. The modern sleeping car, say, and Alexander the Great's own military stronghold in Samarkand; hotels and restaurants with bath tubs and electric lights and the mosques and tombs of the Abbasids, as in Baku and Tashkend—relatives—some of them contemporaries—of Mohammed—autobuses, automobiles, street cars and the tomb of, say, Timur, the mysterious and almost mythical. But perhaps more interesting still—the thing that gave me the most vivid sense of change

and yet of changelessness, of time in which everything and nothing happens was to walk in the Ulitza Karla Marxa of Samarkand English: Avenue Karl Marx—and this not more than half a mile from the reputed tomb of Timur the mythical, and there to see, through the green-curtained window of a commonplace store, not one but four Mergenthaler linotypes, side by side against a wall, all electrically lighted and all busily operated by as many Samarkandish union linotypers, who from time to time would bend back in their standardized spring-back linotype seats to consult copy typewritten in the Usbegistan language, for this was the language of this particular paper—the daily Serwachan of no less a place than Samarkand the glorious—population, 1926, 100,000. And the news of the Soviet world was as fresh there as anywhere, and called out by street boys on the corners as in New York, London or Paris.

Yet, passing near me, women and girls in white or black shawls, their faces covered. And Russians in blouses and boots and caps. And Persians in gowns and shawls of various colors, as well as modern dress. And Usbegs and Afghans and Tadischas in occasionally peculiar caps and coats or capes which I might better sketch than describe. But arc lights at the street corners, shops with cameras, radios, phonographs, typewriters, and what not other modernity. And automobiles, trucks, busses, street cars, as well as the Russian droshky!

Natives of a Rural District in Russia Listening in on a Radio Program Broadcast From the Kremlin, Moscow. The Kremlin Houses Soviet Russia's Official Broadcasting Station. At Right—The Sukharevka Market, Moscow

III

IT IS the city of Rostoff—on the Don—sharp and vigorous in early January. A great bell in a church is mumbling deeply. Along the chief business thoroughfare, in the snow, comes a corporal's guard of Russian soldiers, their long coats almost touching the snow, their peaked gray wool caps revealing their pink ears, the latest model of a Russian rifle carried indifferently over their shoulders, and inclosing three commonplace specimens of Russians, poorly clothed—worn leather coats and caps, not too good boots, gloveless hands—but each carrying a bundle under his arm and each wearing a subdued or, better yet, "arrested" expression.

"And now," I say to my guide and interpreter, "what do you suppose they are being taken up for?"

"I can tell you now, but I will verify it afterward. They are petty traders, operating without a license."

"What sort of traders?"

"Well, just above here is a bazaar. In it are all sorts of people who, in spite of the coöperatives, hope to make a living selling anything—ties, shoes, keys, caps, antiques, secondhand utensils—anything, everything. But to operate requires a license. And worse, a long session with Russian officials—papers to be made out, clerks to persuade, perhaps two or three days in line. How much cheaper to obtain some small stock from a more successful and licensed trader, and, laying it over your arm, peddle it here and there. But of course, the danger of arrest—say three months in jail for the first offense, six for the second, more for the third. And yet, all over Russia you will see them being marched off in this fashion. It's the old trading instinct, strong even here under communism. They are pressed by ambition or poverty, or both, and trying in some way to get a small start."

And as he asserted, so, all over Russia, I saw him—in Leningrad, Moscow, Odessa, Sebastopol, Baku being marched off by soldiers, under his arm his pathetic little bundle, his captured and no doubt later confiscated stock, the telltale evidence of his crime.

IV

IT IS in the Bolshai Moskausky, the largest and most expensive of all the hotels in Moscow—or Russia, for that matter. There is some very little thing wrong with the bathtub—one of the eight or ten in a hotel of literally hundreds of rooms. It chances to be my private bath. The stopper is too small and the shower leaks hot or cold water continuously, due to an obviously worn leather washer in connection with its lever. Consequently, two little things are needed which in America at least a plumber or any man handy with a pair of pliers or a Stillson wrench could adjust in no time. I ring for the floor servant and by signs indicate the need. He is one of those blond, German-looking waiters so numerous in Russia, and utters a few "*si chaases*," meaning "immediately"—the most used and also abused word in all Russia. For no Russian ever comes immediately, anywhere.

I partake of my breakfast, then depart for various scenes. At night, returning, there drips the water—"tink, tink." Once more the bell. Once more assurances. But although a secretary arrives and reënforces this request in Russian, still by the morrow no change. I finally go to the office myself. There is one man who speaks English.

"I assure you it will be attended to yet today," he says "We have an engineer. He must have been busy with some other things. But today, yet."

I depart, and returning at three find a convention in my bathroom. It is not so large a bathroom at that, but in it are crowded eight men—three in overalls and the rest in workingmen's clothes and with overcoats and fur hats on. They are consulting. I exclaim in astonishment, but suddenly reflect that it must be something else, some larger defect of which I know nothing, for the conference goes on, ten, fifteen, finally thirty-five minutes, after which all file solemnly out, two or three nodding as they go. But still "tink, tink." And no stopper. The tub is really of no use to me that night either.

And so the next morning I am angry.

"See here"—a secretary does this for me, but in English to the English-speaking clerk—"Mr. Dreiser must have a bath. It is three days now. It is only a matter of a new plug and a new washer in the shower, he says. Cannot this be fixed now?"

"One moment, one moment, I will call you back."

In ten minutes the call. "Yes, you see it is this way: The engineer has no plug. Besides, this is the business of the plumbers. You know how strict the union rules are here. But this morning sure they are coming. They said so yesterday."

"Who?"

"The plumbers." These last two remarks are an exchange between myself and my secretary concerning "Why plumbers? Why not one plumber? What is all this nonsense about plumbing, anyhow? What were those eight plumbers doing in here the other day?"

As to that, no word, for she did not know. But as to plumbers and unions in general, she would like to explain. It is this way. In Russia no one branch of union workers may infringe upon the duties of any other branch. It is the rule, the underlying base of all union government and, in fact, all government in Russia, since the unions control the government. But will I not wait? She has been assured that all will be adjusted today.

And then at two P.M. another necessary return on my part. I am to find a letter and receive a guest. But in my bathroom now three men, in overalls and with various tools and some lighted candles. They are busy talking. And continue to talk and tinker until four P.M., at which time they all file out. Union hours. And curious as to all this, I hurry in to see. True enough, a new rubber plug has been attached to the chain and the shower leak stopped. In fact, I can see where a Stillson wrench has been applied to the joint where the new washer should go. But why three men? And previously to these, eight?

(Continued on Page 80)

Young Communists From Central Asia in Moscow for the Thirteenth International Youth Congress

BLACK BEAUTY

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"I—I Reckon They Ain't No Use Askin' If You Has a Heart, Is There, Florian?"

"BUT I tell you," roared J. Cæsar Clump, "that us ought to do it!"

Orifice R. Latimer, portly president of Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., shook his head slowly.

"How come you to say that, Cæsar? 'Tain't dignifried fo' no such 'stablished concern as us to mix up in no male beauty contest."

"There's plenty reasons why Ise holdin' out fo' it, Orifice. But on'y one of 'em is impawtant. Does us do this thing we git rid of Florian Slappey!"

The eyes of the chief executive opened wide. "No?" he said hopefully.

"Yes. Mos' posolutely, yes. Can you 'magine a men's beauty contest in Bumminham without Florian Slappey enterin'?"

"No-o."

"Nor neither can I. An' if us gits behime it—what does he have to do befo' enterin'?"

"What?"

"He's got to resign away fum Midnight—tha's what. 'Cause we passes a law that nobody which is connected with Midnight is allowed to complete."

The countenance of the president broke into a smile. "Hot ziggity dam!" he exclaimed. "I think you has thunk a thought."

"You is dawg-gone tootin', I has. Now git me right: I ain't got nothin' against Florian, 'cept that he's too uppity an' he tries to run my business an' he's always buttin' in an' he thinks he's an actor an' he's always struttin' aroun' gittin' in the way an' ——"

"I ain't got nothin' against him, either," interrupted Latimer, "'cept he always has stuck in my craw. All he's been doin' is drawin' a sal'ry fo' bein' Excelsior Nix's guardeen, an' on account of same, us cain't put him off the lot, an' ——" His eyes narrowed. "Brother Clump, did you ever stop to consider that if Florian entered this heah contest he'd be boun' to win?"

"Sposin' he did. All the winner gets is a chance to act in one Midnight two-reel comedy. Becomin' an actor is the most ambition Florian Slappey has got. An' was he to win he'd git his tryout. Bofe of us knows that he woul'n't make good. Then we'd be rid of him an' he coul'n't never step on the lot again 'cept by special invitation, an' we'd be saved fum payin' him the twenty-five dollars a week he draws as the guardeen of our chile progeny."

"I know. It soun's swell, Cæsar. But it would be better if Florian didn't even win. That'd sho take him down a peg."

"Then he don't win!" snapped Mr. Clump.

"How you gwine fix it?"

"Easy. Us appoints the judges. One of them is gwine be Welford Potts."

"Welford's suttin to vote fo' Florian. Them two is buddies."

"Tha's one reason Florian is shuah to enter. The second judge will be Opus Randall."

"An' Opus would rather vote against Florian than eat."

"You said it. That gives me the decidin' vote. An' Ise gwine vote against Mistuh Slappey."

The eyes of President Latimer were glowing with an unholy light. There were times when he was rather partial to Florian, but recently he had awakened to realization of the fact that Mr. Slappey was considerable of a nuisance around the hustling, bustling Midnight lot.

"Just sposin' us took up this beauty contes' an' Florian didn't enter."

Director Clump made a gesture of impatience.

"Great wiggilin' tripe! Orifice, don't you use yo' brains fo' nothin' mo' than to have headaches with? Has you knowed Florian all these yeahs without reelizin' that he coul'n't no mo' not enter a beauty contest than he could fly? Why, he'd rather be chose the han'somest cullud man in Bumminham than be a millionaire's hair. He sho would. So I suggesses that us git in touch with Isaac Gethers, the Grand Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. We tell him that we's willin' to go ahaid, an' we lays down the rules. The lodge is to conduck the contes' at its own espense, givin' us a slice of the profits. They choose the two bes' candidates an' on the final night our judgin' committee goes down to the Champeen Theater, where the two fellers which has been selected is to appear befo' us fo' final decision. But we got to work fas'."

"Go to it, Cæsar. Take the afternoon off an' git things arranged."

Two days later placards appeared in various places of prominence throughout Birmingham's Darktown. They brought a thrill to each and every beholder:

GRAND BEAUTY CONTEST
FOR MALES (MEN)
TO BE CONDUCTED UNDER AUSPICES OF
THE SONS & DAUGHTERS OF I WILL ARISE
WINNER GETS TRYOUT IN A
REGULAR TWO-REEL PICTURE OF
MIDNIGHT PICTURES CORPORATION, INC.
FREE OF CHARGE
ENTRANCE FEE—ONE DOLLAR
HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO BECOME A REAL
STAR FOR EIGHT BITS

EASIEST WORK IN THE WORLD—BIG MONEY IN THE MOVIES FOR JUST HAVING YOUR PICTURE TOOK
APPLICATIONS MUST BE FILED WITH
ISAAC GETHERS
GRAND MAG. HIGH POTE
ENTRANCE FEE PAYABLE IN CASH ONLY
(NO CHECKS OR PROMISES ACCEPTED)
BE AN ACTOR FOR ONE DOLLAR
SEE IF YOU AIN'T THE HANDSOMEST CULLUD MAN
IN BIRMINGHAM

One of these placards was duly attached to the mirror which faced the lunch counter in Bud Peaglar's Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor. And so it came to the attention of Mr. Florian Slappey.

Mr. Slappey was a person of parts. He was lithe and graceful and most marvelously haberdashed. Because of the fact that he did not toil or spin, his hands were soft and well tended. His clothes were always three jumps ahead of Dame Fashion. At the present moment he was garbed in a light-brown concoction which bordered on yellow. His coat was broad across the shoulders and fitted snugly about his slender hips. His trousers flared at the cuffs—not vulgarly belled, but expanded sufficiently to be modish. His shirt was of faint tan, and he wore tie and breast-pocket handkerchief to match. A brown felt hat topped his well-shaped head; his tan shoes gleamed gloriously; a gardenia smiled from the lapel of his coat, and he tapped his ankles with a whippy little cane.

Bud Peaglar, lopsided proprietor of the flourishing establishment, limped forward and accosted his best customer.

"Gwine enter, Florian?"

Mr. Slappey shrugged. "Dunno, Bud. Ise speculatin' on same."

"You sho ought to. Ain't no cullud feller in Bumminham would even have a chance against you."

Mr. Slappey expanded under the flattery. ""Tain't somethin' to consider too hasty, Brother Peaglar. You see, there ain't nobody hired by Midnight allowed to enter. So if I did, I'd have to resign away fum my job."

Bud gestured. "Was I the han'somest man in Bumminham, Brother Slappey, I'd pass up anything to git acknowledged such."

Florian was rather of the same mind. He absorbed a bowl of Brunswick stew and then emerged into the clatter and clangor of Eighteenth Street, on which thoroughfare Darktown transacted most of its important business.

Wherever he turned he was greeted by friends; some frankly admiring, others a trifle jealous of Mr. Slappey's gorgeous raiment. Several questioned him concerning competition in the forthcoming beauty contest and even those who openly disliked him agreed that victory would not fail to perch on his standard.

Florian was not an egoist. But fashion and pulchritude constituted his philosophy. Just as men labor to become doctors and lawyers, so Mr. Slappey had devoted himself to the task of being the best-looking and best-dressed man in all Alabama.

Here was the first opportunity for that public acclaim which would mark his efforts with official success. Besides, the secondary reward was not inconsiderable.

In common with most of his brethren, Florian long had entertained the idea that the screen was being robbed of its most eminent actor through Midnight's refusal to cast him in a leading rôle. The fact that he daily associated on terms of intimacy with the great and near-great of colored filmland merely added gall to the wormwood.

Fresco Had an Air. He Was Distingue

Once, and once only, had Mr. Slappey played a regular part in a Midnight two-reeler. That had been more than a year ago while the company was resident in Paris at the very tail-end of its European tour. His work as a colored gendarme had been good, and ever since that time he had put forth his claims loudly and constantly.

Now, should he win this contest, he would not only be the acknowledged Beau Brummel of dusky Birmingham but Midnight would be forced to screen him in another picture. He possessed a calm confidence in his ability. It seemed certain that once he had attained this end no person as keen as Orifice Latimer could fail to see the box-office value of Mr. Slappey's face on his flicker output.

But a job was a job. Twenty-five dollars every Saturday night was no trifle to be tossed into a creek. Mr. Slappey did a little investigating and then called upon his friend, Welford Potts. He found that gentleman incased in camera misery on the busy Midnight lot.

"Welford, you is gwine be a judge in this beauty contest, ain't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"I an' you is really friends, ain't us?"

"Tha's the one thing we ain't nothin' else but."

"Well, tell me, who do you think is the handsomest cullud man in Bumminham?"

Mr. Potts did not hesitate. "You is!" he declared emphatically.

"Hot dawg! Thanks, Welford. A friend like you is sho worth two in the bush."

Mr. Slappey's next move was negotiated a trifle less openly. He waited until Opus Randall went into his dressing room for a cigarette and change of costume.

Opus possessed a moonlike face and an amazing girth. His intimates asserted that, off the set, he wore an inner tube strapped about his middle to make his circumference less prominent. Certainly he was tremendous; rolls of fat and pudgy, wabbly legs. Coupled with his excess tonnage was a very distinct ability as a comedian. Of all the Midnight roster, Opus Randall was the most popular with screen fans all over the country. On the lot, however, Mr. Randall was thoroughly detested.

Opus possessed a large measure of screen temperament. He knew his value and sang his own praises. Most particularly he despised Florian Slappey because of the fact that that slim and elegant gentleman typified everything which Opus would like to have been. And Florian returned Opus' dislike with huge interest.

Their enmity was no secret. Every man, woman and child in Midnight knew that the antipathy between them was constant and fierce. Most of the outsiders knew it. Certainly Director J. Cæsar Clump could not have figured more cannily in selecting a judge who was certain to vote against Mr. Slappey.

But in matters of sheer cunning Florian was usually three up on the heathen Chinee. He entered Opus' stuffy dressing room and stared level-eyed at his huge *bête noire*.

"I need money, Opus."

"If tha's the troof," growled Mr. Randall, "then bofe of us ain't got none."

"I got to have some"—Florian's voice was chilly—"soon."

"So do I."

"You bet yo' sweet life you do. 'Cause I got a note which says you owes me one hund'ed dollars, an' you got to pay it, else git into trouble. Now, how about it?"

Little beads of cold perspiration stood out on Opus' forehead.

"I—I reckon they ain't no use askin' if you has a heart, is there, Florian?"

"Not hahdly. Where you is concerned at, my heart is a stone. Of course ——"

"Of course which?"

"Nothing. But a favor is a favor, Opus."

Mr. Randall broke forth into language. He explained to Florian that his present financial condition amounted to acute distress. He promised anything.

"You is gwine be a judge in this beauty contest, ain't you, Opus?"

"I sho is, Florian. Tha's the most thing Ise gwine be."

"Shuah. I knowed it. 'Cause Cæsar Clump ain't crazy fo' me to stay in Midnight. An' he 'pointed you 'cause he knowed you would vote against me was I to enter."

"Oh, is you?"

"That all depen's," observed Mr. Slappey craftily. "Cæsar is gwine vote against me. Welford will vote fo' me. That leaves you holdin' the decision. Ev'ybody is suttin that you votes against me. Now, Opus, things sort of line up thisaway: If you was to decide that I is the handsomest man in Bumminham—but not let nobody know you decided thataway until the night come fo' the final votin'—why, maybe I'd tear up that hund'ed-dollar note of yourn which I've got."

Opus rose. He was trembling with emotion. "Y-y-you mean that was I to vote fo' you fo' handsomest man you'd destroy my note an' call it square?"

"Absotively."

Mr. Randall extended a limp and fishlike paw. "Done with you, Florian Slappey."

Much elated, the slender little man moved away. But the eyes of Opus Randall followed him, and as Florian passed on, those eyes were shot through with bitter enmity.

"That li'l' hunk of tripe," reflected Opus Randall, "is the most man I hate!"

From the very outset Mr. Randall intended to double-cross Florian. Even the lure of one hundred dollars was futile against the intensity of his dislike, and now Fate seemed to present a gorgeous opportunity.

Time after time, in private and in public, Florian had trod upon the toes of Opus' pervasive dignity. Always Mr. Slappey had come out first best. He had accepted Opus' antagonism cheerfully and outwitted him many times.

The usual solace of high-hatting was denied Opus. In his position as a leading satellite of the Midnight organization he was privileged to look haughtily down upon most of Birmingham's colored population, but Florian was employed by Midnight, permitted on the lot, and even had been a prominent member of the colored troupe which toured Europe through the winter of 1925–1926.

Mr. Randall reflected greedily upon the imminence and completeness of his revenge. Florian must resign from Midnight; that automatically would drop him to a social

(Continued on Page 70)

"Folks," He Announced, "fo' Many Yeahs I Has Been a Close Friend of Candidate Slappey. But I Has Remained Honest"

CORAL

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Coral Mery Said, "That Isn't Very Well Thought of, Is It?"

CORAL MERY firmly interrupted what showed signs of degenerating into an argument. "The thing for me to do," she told Alva Parsons, "since I have no intention of leaving Palm Beach now, is move to the Breakers." Alva was silent, thoughtful, for a moment. "If it was anyone else," she said finally, "I wouldn't hear of it. You are different, Coral. You're always decided about what you want to do. After all, it will make no difference. I simply can't agree with you about Henry Samp. This is my house, since the family is away, but it could never be my house again if I had him to dinner. Father positively wouldn't get over it. He'd never forgive me. I can't tell you why, but it was about some securities. Either they were worth a lot, or nothing. Father didn't know about it and Henry Samp did."

"I'll move after Freda Roland's lunch," Coral told Alva Parsons. "You have been simply swell to me; this is a swell house; I have had a swell time." Later she said indifferently to Freda Roland, "Henry Samp wants you to come to dinner tomorrow night. I know where it is if you don't and I could drag you there. I've bought a car. It is a hundred years old and it cost a dollar a year."

Freda hesitated. "I don't know where his house is," she finally admitted. "Coral, hasn't he a pretty dreadful reputation—with men? Do you think it is a good idea?" What, Coral demanded—the fact that she had bought an old automobile?

"If you want to go," Coral continued more sharply, "go; and at least if you don't, make sense. It doesn't matter a particle to me, and Henry Samp wouldn't know if it were you or somebody else. He never notices women. As a matter of fact, he told me to bring who I wanted. He seemed to think I was like that and didn't want to come to his house alone. I just didn't think I'd shock him." Coral very well knew, Freda said hastily, that she would go anywhere with her.

It would be very dull, Coral warned her; Henry Samp hated noise and general gayness. "That is why, really, I like him. He's as solemn and quiet as a fish. It's very relieving after gin. I'm leaving Alva's for the Breakers," she added. "We had a scrim—about Henry Samp, if you want to know."

There were, it turned out, only four at Samp's for dinner—Freda Roland and Coral, Henry Samp and a rigid young German with a miraculous strawberry complexion from South America. Samp had a small house, below the Casino, well enough furnished. It was purely a Palm Beach cottage. The dinner service, though—whatever belonged to him—was remarkable. The silver candlesticks covered a great deal of the table, and, with their candles, practically reached to the ceiling; the plates and bowls were Spanish and evidently very old; all the glass was extravagant Venetian. The dinner itself was simple and quickly served. The German talked incessantly, in correct and pedantic English, principally about the changes that had lately come over Germany. He was born, he explained, in the Argentine. There it had always been different from Prussia.

"In that climate you cannot live on beer and sausage and cakes. You cannot live on them in any climate. My land has found that out. It is becoming athletic. The German is now ashamed of his belly. He is mostly rid of it and it will be different."

Henry Samp, as usual, said almost nothing. He always managed, Coral realized, to attract little or no attention. His manner was good, his clothes were good; when he did speak, what he said was the reverse of sensational. That was all.

Except, she silently added, for his eyes. They were pale in color and cold in glance. The palest, the coldest, eyes she had ever seen. He was never, she believed, excited, never upset. His self-control was perfect. Either it was perfect or he had no emotions at all. Coral couldn't decide which. It was interesting, naturally, because he was supposed to be the greatest gambler in stocks in the United States. His specialty, it appeared to her, was losing fortunes.

The German, Coral said later, seemed to be very happy about himself. She was seated with Henry Samp in a corner of his small porch. The others were still at the dinner table. Samp said nothing. "I get sunk by your never having an opinion," she went on. "It makes me feel like an idiot. Will you please say it is a beautiful night?" Henry Samp said imperturbably it was a beautiful night. Coral began to be fretted. "Probably I'll annoy you frightfully," she told him. "It's strange, too, for me—I don't usually bother about what people say. Didn't you break a pool or something—last winter?"

He asked if she happened to know what a pool was. "More or less," Coral replied. "That is not a pool," he continued. "A pool is where a number of men agree to buy a stock and hold it for an advantageous sale, to create a bull market for it. . . . Yes, I broke a pool. I said first the time had come to unload. Our price hadn't been reached and no one listened to me, so I sold." Coral Mery said, "That isn't very well thought of, is it?" It wasn't. Henry Samp agreed. He began, to Coral's amazed fascination, to talk. "It isn't well thought of at all—by the amateurs. Such men work together. It takes ten fifty—a hundred of them to make a financier—a small financier. They are like accounts in a savings bank—thousands are necessary for a decent, a safe, balance. At least, I am not like that. You can call it worse if you want. I haven't any interest in such men. I have no more interest in them than I have in money or in women. Money is nothing and I will stop being impolite. I'd like to tell you what is important—again, if you want, for me—but I can't. Power might describe it. Excitement perhaps ——" She interrupted him:

"But that's the strange thing about you—you never seem to get excited. I'm certain you never do." Henry Samp smiled. "Getting excited and excitement are not quite the same," he pointed out. "The men I was speaking of are avaricious; they want money; they think money is an end in itself. Watch them play roulette, pick up their winnings. Life is a game," Henry Samp told her; "aside from that, it is worthless. People are worthless except to be useful." Coral asked, "What about the rules?" Samp was busy with a cigar. "Whose rules?" he demanded. "Yours or mine? That means nothing, though, because at bottom we are so much alike. Still, whose rules? In life you make your own game. You make your own rules—if you can—if you can. The men who can't are the men who talk about rules. Why cry about it? I have a rule. It is to take care of myself, to get what I want. I match my intelligence against the intelligence of others. That, really, is my game. It's all I'm interested in. Sooner or later a man or a combination of men will beat me. More intelligent, do you see?"

"Yes," Coral said, "I see." She was vaguely troubled. Henry Samp had expressed what, in a confused way, she had begun to feel about life, about things. Yet it troubled her. "You have to pick your rules rather carefully, don't you?" She spoke at last, hesitating. "If you got the wrong ones they would throw you." He said yes the wrong rules would throw you. Capital punishment, he said, was an illustration of that. "The morality of a clerk and the morality of his employer are different." The voice of the German drifted out from the house: "Regard the by-products of coal tar ——" Samp rose. "Perhaps Miss Roland would be happier playing *chemin de fer*. I intended to ask you, too, about golf tomorrow. Would you care to play?" Coral said she'd love it. "I'm not too good now,"

she warned him. "I won't be as bad as a hundred, if that's any part of a help."

Gazing, the following day, at a small and extremely adequate-appearing woman in a very severe skirt and prim white shirt waist, Coral showed a not entirely pleased surprise. "Milly Randall," she said. "I didn't, of course, know I was going to play with you. Henry Samp didn't tell me. It is sheer nonsense, isn't it?" Mildred Randall played golf well enough to be in the American and English championships, but not well enough to win one. Coral Mery didn't like her. Rather, she hadn't approved of her. Mrs. Randall, Coral considered, managed her existence much too publicly. Her divorce had been unfortunate, to say the least—the absolute least. "Certainly it isn't nonsense," she replied vigorously. "Anyhow, Henry is better than Benjamin Fisher."

The further truth was, Coral told herself, that she didn't regard Benjamin Fisher in the light of a Christmas present. He was too perpetually young, too good-looking and altogether he was rather poisonous. Money, she reflected, was all that made him even remotely possible. She spoke to Samp privately. "What are we playing this match for?" she demanded. Samp studied her briefly. "As a matter of fact," he replied, "it's a ten-thousand-dollar Nassau. I have a thousand a hole additional with Fisher. I meant to ask how much you wanted." A hundred in the Nassau would do, Coral told him. "I'll take it with Milly Randall."

She drove off very nicely, but Milly, naturally, was better. Coral was absorbed by Henry Samp. He played well, she discovered at once; his putting really was a miracle; but what engaged her was his attitude. She saw at once that his betting, any sum in itself, did mean nothing to him. Henry Samp was entirely calm. He'd be the same, play no worse and no better, for a million dollars. He simply wanted to win. He wasn't, as he had explained the night before, conscious that Benjamin Fisher existed as an individual. Fisher was something for Henry Samp to overcome—a challenge. However, Fisher, who literally had dollars without end, was flushed and annoyed when he lost a hole; he was quite hysterical with pleasure and flushed when he won. A thorough swine! "I am sorry," Coral said to Samp. They were standing beside a tee waiting for Milly Randall to drive. "I simply missed with my spoon. It took me two to get back." He was calm and very pleasant. "It doesn't matter. You hit your shot. You hit all your shots. I knew you would and that's why I asked you to play with me. I'd rather have you than Mrs. Randall. She is better, but I'd take you."

"You are playing marvelously," Benjamin Fisher told Coral. They were walking through the fairway after long wooden shots. "I like your style just as good as Milly's. She's a dash too full of it, don't you think? I wish I saw more of you. Really, this is the first time I've seen you at all. We must fix it for the future. Do you want to go with me to Montmartre tonight? Milly Randall is, and Samp, with his German, Von Moldt, and two girls from Ziegfeld's show. You'll like them except they are intellectual. I wish you would—for me," he urged her. Henry Samp walked up to them and Fisher fell silent. He left to play his ball. "He wants me to go on a party tonight specially for him," Coral explained. "He likes my style just as good as Milly's." Samp advised her to remain calm. "He can't make you go," he reminded her.

At the ninth hole Coral and Samp were one up; Henry Samp's ball was lost within bounds; Coral topped a mashie shot and, naturally, missed a very long putt. The first nine was a half. "I lost you a lot of money," she said to Samp. "So you did," he agreed cheerfully. He teed his ball at the tenth hole with an utmost patient care. He drove, apparently, to the exact spot he had selected; Benjamin Fisher's ball was fifty yards farther; Milly's ball was as far, but close to the rough. Coral had driven indifferently. She walked up to her ball and hit it with a brassy. Fisher, very ambitious with an iron, missed. Henry Samp played carefully and successfully. "I can't imagine, Benjamin," Mildred Randall said, "why you think you are good for two hundred and ninety yards with an iron. You're not, you know." Bad-temperedly, he returned a spoon to his caddie and played with a brassy. As a result his ball went into the woods far beyond the hole. "That proves everything," Milly said satirically. "I don't mind about your money, but I do about my own."

"The devil!" Fisher replied. "This is only golf. The bet won't hurt you. If it's not fun, what is the use? You're just the same at contract. I believe you are making a living out of us." Mildred Randall was admirably sensible. "Shut up," she said. "Talk driving back to Palm Beach." Coral Mery was increasingly uncomfortable. She was, as much as anything, amazed at her present situation. Naturally, Benjamin Fisher had seen nothing of her. Why should he? She was conscious of the support of a momentary, a familiar, arrogance, and laid a chip shot dead to the hole.

They lost a hole—two holes; they were then one down and four left to play. They won the next hole; the match was even; they lost a hole—this time it was Henry Samp's fault—and then they won; the match was again even, with one hole to play. Coral resolutely ignored the others. Fortunately her drive was good enough; she hit a sufficiently long brassy shot; but when she came up to her ball she found herself facing a decidedly awkward alternative—she could run up to the entrance to the green and then play for the hole or she could play over sand and, if she were fortunate, stay on the green at its narrowest part. She hesitated, conscious that Henry Samp was watching her. Mildred Randall was safely on the green in three. Coral took a spade mashie from her bag, she elevated her eyebrows

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"The Truth is, Zinc, We Have Known Each Other Too Long. We Haven't Any Surprises Left"

FUR BRIGADE

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

He Rode Straight at the Sioux Chief. The Indian Met Him With Leveled Lance

IV

BRECKENRIDGE, when hunting and following the trap line through the forests of the Lower Missouri in his youth, had acquired certain precautionary habits from which he never deviated. When in hostile country he would not stand round a fire after nightfall. A man's eyes adjusted themselves to the blaze and prevented his seeing into the outer darkness.

"It makes me uneasy to outline myself against a light to make a target for arrow or musket ball when I can't see to shoot back," he informed Brady, when the old trapper rallied him upon that point and also for the custom of taking himself off to sleep alone. "I build my cook fire early and then sleep somewheres else. An Injun can see a fire many a mile across the prairie. It holds out a promise of a few scalps that will maybe be easy to collect. Every marauding band will investigate any camp fire they set eyes on."

Brady also, in common with most *voyageurs*, scorned the cumbersome pistols of the period. Few mountain men carried them, deeming them futile and ineffective weapons. Hunter, however, had perfected himself in the use of the short gun. Wherever he rode, the buckskin holster that suspended his long-barreled pistol from the cantle of his saddle went with him. When hunting ahead of the brigade he kept his hand in by shooting game from the saddle with the pistol instead of resorting to his rifle. At ranges up to fifty yards he dropped deer and turkeys with unfailing regularity. Brady, observing this amazing proficiency, nevertheless continued to make slighting reference to all pistols. He relished his joke and Hunter did not mind.

The brigade had been on the march for more than a month out of Ely's Fort when the four hunters made camp one evening on a high prairie headland that overlooked the river. A small quantity of wood had been brought from the last patch of timber. This, supplemented by a great pile of buffalo chips, was sufficient for their needs.

"A fire will show up for miles from this headland after nightfall," Hunter said. "Better douse it before dusk."

"This here's in Mandan country and the Mandans is friendly," Brady demurred. "Old fellows like me and Dubois need a fire to warm our bones. Anyhow, with you and Little Bull sleeping on the outskirts like coyotes, no Injun could creep up on us without tackling you-all first."

It was such callous disregard of danger by men who had faced it hourly throughout their lives, their lack of caution and their calm confidence in their own ability to cope with any situation as it came up, that cost the lives of many a fearless *voyageur* of the West. Hunter picked up his equipment and moved away from the fire when night shut down.

"Thar he goes again—off to bed down by hisself like an old dog wolf," Brady chided, as was his nightly custom.

"I figure to have need for my hair for a long time yet," the tall Kentuckian replied.

Hunter selected a buffalo wallow seventy-five yards from camp. It was dry, there having been no recent rain. He propped his saddle against one edge of the wallow to serve as a breastwork to protect his head from arrow or musket ball. The pistol was propped muzzle up against the saddle, its butt resting upon the ground, while a piece of buckskin was spread across the lock to protect the priming against dew or frost. The rifle was taken to bed with him, sheltered by the edge of the buffalo robes. This arrangement never varied. On any night of his life his hand could close instinctively on rifle lock or pistol butt at the instant of waking. There was additional reason for this habit of isolating himself. Savages, crawling upon a camp, focused their attention upon it so exclusively that they almost invariably overlooked an isolated slumberer some distance away unless they chanced to stumble square upon him.

Brady and Dubois piled a great stack of buffalo chips upon the blaze and rolled up in their robes near the fire. The horses, equipped with hobbles of buffalo hide, cropped the succulent prairie grass close at hand. Listening to them, Hunter fell asleep.

It was the sound of the horses also that waked him some two hours later. The animals had started suddenly into the lumbering, awkward gallop that is acquired by

ponies long broken to the hobble. They had halted after that first tumultuous start and now stood huddled together on the prairie. One animal snorted. Another stamped nervously. Hunter surveyed the surface of the prairie beyond him. Nothing stirred in the darkness.

Soundlessly he turned in his robes and looked toward camp. Were his eyes dancing, or did he actually behold a number of low mounds on the prairie? One of the mounds moved slightly, hitching forward toward the tiny remaining glow of the dying camp fire. Savages, a score or more of them, creeping upon the camp! The nearest was a scant ten yards from Hunter.

He planned his campaign as coolly as he would have mapped out a campaign against a flock of turkeys. His rifle was trained not upon the nearest savage but upon the one that was third removed from him. At the roar of his rifle the object of his aim collapsed with a wild shriek. Crouching figures leaped erect. As if propelled by springs, Brady and Dubois, dim flitting shadows in the night, shed their robes and leaped for the shelter of the river's bank. The startled savages discharged muskets and arrows in the general direction of the camp. Before the foremost stalkers could determine whether that first shot had been fired prematurely by one of their own number in the rear, another crumpled to the prairie as Hunter brought his pistol into play. With a mighty spring he left the sheltering wallow and crushed the skull of the nearest Indian with a blow from the heavy barrel of his rifle. Then, with the high-pitched war cry of his kind—a cry that was to become known almost a half century later as the Missouri yell—he charged down upon the rear of the savages.

Coincident with Hunter's second shot a rifle crashed from sixty yards across the prairie as Little Bull went into action from his own buffalo wallow. Then, mingling with the triumphant notes of the Missouri yell, the night resounded with the dread war whoop of the Loup Pawnees as Little Bull charged the far flank of the attacking party.

Taken thus in flank and rear, the bewildered savages fled across the prairie, and after them, wielding a mighty battle-ax as if it were a straw, leaped Little Bull, who split another brace of skulls before the Indians made good their escape.

A towering savage loomed in Hunter's path and swung a war ax at his head. He warded the blow with the barrel of his rifle, but the force of it knocked the weapon from his hand. He grappled with the Indian, clamping his left hand upon the wrist that wielded the war ax while with his right he sought to drive his long knife home in his adversary's body. The Indian was powerful and endeavored to seize Hunter's knife arm. His fingers caught and held. The Kentuckian twisted, forcing the bent arm back until the point of the knife touched his foeman's breast. The Indian, suddenly releasing his hold, sprang back, but Hunter's grip on his antagonist's right wrist held and he jerked the Indian toward him, driving powerfully with his knife at the same instant. Three times he sent the long blade home.

Then the affray was over, having lasted less than two minutes after Hunter's opening shot.

"You boys hurt any?" Brady called from the river bank. From out in the prairie the voices of Breckenridge and Little Bull gave assurance of their safety.

"I'll bring in the horses and we'll drift," Hunter presently called. "Likely they're only a small detachment from a big war party and the whole passel may swoop down on us."

He and Little Bull came driving the horses to the fire. Hunter carried four fresh scalps, Little Bull three. They were burdened with the spoils stripped from their fallen foes—three muskets, seven war axes and as many knives, in addition to other trinkets that would prove valuable as trade goods.

"You two warriors counted plenty coos," Brady said, eying the seven scalps. Counting coos was a custom and a term prevalent among all Western tribes, the expression no doubt having been derived from the French word "*coup*" of the early French *voyageurs*. "I didn't think the Mandans was up to that sort of thing right in the heart of their own country. Should think they'd be afraid the brigade would wipe out a village for them."

"They weren't Mandans. They're Brûlé Sioux—Burnt-thighs," Hunter said, indicating certain insignia on the captured equipment. "They were on a raiding party in the Mandan nation and figured if they collected our hair the brigade would lay it on the Mandans. That's what made me think they were a small detachment of a big war party. We'll move upriver. They'll figure us to fall back toward the brigade and will be looking to cut us off downstream."

They packed swiftly and headed up the river. After covering perhaps five miles they halted in a depression in the river bank, a little basin graced by a cluster of stunted trees. The night passed without incident and in the morning they decided to wait until overtaken by the brigade, with which they had last established contact ten days before.

Duboisshot an antelope for breakfast. Thousands of those animals were moving north across the prairie, flanking the course of the Missouri. Great bands of them took to the river and swam across. Fleet as the wind on their native prairies, the pronghorns proved to be but indifferent swimmers, their slender legs and tiny hoofs being ill adapted to serve as propellers in the water. Nevertheless, they plunged in valiantly by the hundred and gamely tackled the crossing of the river. Some were swept down two or three miles by the current before effecting a landing on the opposite shore. The buffalo, too, were moving north, and hundreds of these animals also swam the river.

A small hunting party of Mandans appeared on the far shore of the river to intercept the migrating game. Squaws followed with ponies that dragged travoises loaded with household effects—also with the houses themselves, as subsequent events soon proved. Travois poles served also as tepee poles on occasion and the squaws erected several tepees, covering the poles with dressed buffalo skins. The red hunters shot down antelope and buffalo as they emerged from the water. Others came darting down the current of the Missouri in tiny skin canoes, each fashioned from the hide of a single buffalo. They shot the swimming animals with arrows or pierced them with lances.

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Quiet Workers

LITTLE achievements often make more noise in the world than great ones. The spectacular always captures the public mind; and when it enjoys exploitation by the circus accompaniment of brass bands, big bass drums and steam calliopes, it shouts down greater and more significant accomplishments. More often than not the inward glow of satisfaction that follows significant achievement is not only its greatest recompense but its sole reward.

There are plenty of current examples that prove how commonly big things are done without the smallest glimmer of the spectacular and without the employment of attributes any more striking than tireless patience, sound knowledge and acquaintance with men and with the working of their minds. Consider what Mr. Dwight Morrow, our ambassador to Mexico, has lately done for his own country and for the country to which he is accredited. For a full decade the uncertain status of American oil properties in Mexico has been one of the sorest spots in all our international relationships. The situation appeared to be a hopeless deadlock, and a happy issue seemed as far off as ever. Mr. Morrow took over the tangle not as a professional diplomatist but as a highly trained business man skilled in discovering communities of interest and well schooled in redressing and reconciling conflicting policies. The other day he announced that a satisfactory agreement with President Calles had been reached. Few persons outside the State Department know precisely how he managed to straighten out the tangle so quickly and so satisfactorily. Everyone knows that he performed with seeming ease the difficult task which had baffled his predecessors, and he did it without invoking the assistance of brass bands, steam pianos or high-powered press agents. Mr. Hughes is a typical quiet worker, and the diplomatic triumph he lately achieved at Havana stands out among the greatest of his many services to his Government.

Consider Mr. Mellon and the unexampled skill with which he has managed our national finances, refunded our war loans and guided our whole financial polity through a set of circumstances fairly bristling with opportunities both for doing the wrong thing and for doing the right thing the wrong way or at the wrong moment. It is not too much to say that Mr. Mellon's financial genius has saved the country hundreds of millions of dollars and at the same time has kept its credit higher than that of any other nation whatsoever.

The full measure of Mr. Mellon's services will never be taken except by those students of finance whose technical knowledge enables them to realize what difficulties beset him and what consummate skill he employed in coping with them. It is much easier for a small man to damn a great man than to understand him.

In Herbert Hoover we have another example of the quiet worker who does things that are vast in bulk but often low in visibility. Every American benefits in some measure by what Mr. Hoover has done to foster trade and industry and put them on a sounder basis; and yet these advantages run toward the average individual in such quiet streams that they are scarcely to be perceived for what they are. Nothing spectacular is to be found in the bulk of Mr. Hoover's routine work. It is only when his finished output is measured that its importance becomes apparent. Consider, for example, what Mr. Hoover and certain coöperating bodies have accomplished for American industry in standardizing sizes, shapes and designs of sundry materials ranging all the way from lumber to warehouse forms. Simply by discontinuing the production of unneeded sizes, shapes and patterns an annual saving has been effected which has been estimated at not less than three hundred million dollars. The methods by which this economy was brought about were tiresome and prosaic. But what of it? Rich as we are, a saving of three hundred million dollars a year cannot be laughed off the national ledger. Such is Herbert Hoover's score in a single field in which he is serving his people. There are other quarters in which his genius for business is at work, and in most of them eight or nine figures would be required to express in dollars the extent to which he is helping to conserve or to expand our national income.

These four figures—Dwight Morrow, Charles Hughes, Andrew Mellon and Herbert Hoover—are all quiet workers and skilled workers, men of broad horizon, long vision and sound standards. They typify the American business man drafted into public service at his best.

Who Killed King Coal?

THE demoralized condition of the soft-coal business has received as much study as any of the sore spots in American industry, but many of the diagnoses have been more concerned with details than with essentials. The wasteful and uneconomic methods under which bituminous coal is mined and marketed have come in for their due share of criticism. Freight rates are always blamed. The demands of the union have been fully exploited. The operators are freely charged with rapacity and inequitable practices. Each side has told its story and retold it in other words a thousand times, and the uninformed outsider is bewildered by the conflict of testimony.

Engineers regard the problems of the industry from an entirely different angle. They approach them as men of science accustomed to achieving their results, not by jailing people or by having them fined or enjoined, nor by heaping odium upon them, but by studying basic conditions and bettering them. In their opinion the real culprit is not to be found either in the ranks of the producers or at the headquarters of the union. Much of the blame for the distressing conditions now existing they place not upon any man or group of men, but upon the recent achievements of their own profession.

In the palmy days of the industry the superintendent of a power plant had to burn three or four pounds of coal under his boilers in order to produce one horse power of energy for the period of one hour.

Few laymen realize the revolutionary improvements which have been made during recent years in our methods for changing potential heat units into power. The development of the turbine engine has played an extraordinary part in this increase of efficiency. Only a little while ago the engineering world stood aghast when it was announced that generating units of sixty thousand horse power were under construction. No sooner were these great units put into operation than plans were drawn for larger monsters capable of delivering two hundred and forty thousand horse power, with a substantial increase of efficiency and a corresponding lowering of coal consumption.

The engineer, worst paid and least appreciated of all professional workers, is always the last to receive full credit for his achievements. Consider the miracle he has so quietly wrought in the production of electrical power. He no longer asks for four pounds of coal in order to hand back a horse-power-hour of energy. Give him only twelve or fourteen ounces, no more than he can hold in the hollow of his hand, and see what he can do with it. Incredible as it may seem, he can squeeze sufficient work out of his handful of coal to raise a weight of thirty-three thousand pounds sixty feet in the air in a single hour. This is only another way of saying that he has delivered one horse-power-hour of energy.

The end is not yet in sight. The greater a turbine engine of correct design, the greater is its efficiency. The limit has not yet been overpassed. Power is the one commodity whose cost is steadily falling, never again to rise. Ask any producer what will happen to his business if science devises methods for making his product go six or eight times as far as it now goes. He will be too busy shuddering to make a coherent reply.

The soft-coal producers did not begin to shudder soon enough by at least ten years. They were slow to see the handwriting upon the wall. They did not play their cards as well as they might have played them. Union leadership, likewise, has not always been enlightened or endowed with long vision; neither have the men to whom it has been intrusted been in every case able to qualify as apostles of wisdom and light. All of which carries nothing more damaging than the charge that our demand for bituminous coal has been supplied by ordinary business men and miners and not by supermen or major prophets. The real culprit who has had most to do with bringing the soft-coal industry to its present estate is modern engineering science. It is quite likely to keep on in the same direction and to do more before it does less.

No such diagnosis of the situation is likely to find favor among interested parties. Men and corporations are fair targets for wrath. Changed conditions are not. When a corporation is a target, it may be possible to have it fined or enjoined. If a man or a group of men are the offenders, there is always a chance that they may be jailed or terrorized or beaten up. When science is the guilty one, there is nothing to shoot at.

Money Needed

NO ONE can fail to notice that the country is always unfinished. This applies not only to mere physical plant, to highways and buildings, but to educational, cultural and scientific institutions. These seem to be in a state of chronic undercapitalization.

Then there are the art galleries, rarely endowed as adequately as their trustees desire. The museums which specialize in natural history are a great educational force, one such having some thirty-eight exploratory expeditions in charge. There are learned societies, like the American Historical Association, which seeks a moderate endowment for historical research, much of it as a memorial to the late Albert J. Beveridge.

There are the great city operas to be supported, and there are churches and hospitals. There is no lack of worthy objects for those with the means and urge to give. Nor need giving necessarily be put on a lofty plane. Those with a surplus must either support the institutions which deserve support, or means will be found to carry on similar work out of tax moneys, which come from pretty much the same people. Rich men in our great cities support opera rather reluctantly. Would they prefer to have the Government subsidize it, as in European countries?

It is a privilege to live in an age when so many institutions are working for the public good and the public enlightenment. Art galleries, museums, libraries, universities, hospitals and other similar public corporations are making present life richer and insuring even more values for the future. But it is a privilege to make the carrying on of such work possible. Those who do so are rich indeed.

THE FAILURE OF DEMOCRACY

By Struthers Burt

TWO or three months ago Will Durant, author of The Story of Philosophy, American, and Bertrand Russell, philosopher in himself, and a fine one, Englishman, held a debate in which Durant maintained that democracy had failed and Russell maintained that it had succeeded. It had failed, Durant maintained, because, as proved by the United States, it had liberated the ordinary man and allowed him to prosper in a way no other political or social system had been able to accomplish.

Both were right in their premises. Russell alone was right in his deductions. Which shows the difference between a man who collects philosophy and one who thinks it. Only the actual philosopher can understand government.

But right or wrong, the debate was symptomatic of a fact all thinking Americans should recognize and consider in a way they have not yet done. It is no longer possible to be merely vaguely a democrat; democracy is once more, and more perilously than ever in its history, on trial before the world. Indeed, only on the American continents, North and South, is it any longer generally believed in, and even there the ranks of those who have ceased to believe are growing. Heretofore, democracy has been on what might be called the upgrade and has been granted the sympathetic indulgence of all men of liberal tendencies. But that time has passed. Numerous political observers now feel, although wrongly, that democracy can be judged as a mature product, and, as we all know, more is expected of maturity; less allowances are made for it. Just as with the party in power, democracy triumphant is in a more difficult position than democracy struggling. The party out of power can make promises; the party in power is expected to keep them.

Moreover, newer political experiments have arisen to challenge democracy, while, by a turn of the wheel, older and supposedly discredited political experiments seem new once more. In England, the Liberal Party, at the beginning of the war securely in power, is now the third in influence. To find on the map of Europe an actual democracy—that is, a democracy politically, socially and spiritually democratic—requires a powerful field glass. As a result, and certainly never more formidably, the inhabitants of the United States are called upon to prove the faith the majority live by. Not by argument alone, and certainly not by boastfulness and meaningless statements, but by cogent proof and appropriate action. Did he but know it, every citizen of the United States has become a walking symbol of democracy both in his private actions and in the way in which he permits his government, local or national, to function. In his goings up and down, here, there and the other place, the eyes of the world in this respect are on him and by him democracy is being judged.

It is a position of trust, isn't it?

An English journalist, Alexander Mackay, publishing, in 1849, a sympathetic description of the United States, assigns the boastfulness of that period to the fact that every American believed himself involved in the success of democracy and was eager to show himself the champion of democratic institutions. In our pride and power and present material ease, such championship may seem unnecessary, yet it is needed now—minus boastfulness. Above all, minus boastfulness!—even more than in 1849. Because of its position America must walk firmly, but, still more because of its position, it must walk softly and uprightly, for, as most people seem to fail to recognize, once you become the leading proponent of a marked political and social system you become the focus of hatred of all those forces throughout the world who see in that system the destruction of their own ideas. Life has never yet been a question of minding your own business and going about it. Half of it—the tragic half of it—invariably consists in preventing others from minding your business for you. Nor, and especially nowadays, can a great nation mind its own business—exclusively, anyway. International interests are too interlocked for friction to be absent save when the most delicate common sense is used.

To the Tory mind—and outside of America it is a most powerful mind, recently rejuvenated and now controlling most European governments—the United States stands for the horrors of democracy, just as Russia, to the democratic mind, stands for the horrors of communism; just as Italy, to the liberal mind, stands for the horrors of autocracy.

These are no theoretical horrors. They are not even merely political horrors. To the Tory mind, democracy means the uprooting of every ideal, from how your tenant farmer conducts himself, to the manners and morals of your daughter. So long as democracy was weak, its

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HAVE A CARE! PICKUPS MAY MEAN STICKUPS

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Paraphrase

TRUTH crushed to earth is deftly canned;
It seldom pays to print her views;
But error, wounded, takes the stand
And briskly sells the tabloid news.
—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

Modern Farming

FINANCIER: Is this one of your hired men?

FARMER: Oh, no, that's one of our industrial relations experts. He is making a survey with the object of seeing that the cows are kept contented.

Swami Quits Miami

The Hindu philosopher was preparing tonight to quit Miami in compliance with police orders to vacate.—*Newspaper report.*

THERE is no Swami in Miami now;
The fronded palms disconsolately bow
Above the sands where late the Swami strolled;
There is no Swami in Miami now.

The wisdom won beneath the satin trees
Of far Lumbini and Los Angeles
Irks the police, unphilosophical
Toward un-American philosophies.

Now bid farewell to promises of Power;
Throw Wisdom to the jackals to devour;
The Circuit Court has ruled you cannot buy
Thirty-five dollars' worth of it an hour.

And, yogis, cry not at the city's gate
Your messages of truth and doom and fate,
Lest, coming with uncomfortable clubs,
The wrathful catch-polls cry: "Vacate! Vacate!"

Yet surely local boys accept the boon
Of Wisdom and wear turbans 'neath the moon;
That thirty-five an hour has made them Wise;
There'll be some Swamis in Miami soon.
—Morris Bishop.

"Sh, Listen! She's Tellin' That Big Mut He's Always Been Her Ideal, and He's Believing It. Can You Beat It?"

Why Wolves are Wild: A Working Theory

"MY, MY, Grandmother," said Little Red Riding-Hood, leaning over the bed the better to see, "what lovely teeth you have."

"Yes, if I do say it, they are the last word," replied the old lady. "I had a chance to get some good work done at a price and I took it."

"And how smooth and rosy your cheeks are."

"I wouldn't advise everyone to have her face lifted, but—well, in my case it was successful. This complexion I have on may or may not be all right. It's the first time I ever tried it."

"Your nose, Grandmother—it looks just like Vera de Vere's—only it's cuter."

"I hoped you'd notice it. The surgeon didn't hold out much hope that he could follow the specifications I drew up for him, but he promised to do his best. You can imagine how proud both of us felt."

It was clear that Little Red Riding-Hood had something else on her mind.

"Go ahead, child," urged Grandmother. "What is it?"

"Your hair—the most enchanting I ever saw."

"I just knew you'd say that. First I had an Eskimo bob, which wasn't so becoming, and then I gave it two coats of flexible shellac, followed by a brown Angora finish. Next I had it shortened back of the ears and set the whole thing with a good permanent." —*David B. Park.*

The Point of View

I

THE Garths have a house in the country,
The Burts an apartment in town.
One Sunday the Gs, being thick with the Bs,
Invited their friends to come down.

They drove to the Golf Club for luncheon—
Soup, chicken, fruit salad, ice cream—
Played bridge until five, and again took a drive
To Ye Olden Gynne Mylle by Ye Streame,

Where they supped—chicken salad, tobacco
And tincture of hip-pocket lye.
Back to Garths' they drove then and played poker till ten,
When the Burts bade the Garths a "Good-by."

Their train had scarce gathered momentum,
Ere Burt had remarked to his wife,
"What people can see in the country beats me!
Gosh! what a monotonous life!"

(Continued on Page 118)

The Meanest Man in the World. He Insists Upon Helping His Wife Take Her Daily Reducing Exercises

Sylvia: "Listen, I'm a Good Democrat, and I Won't Hear a Word Against Calvin Coolidge"

By Achievement
Soup-Chef to Her Majesty
Queen of the American Household

A position won by merit alone!

IN 1900, shortly after soups were first blended in condensed form and introduced under the Red-and-White Label to the women of America, strict and careful wives and mothers were inclined to regard them with something very like suspicion.

❦ ❦ ❦

Naturally enough. For here was something entirely new and never dreamed of before. It seemed almost unbelievable that the proud women who kept such spotless kitchens and served such splendid food on their tables could simply step to their grocer's and obtain soups already prepared and cooked, equal in every way to the soups that were made at home!

❦ ❦ ❦ ❦

Turn now to 1928! See how different the picture. A nation won to the "new" way of making soup!

With the exception of a woman here and there who will confess to you that she has never even tried the condensed soups, it is now the accepted and expected thing that soup-making is left in the hands of skilled chefs working in immaculate kitchens equipped just for that purpose.

A swift change, this, in the attitude and customs of the country's home-makers. A complete confidence placed in Campbell's Soups simply because they bring to the home-table a deliciousness, a quality that never disappoints.

Selected everywhere as first favorite of the land is Campbell's Tomato Soup—famous for its own individual and tonic flavor—the very king of soups. Campbell's reputation has no more charming "explanation" than this glowing, refreshing soup. Its pure, rich tomato goodness is touched to perfection by the deft French chef.

❦ ❦ ❦ ❦

You simply add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and simmer for a few minutes. The addition of milk, cream or evaporated milk, instead of water, according to the brief directions on the label, yields the best Cream of Tomato Soup you ever tasted.

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the twenty-one Campbell's Soups listed on every label. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

BEHIND THAT CURTAIN

Slowly He Read the Inscription on the Dedicatory Page: "To One Who Will Remember and Understand"

XV

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

WHEN Charlie Chan rose on Wednesday morning the rain was over and the fog was lifting. Bravely struggling through remnants of mist, the sun fell on a sparkling town, washed clean for a new day. Chan stood for a long time looking out at the magnificent panorama over bay and harbor, at the green of Goat Island and the prison fortress of Alcatraz. Along the water front stretched a line of great ships, as though awaiting a signal that should send them scurrying off to distant treaty ports and coral islands.

Chan's heart was heavy despite the bright morning. At twelve noon would sail the ship on which he had sworn to depart, the ship that would come finally to rest under the tower that bore the word "Aloha." There would be keen disappointment in the little house beneath the algaroba trees on Punch Bowl Hill, as there was disappointment in the detective's heart now. He sighed. Would this holiday never end? This holiday so filled with work and baffling problems? This holiday that was no holiday at all?

When he entered the dining room Barry Kirk was already at the table, but his glass of orange juice stood before him, untouched.

"Hello," said the host. "I waited for you."

"You grow increasingly kind with every dawn," Chan grinned.

"Oh, I don't know. It isn't exactly kindness. Somehow I don't seem in any hurry to quaff California's favorite beverage this morning. Take a look at it. Does it strike you as being—er—the real thing?"

As Chan sat down, Paradise appeared in the doorway. Without a moment's hesitation Chan lifted his glass.

"Your very good health," he remarked.

Kirk glanced at the butler and raised his own glass. "I sincerely trust you're right," he murmured, and drank heartily.

Paradise gravely said his good mornings and, setting down two bowls of oatmeal, departed.

"Well," Barry Kirk smiled, "we seem to be O. K. so far."

"Suspicion," Chan told him, "is a wicked thing. That is written in many places."

"Yes—and where would you be in your work without it?" Kirk inquired. "By the way, did you get anything out of Duff last night?"

"Nothing that demands heavy thought. One point he mentioned carried slight interest."

"What was that?"

"Begging respectful pardon, for the present I will ponder same with my customary silence. You dined here?"

"No. Miss Morrow and I went to a restaurant."

"Ah, a moment's pleasant recreation," said Chan approvingly.

"That was the idea."

"You enjoy society of this young woman?"

"I do not precisely pine in her presence. You know, she's not so serious as she pretends to be."

"That is good. Women were not invented for heavy thinking. They should decorate scene, like blossom of the plum."

"Yes, but they can't all be movie actresses. I don't mind a girl's having a brain if she doesn't act upstage about it and Miss Morrow never does. We had a very light-hearted evening, but we weren't blind. As we left the restaurant we made a little discovery."

"Good; what was it?"

Kirk shrugged. "Shall I ponder same with my customary silence? No, I won't be as mean as you are, Charlie. We saw your old friend, Col. John Beetham, relaxing from the stern realities of life. We saw him dining with a lady."

"Ah, yes. Which lady?"

"A lady we have rather overlooked so far—Mrs. Helen Tupper-Brock."

Chan's eyes narrowed. "That has interest. Miss Morrow will investigate?"

"Yes. I'm going to pick up Mrs. Tupper-Brock this morning and take her down to the district attorney's office. I don't look for any brilliant results, however. She's cold and distant, like the winter stars. Good Lord, I'm getting poetic! You don't suppose it could be something I've had for breakfast?"

"More likely memories of last night," Chan answered.

When the meal was finished Kirk announced that he was going down to the office to attend to a few letters.

"I will accompany if I may," Chan said. "I must produce letter of explanation for my wife, hoping it will yet catch outgoing boat. It will be substitute for me—a smaller substitute." He sighed.

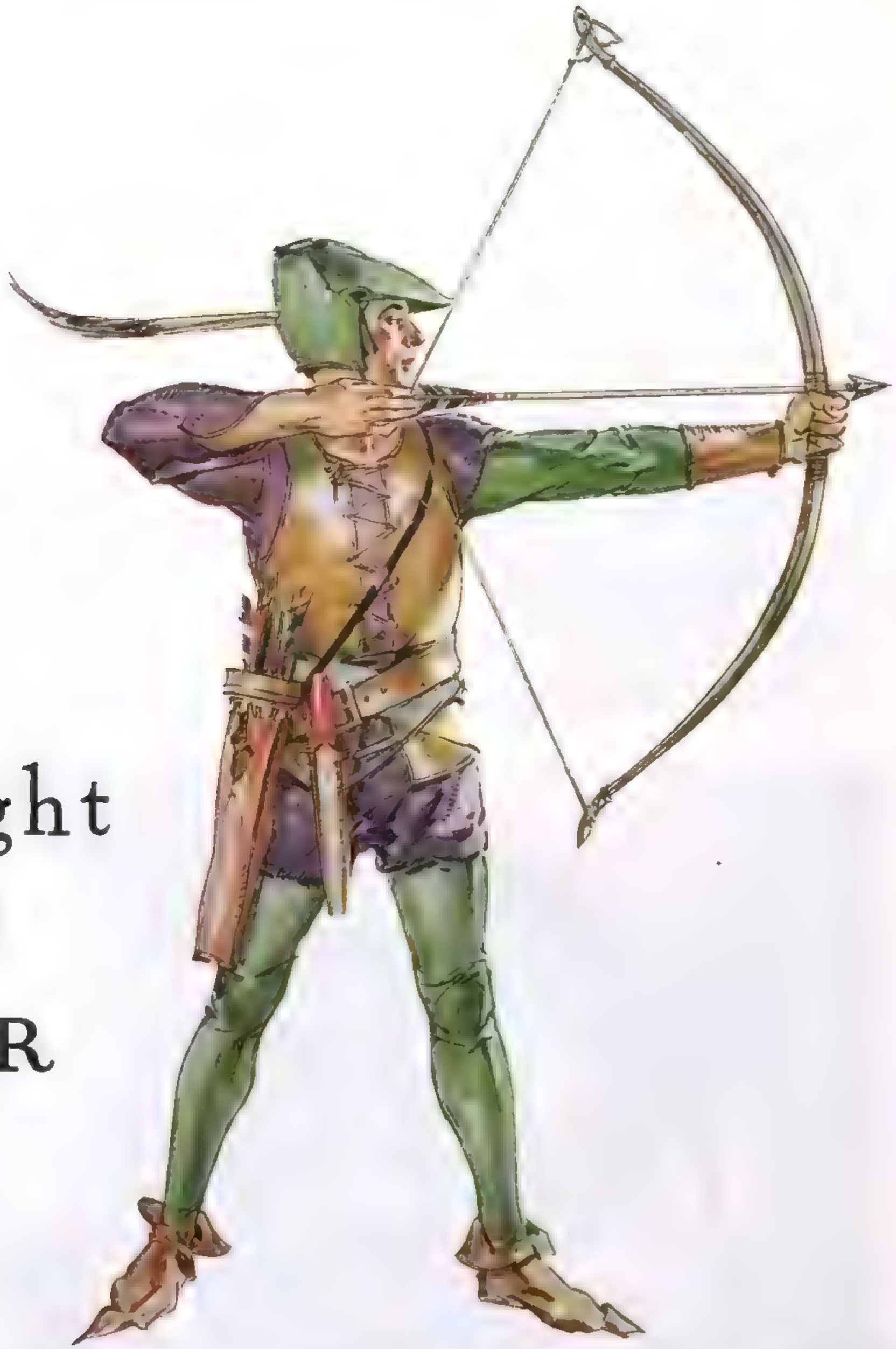
"That's right," Kirk remembered. "You were going out on the tide today, weren't you? It's a shame you can't."

"What will little Barry think of me?"

"Oh, he's probably sensible, like his namesake," Kirk consoled. "He'll want you to stay where duty lies. And how proud he'll be, in the future, over your success in running down the murderer of Sir Frederic Bruce."

"Still have some running to do," Chan admitted. "One more week—I give myself that. Then, whatever has happened, I shift mainland dust off my shoes and go. I swear it, and this time I am firm like well-known Gibraltar rock."

(Continued on Page 32



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Swift & Company

Owned by more than 47,000 shareholders

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(Continued from Page 30)

"A week," repeated Kirk. "Oh, that will be ample. You'll be sitting pretty then."

"On deck of boat bound for Honolulu," Chan said firmly. "Quoting local conversation, you bet I will."

They went below, and Kirk seated himself at the big desk. Kinsey was out; "collecting rents," Kirk explained. Chan accepted paper and an envelope and took his place at the stenographer's desk by the wall.

But his mind did not seem to be on the letter he was writing. Out of the corner of his eye he watched Kirk's movements carefully. In a moment he rose and came over to Kirk's desk.

"Pen enjoys stubborn spasm," he explained. "The ink will not gush. Who calls it fountain pen?"

"There are pens in here," Kirk said, leaning over to open a lower drawer. Chan's keen eyes were on the papers atop the desk. Noted for his courtesy, his actions were odd. He appeared to be spying on his host.

Charlie accepted a pen and returned to his writing. Still he watched Kirk from the corner of his eye. The young man finished his letter and started another. When he had completed the second he stamped them both. Simultaneously Chan sealed his own letter, stamped it and rose quickly to his feet. He held out his long, thin hand.

"Permit me," he said, "that I deposit our mail in the hallway chute."

"Why, thank you," Kirk replied, giving him the letters.

When Charlie returned, Kirk was consulting his watch.

"Want to hear Mrs. Tupper-Brock's life story?" he inquired.

The detective shook his head. "Thanking you all the same, I will not interpolate myself. Miss Morrow is competent for work. Already I have several times squirmed about in the position of fifth, unnecessary wheel. This once I will loiter elsewhere."

"Suit yourself," Kirk answered carelessly. He took up his hat and coat and disappeared.

When Chan went upstairs by the inner route he found Bill Rankin waiting for him in the living room of the bungalow. The reporter looked at him with amusement.

"Good morning," he said. "I presume you're sailing this noon?"

Chan frowned. "Missing boats is now a regular habit for me," he replied. "I cannot go. Too many dark clouds shade the scene."

"I knew it," smiled Rankin. "Before you go you've got to give me a story that will thrill the town. I was sure I could depend on you. A great little people, the Chinese."

"Thanks for advertising my unassuming race."

"Now, to get down to business," Rankin continued. "I've brought you a little present this bright morning."

"You are pretty good."

"I'm a clever boy," Rankin admitted. "You know, your rather foggy remarks about Col. John Beetham have set me thinking. And when I think—get out from under. I have read the colonel's life from cover to cover. I imagine I need not tell you that on May fourth, nineteen hundred and twelve, Beetham set out on an eight months' journey from Peshawar to Teheran, by way of Afghanistan and the Kavir Desert of Persia?"

"I too have upearthed that," nodded Chan.

"I thought you had. But did you know that he had written a book—a separate book—about that little jaunt? A bit of a holiday, he called it. Not real exploring, but just his way of going home."

Chan was interested. "I have been unaware of that volume," he replied.

"It isn't as well known as his other books," went on Rankin. "Out of print now. The Land Beyond the Khyber, he called it. I tried every bookstore in town, and finally picked up a copy over in Berkeley." He produced a volume bound in deep purple. "It's the little present I mentioned," he added.

Chan took it eagerly. "Who shall say? This may be of some value. I am in your debt and sinking all the time."

"Well, I don't know about its value," Rankin answered. "Maybe you can find something I have overlooked. I've been through it carefully, but I haven't found a thing."

Chan opened the book. "Interesting item flashes up immediately," he said. "Unlike Colonel Beetham's other books, this has dedication." Slowly he read the inscription on the dedicatory page: "To one who will remember and understand."

"I noticed that," Rankin told him. "It begins to look as though the colonel has his tender moments, doesn't it? 'To one who will remember and understand.' A boyhood sweetheart probably. One who will remember the time he kissed her under the lilacs at the gate and understand that he goes on his daring trips with her image in his heart."

Chan was deep in thought. "Possible," he muttered.

"You know, these Englishmen aren't as hard-boiled as they seem," Rankin continued. "I knew a British aviator in the war—a tough baby; he ate nails for breakfast. Yet he always carried a sprig of heather on his plane—the memento of an old love affair; a sentimentalist at heart. Perhaps Colonel Beetham is the same type."

"May very well be," Charlie agreed.

Rankin got up. "Well, I suppose my dear old chief is crying his eyes out because I haven't shown up. He loves me, even though he does threaten to cast me off because I haven't solved the mystery of Sir Frederic's murder."

"You are not alone in that fault," Chan told him.

"I—I don't suppose you could give me any little morsel for our million panting readers?"

"Nothing of note may yet be revealed."

"Well, it does seem high time we were getting a glimpse behind that curtain," Rankin remarked.

Charlie shook his head. "The matter is difficult. If I were in Peshawar—but I am not. I am in San Francisco fifteen years after the event, and I can only guess. I may add, guessing is poor business that often leads to lengthy saunters down the positively wrong path."

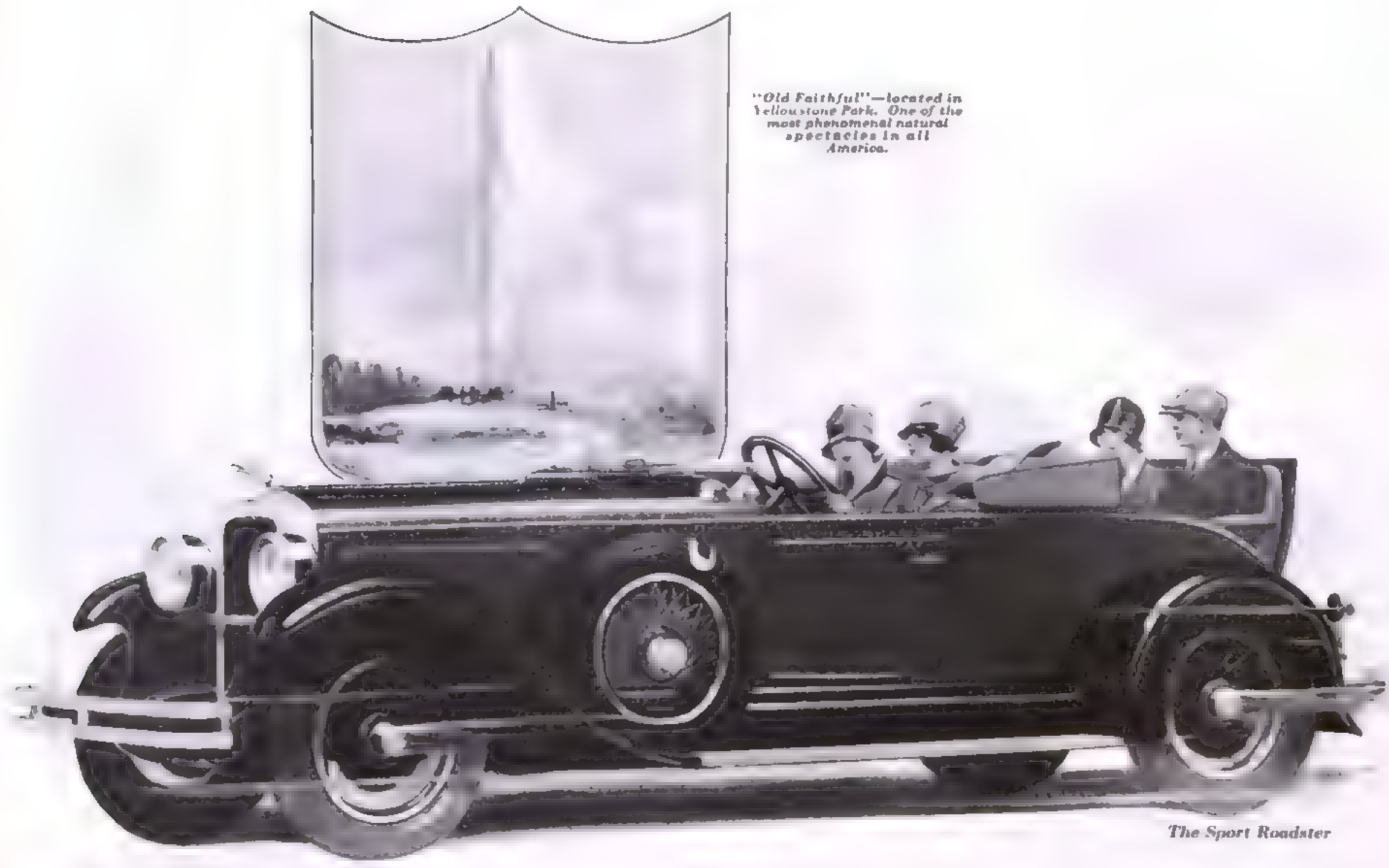
"You hang on," advised Rankin. "You'll win yet, and when you do, just let me be there, with a direct line to the office at my elbow."

"We will hope that happy picture eventuates," Chan replied.

Rankin went out, leaving Charlie to the book. He sat down before the fire and began to read eagerly. This was better than interviewing Mrs. Tupper-Brock.

(Continued on Page 35)

"The Secret of That Old Scandal is Safe. By the Lord Harry, Who'd Want a Better Motive Than That!"



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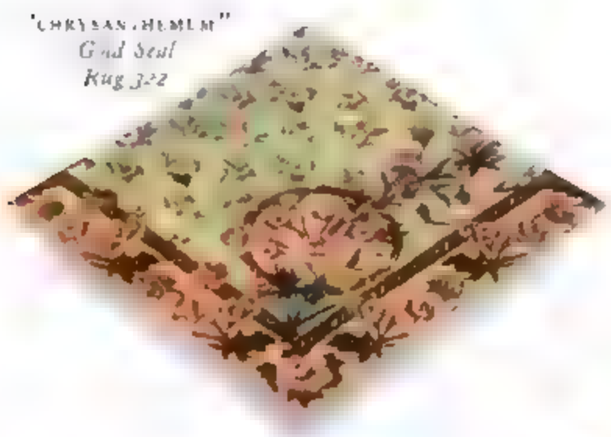
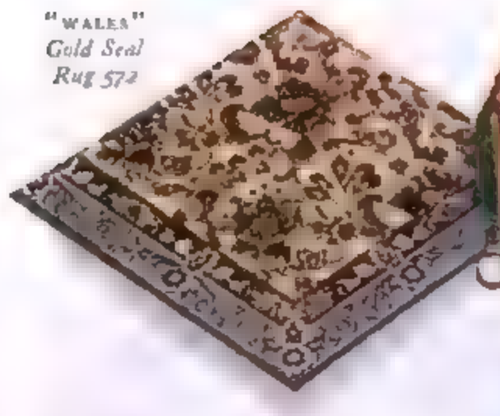


"CHRYSANTHEMUM"
Gold Seal
Rug 322



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Rugs

Above is the "SAN TOY" Gold Seal Rug 587

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SRP 31

Name .....

Address .....

(Continued from Page 32)

At about the same time Barry Kirk was going blithely up the steps of his grandmother's handsome house on Pacific Heights. The old lady greeted him in the drawing-room

"Hello," she said. "How do you happen to be up and about so early? And wide awake, if I can believe my failing eyesight."

"Detective work," he laughed.

"Good. What can I do for you? I seem to have been left entirely out of things, and it annoys me."

"Well, you're still out, so don't get up any false hopes," he returned. "I'm not here to consult with you, wise as I know you to be. I'm looking for Mrs. Tupper-Brock. Where is she?"

"She's upstairs. What do you want with her?"

"I want to take her for a little ride—down to see Miss Morrow."

"Oh, so that young woman is still asking questions? She seems a bit lacking in results, so far."

"Is that so? Well, give her time."

"I rather fancy she'll need a lot of it. Mixing up in affairs that should be left to the men"

"You're a traitor to your sex. I think it's mighty fine of her to be where she is. Give this little girl a great big hand."

"Oh, I imagine she doesn't lack for applause when you are about. You seem very much taken with her."

"I am, and don't forget it. Now how about calling Mrs. Tupper-Brock? Please tell her to come and bring her hyphen."

Mrs. Kirk gave him a scornful look and departed. In a few minutes the secretary appeared in the room. Poised and cool, as always, she greeted Barry Kirk without enthusiasm.

"Good morning," he said. "I'm sorry to disturb you, but Miss Morrow—you met her at my dinner—would like to see you. If you can come now I'll drive you down in my car."

"Why, of course," returned the woman calmly. "I'll be just a moment."

She went out and Mrs. Kirk reappeared. "What's the matter with that boy of Sally Jordan's?" she demanded. "I thought he'd have this thing solved long ago. I've been watching the papers like a bargain hunter."

"Oh, Charlie's all right," Kirk said. "He's slow, but sure."

"He's slow enough," admitted the old lady. "You might tell him that I'm growing impatient."

"That'll speed him up," Kirk smiled.

"I wish something would," his grandmother snapped. "What's all this about Helen? Surely she's not entangled in the case."

"I'm not free to say, one way or another. Tell me, have you given Colonel Beetham that money yet?"

"No, but I believe I will."

"Take my advice and hold off for a few days."

"What? He isn't in it, is he? Why, he's a gentleman."

"Just take my advice ——" began Kirk. Mrs. Tupper-Brock was in the hall, waiting for him.

"Now you've got me all excited," complained Mrs. Kirk.

"That's bad, at your age," Kirk said. "Calm down."

"What do you mean—my age? I read of a woman the other day who is a hundred and two."

"Well, there's a mark to shoot at," Kirk told her. "So long. See you later."

Mrs. Tupper-Brock sat at his side in the roadster, stiff and obviously not inclined to talk. A few remarks on the weather yielding no great flood of conversation, Kirk abandoned the effort. They rode on in silence, and finally he ushered her into Miss Morrow's office.

The deputy district attorney made a charming picture against that gloomy background. Such was not, however, her aim at the moment. Alert and businesslike, she greeted Mrs. Tupper-Brock and indicated a chair beside her desk.

"Sit down, please. So good of you to come. I hope I haven't inconvenienced you."

"Not in the least," the woman replied, seating herself. There was a moment's silence.

"You know, of course, that we are hunting the murderer of Sir Frederic Bruce," Miss Morrow began.

"Naturally." Mrs. Tupper-Brock's tone was cool. "Why did you wish to see me?"

"I wondered whether you might have any information that might help us."

"That's hardly likely," responded Mrs. Tupper-Brock. She took out a lace-edged handkerchief and began to turn it slowly in her hands.

"No, perhaps not," Miss Morrow smiled. "Still, we are not justified in ignoring anyone in this terrible affair. Sir Frederic was a complete stranger to you?"

"Yes, quite. I met him for the first time on that Tuesday night."

"Did you also meet Colonel Beetham for the first time that night?"

The handkerchief was suddenly a tiny ball in her hand. "No, I did not."

"You had met him before?"

"Yes. At Mrs. Dawson Kirk's. He had been to the house frequently"

"Of course. You and the colonel are quite good friends, I hear. Perhaps you knew him before he came to San Francisco?"

"No, I did not."

"While the colonel was showing his pictures you remained on the davenport with Miss Garland. You saw nothing of a suspicious nature?"

"Nothing whatever." The handkerchief lay in a crumpled heap in her lap. She took it up and once more began to smooth it.

"Have you ever lived in India, Mrs. Tupper-Brock?"

"No, I have never been there."

"Did you ever hear of a tragic event that happened in India—at Peshawar—the disappearance of a young woman named Eve Durand?"

Mrs. Tupper-Brock considered. "I may have read about it in the newspapers," she admitted. "It has a dimly familiar sound."

"Tell me—did you by any chance notice the elevator girl who took you up to the bungalow the night of Mr. Kirk's dinner?"

Again the handkerchief was crushed in the woman's hand. "I did not. Why should I?"

"She was, then, quite unknown to you?"

"I fancy she was. Of course, one doesn't study—er—that sort of person."

"Ah, yes." Miss Morrow sought an inconsequential ending for the interview. "You are English, Mrs. Tupper-Brock?"

"English, yes."

"A Londoner?"

"No. I was born in Devonshire. I stayed there until my—my marriage. Then my husband took me to York, where he had a living. He was a clergyman, you know."

"Thank you so much."

"I'm afraid I have been of very little help."

"Oh, but I hardly looked for anything else," Miss Morrow smiled. "These questions are a mere formality. Everyone at the dinner—you understand. It was good of you to come." She rose.

Mrs. Tupper-Brock restored the handkerchief to her bag and also stood up. "That is all, I take it?"

"Oh, quite. It's a lovely day after the rain."

"Beautiful," murmured the woman, and moved toward the door. Kirk came from the corner where he had been lolling.

"Any other little service I can do?" he asked.

"Not at present, thanks. You're immensely valuable."

Mrs. Tupper-Brock had reached the outer room. Kirk spoke in a low voice: "No word of the elevator girl?"

"Not a trace," Miss Morrow sighed. "The same old story. But just what I expected."

Kirk looked toward the other room. "And the lady who has just left," he whispered—"a complete dud, wasn't she? I'm awfully sorry. She told you nothing."

The girl came very close, fragrant, young, smiling. Kirk felt a bit dizzy.

"You are wrong," she said softly. "The lady who has just left told me a great deal."

"You mean?"

"I mean she's a liar, if I ever met one. A liar, and a poor one. I'm going to prove it too."

"Bright girl," Kirk smiled, and hurrying out caught up with Mrs. Tupper-Brock in the hall.

The return ride to Mrs. Dawson Kirk's house was another strained, silent affair, and Kirk parted from the dark, mysterious lady with a distinct feeling of relief. He drove back to the Kirk Building and ascended to the twentieth floor. As he got out of the elevator he saw Mr. Cuttle trying his office door. Cuttle was not only the night watchman, but was also assistant superintendent of the building, a title in which he took great pride.

"Hello, Cuttle," Kirk said. "Want to see me?"

"I do, sir," Cuttle answered. "Something that may be important." Kirk unlocked the office and they went in.

"It's about that girl, Grace Lane, sir," Cuttle explained when they reached the inner room—"the one who disappeared last night."

"Oh, yes." Kirk looked at him with sudden interest. "What about her?"

"The police asked me a lot of questions. Where did I get her, and all that. There was one point on which I was silent. I thought I had better speak to you first, Mr. Kirk."

"Well, I don't know, Cuttle. It isn't wise to try and conceal things from the police."

"But on this point, sir ——"

"What point?"

"The matter of how I came to hire her. The letter she brought to me from a certain person ——"

"From what person?"

"From your grandmother, sir—from Mrs. Dawson Kirk."

"Good Lord! Grace Lane came to you with a letter from my grandmother?"

"She did. I still have the letter. Perhaps you would like to see it."

Cuttle produced a gray, expensive-looking envelope. Kirk took out the inclosure and saw that the message was written in his grandmother's cramped, old-fashioned hand. He read:

My dear Mr. Cuttle: The young woman who presents this letter is a good friend of mine, Miss Grace Lane. I should be very pleased if you could find some employment for her in the building—I have thought of the work on the elevators. Miss Lane is far above such work, but she has had a bad time of it and is eager to take anything that offers. I am sure you will find her willing and competent. I will vouch for her in every way. Sincerely yours,

MARY WINTHROP KIRK.

Kirk finished, a puzzled frown on his face. "I'll keep this, Cuttle," he remarked, putting the letter in his pocket, "and—I guess it was just as well you said nothing to the police."

"I thought so, sir," replied Cuttle with deep satisfaction, and retired.

XVI

KIRK hurried up to the bungalow. He found Charlie Chan seated in a chair by the window, completely engrossed in Col. John Beetham's description of The Land Beyond the Khyber.

"Well," said Kirk, "here's news for you. I've just got on the trail of another suspect in our little case."

"The more the increased merriment," Chan assured him. "Kindly deign to name the newest person who has been performing queer antics."

"Just my grandmother," Kirk returned. "That's all."

Charlie allowed himself the luxury of a moment's surprise. "You overwhelm me with amazement. That dear old lady. What misendeavor has she been up to?"

"It was she who got Grace Lane—or whatever her confounded name is—a job in the Kirk Building." The young man repeated his talk with Cuttle and showed Chan the letter

Charlie read Mrs. Dawson Kirk's warm indorsement with interest. He handed it back, smiling.

"Grandmother now becomes a lady to be investigated. Humbly suggest you place Miss Morrow on her track."

Kirk laughed. "I'll do it. The resulting display of fireworks ought to prove a very pretty sight." He called Miss Morrow and, having heard his story, she suggested an interview with Mrs. Kirk at the bungalow at two o'clock.

The young man got his grandmother on the wire.

"Hello," he said; "this is Barry. Did I understand you to say this morning you'd like to be mixed up in the Bruce murder?"

"Well, in a nice way, I wouldn't mind. In fact, I'd rather enjoy it."

"You've got your wish. Just at present the police are after you."

"Mercy! What have I done?"

"I leave that to you. Think over your sins and report here at two o'clock. Miss Morrow wants to question you."

"She does, eh? Well, I'm not afraid of her."

"All right. Only come."

"I shall have to leave early. I promised to go to a lecture."

"Never mind. You'll leave when the law has finished with you. I suggest that you come prepared to tell the truth. If you do I may yet be able to keep you out of jail."

"You can't frighten me. I'll come—but only from curiosity. I should like to see that young woman in action. I haven't a doubt in the world but what I can hold my own."

"I heard different," replied Kirk. "Remember—two o'clock, sharp!"

He hung up the receiver and waited impatiently for the hour of the conflict. At a quarter before two Miss Morrow arrived on the scene.

"This is a strange turn," she said when Kirk had taken her coat. "So your grandmother knows Jennie Jerome Marie Lantelme?"

"Knows her!" replied Kirk. "They're great friends." He handed over the letter. "Read that. Vouches for her in every way. Good old grandmother!"

Miss Morrow smiled. "I must handle her gently," she remarked. "Somehow I don't believe she approves of me."

"She's reached the age where she doesn't approve of anybody," Kirk explained—"not even of me. A fine, noble character, as you well know. Yet she discovers flaws. Can you imagine!"

"Absurd!" cried Miss Morrow.

"Don't be too nice to her," Kirk suggested. "She'll like you better if you walk all over her. Some people are made that way."

Charlie entered from his room. "Ah, Miss Morrow. Again you add decoration to the scene. Am I wrong in presuming that Captain Flannery has apprehended Eve Durand?"

(Continued on Page 120)

Repoussé, the ancient art of raising designs upon metal by hammering from the back, was extensively used in ornamenting early bronze armour

THE famed beauty and grace of today's Packard reflect far more than the ability of Packard body designers. Graceful lines, conceived by artists, are possible in the finished car through the modern perfection of tools and methods for the pressing of metal.

It seems but a few years ago when every Packard body was individually hammered out by wasteful hand work —the same method of beating flat metal sheets into useful and ornamental forms which has been practised since the earliest times.

Today great presses, some of them exerting a thousand tons of force, mold Packard body panels, fenders and other parts from sheets of special steel. The costly dies instantly form more beautiful and accurate shapes than weeks of the most expert labor could possibly produce.

Packard is proud of the large part it has played in the development of metal-working tools which contribute so much to Packard beauty and long life—and aid in making Packard ownership available to additional thousands.

Packard cars are now priced from $2275 to $4550. Individual custom models from $3875 to $8725, at Detroit

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Painting the A. E. F. on the Gallop

By Joseph Cummings Chase

ONCE there was a war. The opportunity accorded to me during the latter part of it and the three months following the Armistice was perhaps as romantic an adventure as ever a painter had.

I had been in Washington painting for the World's Work portraits of many men who on this side of the water were carrying the load of the war. Five of our leading illustrators had been sent overseas earlier, bearing the rank of captain, to record our part pictorially. They were all well chosen for the work and produced an invaluable collection of pictures. But they labored under many difficulties. Reports had come back that, as captains, these illustrators were continually being delayed and hampered, owing to restrictions imposed by army red tape. For a captain to make a move it was necessary for superior ranking officers to approve and to issue orders, and our illustrators must have fumed at the restraints put upon them.

I mention this to indicate more forcibly the completeness of the coöperation which I later received.

Issuing My Own Orders

MY GOOD luck in this respect was due to the advice of George Malion. For months dear old George had been in correspondence with Martin Egan, whom Pershing had called over to look after the regulating of the war correspondents, and while arrangements were being made for my going overseas, George made me realize that if I accepted the rank of captain I would surely be slowed up as were the illustrators. So when I was called again to Washington and was offered a captaincy I explained that I did not care to be a civilian officer. A somewhat higher rank was suggested, but for the reasons already stated I did not wish even that. I figured out in my own mind that in as much as several noncombatants had gone overseas on a mission for the Government, I might be entered in the same class and still operate under direct orders from G. H. Q. This did not appeal to the general officers with whom the arrangements were made. I was told to talk it over with General Churchill, personnel officer in Washington. So I made my way of a noon to the office of the general. The general was out for luncheon.

"But, anyway," said the man at the door, "your business would first have to be taken up with the general's assistant." Where was the general's assistant? "He is in the office 'way down at the far end of the floor."

So I proceeded twelve parasangs down the great room, turned in at the designated office and came face to face with my long-time friend, Rupert Hughes. This was luck, indeed.

After the usual greetings, Rupert inquired, "What do you want here?" I explained, and Rupert said, "There is my stenographer. Suppose you sit down and dictate things just as you want them."

I sat down and sent myself on a mission for the Government. "You must wear an officer's uniform," said Rupert. I agreed to that if I were not obliged to wear an officer's insignia. "All right," said my friend, "you can wear a correspondent's arm band—a white band bearing the red letter C." And all that was duly established by the necessary credentials.

Quick Service From Washington

THEN came a rush to New York, a mighty effort in getting the kit ready, and in a few days I was aboard a French liner, zigzagging my way across the ocean, avoiding more or less imaginary U-boats. There were fourteen days at sea, with flu cases jamming the boat. Contributions to a fund for the French war orphans were being solicited and after the second day I settled down to painting and drawing portraits of benevolent passengers for that charity. Twelve days permitted the production of many of these pictures, which earned a really goodly number of francs.

Arrived at Bordeaux, I started at once for Chaumont, and promptly reported at Pershing's headquarters.

My mission was to paint for the Government the American combat generals and Pershing's staff for the official records of the war. Also I had been asked for four paintings of particularly heroic doughboys to be used as posters in the fifth Liberty Loan drive. Incidentally, I had visions of sending back to various magazines which were in a receptive mood many drawings and paintings, on the side, since my mission carried with it no salary.

At Chaumont I reported to General Eltinge, deputy chief of staff under General McAndrew.

"Chase reporting on a mission for the Government to paint portraits," said I, and General Eltinge laughed.

"I am laughing," said the general, "because this is the quickest response to a request to Washington I have ever received. It was only yesterday that I cabled for a portrait painter." At that I joined him in his laugh. "We are all ready for you. When do you want to begin?" he asked.

"Now," said I.

"Very well," said he, "you can begin with me."

An Error in Strategy

RIGHT then I made the big mistake of the adventure. I painted that portrait in two hours. General Nolan, in charge of the Intelligence Section, took me under his wing and, with complete coöperation, started me upon my dizzying round. That mistake with General Eltinge resulted in the most amazing series of orders, I can well believe, ever issued to a portrait painter. From time to time an order was issued to me and duplicate orders were sent to the various generals selected for me to paint. Those orders,

being based upon the assumption that I was to paint a portrait each two hours of daylight, resulted in a layout for each day that on paper looked most like a busy barber's daily record of shaves.

Because of the movement of troops, it soon developed that the spot whereat a particular general had been ordered to sit for his portrait was a mighty long way from where he was actually engaged when the day of our appointment arrived. It must be remembered that nearly 30,000 men were in the keeping of a division commander and his time was well occupied. So I made it my business to telephone a general reminding him of the imminence of his sitting and asking him if it would be more convenient for him to be painted just where his headquarters happened to be at the time. And, of course, that arrangement did suit him a whale of a lot better. It may be gathered that casual calling up of generals on the telephone was one of the unexpected privileges of a man on a mission.

(Continued on Page 157)

AN AMERICAN COMEDY

VI. Recipe for a Laugh—By Harold Lloyd, Directed by Wesley Stout

HOW do you make a picture comedy? You don't; it grows, like Topsy. Consider the checkered history of Speedy, the current picture. The title is a nickname of my own. My father saw a vaudeville act years ago which contained a boy named Harold. His uncle persisted in addressing him as Harold, the boy whining each time, "Don't call me Harold; call me Speedy." Dad pinned the name on me and we became Foxy and Speedy. When the character of the current picture began to take shape, it was seen that the name fitted it like a glove. Moreover, Speedy is brief and suggestive; therefore an intrinsically good title.

There is almost no vestige left in Speedy of the original idea—an underworld story. Its origins date back before For Heaven's Sake; we wanted a big-city picture as a change,

A Recent Picture of Gloria and Her Mother

and began with a plot of New York politics, gangsters and such. It called for a girl who should live with a grandfather or an uncle. What occupation for the uncle? Cobbler? Harness maker? Delicatessen dealer? We were searching, you see, for a shop rich in gag possibilities. Someone suggested that the grandfather drive a horse car. A horse car is quaint, has been little used in pictures, and provokes comedy of itself. There had been a horse-car line in New York until recently, operated to hold a franchise. This suggested a plot to steal the franchise from the old man, permitting me to step in, thwart the conspiracy and win the girl, after the usual misadventures. The franchise plot grew until it crowded out the original underworld story.

But it called for a set that would cost $80,000 and for a trip to New York. The season was unfavorable for working in New York, so we filed the story away and adapted the underworld faction into For Heaven's Sake. Faction, by the way, is our term for a sequence within a picture—any set of incidents turning on a common theme or locale. Gag, of course, is a comedy bit; for a specific description, follow on.

A Railroad Picture Railroaded

AFTER For Heaven's Sake we took up the Kid Brother, an idea we had been holding since the Roach lot. That done, we considered four different stories. One was a ship plot, another a shoe-store idea. We discarded both and a third, then took up a story of a reporter who, through a confusion of names, is thought to have inherited a fortune.

The basic comedy lay in the suddenly changed attitude of his fellow townsmen, the deference paid him and the credit extended him until, when the error is discovered, he is ruinously in debt. There was no end of complications and the story declined to jell. After several wasted weeks I said, "Get out the old file, boys, and let's see what we have left."

The "boys" are Johnny Grey, Howard Emmet Rogers, Lex Neal, Ted Wilde and Jay A. Howe, the story and gag men. I sit in with them as frequently as possible.

They may have agreed upon a story or have five more or less hostile plots, and I may like all or none, or parts of this and that. The result usually is a compromise so scrambled that no one and everyone can claim the authorship.

Our lack of method is deplorable, but somehow it works. Take a hypothetical case. We need a new story. "How about a railroad picture?" one suggests. We canvass the idea, agree and set to thinking in terms of railroading. Let's have the boy a country station agent, baggage man and telegrapher, but the telegrapher suggests a lineman and the lineman suggests a telephone story. A bank robbery is written into the telephone story as an incident. It grows until railroad, telegraphy and telephone all are crowded out, and the boy who started to be a country station agent winds up as a bank clerk.

These sessions have been known to be heated and passers-by to duck in passing the gag-room window. Plots are the children of their authors, and parents are prone to resent any insinuation that their offspring are not 100 per cent healthy, handsome and brilliant. "What do you mean, that no board of directors would authorize such a blank check?" demands such a parent in defense of an aspersed detail. "It is done every day. If you want to pick sand out of sugar, how about that comic street-light idea of yours? They haven't used carbon arc lamps for street lighting for fifteen years. And while we are on the subject of relentless realism, a model T Ford fires on a magneto, not a battery, as you suppose. What becomes of your battery gag now?" With further comment, both technical and personal, but all hypothetical.

What type of boy I am to play is the next problem after the broad outline of the horse-car plot is drafted. Speedy being a big-city picture, I am an irresponsible, flip, scatter-brained, baseball-crazy youth of a kind the city breeds by the thousands. Now we have the character of the boy, the substance of the dramatic plot and the boy and girl for the love theme. All that remains is to add the comedy and stir vigorously, but that all is everything. Plot, love story, novelty are so many sprigs of parsley to dress the dish; the proof of the pudding is in the laughing, and we want "comedy factions with a lot of hooks on them," as we express it.

As the Boy From the Forks of the Creek in the "Kid Brother"

The character of the boy suggests one group, the plot another group. He is baseball-crazy; that gives us a baseball faction in the course of which we employ Babe Ruth and shoot scenes at the Yankee Stadium.

"Punch, Conductor, Punch With Care, Punch in the Presence of the Passenger"

In Defense of Home and Pinochle

SPEEDY is a lad of many jobs. We have him drive a taxi and work in a drug store for two more factions. For another, we send him to Coney Island with his girl. They go and come on the Subway, and the Subway is a comedy all by itself, except to those who have to ride in it. Likewise the horse car. The horse-car barn is used by the tradesmen of the neighborhood as a clubhouse. The franchise conspiracy threatens their clubrooms and they rise heroically to the defense of their pinochle game, for another comedy faction.

(Continued on Page 142)

A Transportation Tie-Up in "Speedy," the Current Lloyd Comedy

Seven wonderful shaves just like the one described below are yours for the asking now. Read this advertisement from start to finish . . . then tell us where to send your seven-day tube. Test it in comparison with the shave cream you're now using. Try it with an open mind . . . we'll cheerfully stand the expense.

Mail Coupon Men... Postman will bring you quick new way to shave

It's a new type of lather that soaks whiskers soft in a scientific way. Small Bubbles . . . that's the reason. See test offer below.

. . .

A LITTLE package! The postman will hand it to you. And inside you'll find a scientific answer to the age-old problem of beard-softening.

Just squeeze a little on your brush. Whip it on your face, and lather up. Your stubborn beard becomes limp and lifeless . soft and pliable . . ready for the razor.

You feel no razor-pull, drag or scrape. No sting or smart. Your face is fresher . . . cleaner . . . smoother than it's ever been before.

Every year this very simple test has shown thousands of men the way to a faster, smoother, cleaner shave.

We simply want you to try it with an open mind and we'll cheerfully abide by your decision.

So please read this advertisement thoroughly. Then mail coupon. It's a step you'll never regret, we're sure.

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results.

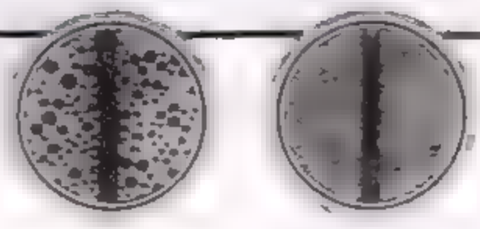
Try it, men . . . you'll see the difference

It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap, is the real softener of your beard.

Small Bubbles . . . that's the Secret

Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the base, where the razor work is done.

It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.



ORDINARY LATHER
Photomicrograph of ordinary lather surrounding single hair. Note how large bubbles hold air instead of water against beard.

COLGATE LATHER
Under identical conditions note the fine texture of Colgate lather. The small bubbles hold water instead of air against your beard.

A glance at the photomicrographs proves this better than words. Note the startling difference in bubble size between Colgate's and ordinary lather.

Good-by, Razor-Pull

That's the principle, men. Now here's what it does for you:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. No stinging and smarting.

You've never had a shave like this before. You've never known such comfort.

Where shall we send your free tube?

Please don't wait for us to publish another advertisement about this small-bubble lather. Make up your mind right now to accept our seven-day offer.

Remember, it doesn't cost you a cent.

We will also send a trial bottle of Colgate "After Shave." It's a new lotion that's making friends every day. You'll like the cool fresh feeling it leaves. Just jot your name and address on the coupon. Colgate & Co., 595 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THOUSANDS DID THIS

Thousands of men have mailed a Colgate coupon just like this. Why not follow these examples?

Colgate & Co., Dept. 302-E, 595 Fifth Ave., New York

FREE OFFER, MEN!

Please send me FREE, sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's "After Shave."

Name_____

Address_____

A COOK'S TOUR

By George Rector

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

It is One Spot in France That is France

NORMANDY

MADAME POULARD, just before she died, revealed the secret of her famous omelets. But knowing a valuable formula does not mean that you will be able to employ it for cooking or for anything else. The madame imparted her secret to some friends around 1890.

"My omelets have made my fortune," she said; "so much so that I have a considerable fortune and have paid my son's way through the University of Rennes. He has just taken his degree with honors. In my good humor I will give you my so-called mystery. My secret is merely to throw a good spoonful of fresh cream into the pan just when the omelet begins to rise. There is still another and more important secret code. The cream must be our cream—the genuine cream of Normandy."

I had never heard of this recipe, even though Madame Poulard broadcast it to the world almost forty years ago. And I know of no American chef who ever used Madame Poulard's method. I, myself, when making the omelet, always mixed in the cream when beating up the eggs. I shall have to try Madame Poulard's method. I shall probably fail, for the only country in which you can get real Norman cream is in Normandy, the dairy of France. All the best cheeses, including the famous Camembert, all the finest butter, milk and cream come from Normandy. Among the cheeses are the celebrated Bondon, made from full unskimmed milk; the famous Pont l'Évêque, beautiful when moist and tender, but just as good when it is dry and flaky; and Petit Suisse, a little cream cheese; also Livarot, which smells worse than Limburger—if such a smell is possible.

Just a word about Normandy cream. Just off the Normandy coast are the islands of Guernsey and Jersey, made famous by the cows of the same name and Lily Langtry, the Jersey Lily. The island cows were originally brought over from Normandy, which boasts of more cows per square mile than any other country in the world. Looking out of your railway compartment window, you can check off a thousand cows to the long mile for your entire trip through Normandy, and the farms run right to the coast. Where the farming ceases, the fishing begins, for Norman fish are the best in France. The Seine shad, stuffed, baked and drenched in a cream sauce, is the equal of our Delaware shad. Trout are plentiful in Norman rivers, and so are fine salmon. The combination salmon trout is a result of the mating of these two toothsome fish.

But I was speaking of Madame Poulard's omelets. I do not know whether to label them a farm or marine food for the simple reason that madame cooked them on an island. And what an island! It is Mont St.-Michel crowned by a Norman-Gothic cathedral started in the eleventh century and finished in the fifteenth. The island is sometimes a peninsula, but twice a day the tide rushes in and cuts it off from the land. I did not make the pilgrimage, for the Mont was an island when I arrived at Avranches. Anyway, Madame Poulard has been dead some years, and the Inn of the Famous Omelet—Chez Madame Poulard, l'Incomparable, la Fameuse Omelette—is like Tara's halls without the harp.

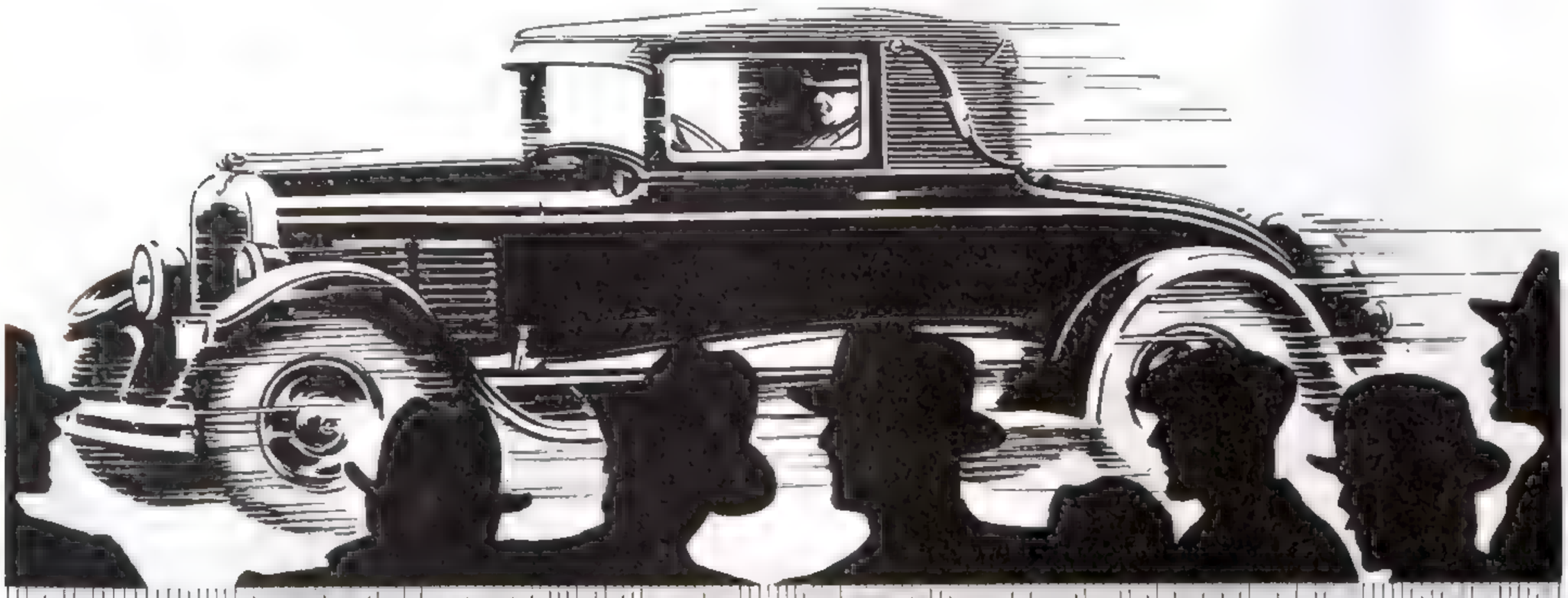
When you remove the creator of a restaurant from his establishment, then the remaining walls are like a watch-case without its works—only a shell. I was glad that the tide was in and a journey to the Mont impossible. In the bloom of her career, Poulard often broke a hundred dozen eggs a day to supply the demands of her omelet worshipers. An enormous number, when you realize that we never figured more than two eggs for a single omelet. Four eggs will make a good-sized omelet for two people.

Kings have worshiped on Mont St.-Michel; and wherever kings worship you will find good chefs and fine inns. If there is anything a king detests, it is to worship on an empty stomach. I went out again the next afternoon to take another look at the Mont. This time the tide was at its ebb and tourists were making their way out across the road which is covered at flood tide. A little beyond the road were mud flats, with hundreds of village women harvesting the famous Normandy mussels. As the water recedes, they follow it and scrape the mussels off the slimy rocks with knives. The French mussel is much better than the French oyster, which I have found to be small, discolored and copperish in flavor.

I am not going to try to give you a list of Norman inns, for there are many of them. Neither am I going to boost you into a trip to Deauville, Trouville or Dieppe, for they are summer resorts for the rich. The Norman peasant, like all Europeans, imagines that every American is Secretary of the Treasury or superintendent of the Philadelphia Mint. The best way to eat is to stop at the little places, and even in the small taverns you will be flabbergasted by the prices. The finest meal I had in Normandy was in Rouen, inland from Havre, on the Seine. Some gourmets contend that Norman cuisine is lacking in the masterful touch of the chefs of Burgundy and Provence, but its butter and cheese are leaders in their lines. So is tripe *à la mode de Caen*, fillet of Dieppe sole and *Canard Rouennais*.

(Continued on Page 136)

Stepping High Stepping Handsomely



$1195 and $1295
At Lansing Plus Tax

IF you long to step high and handsomely on boulevard and open road, Reo builds a car especially for you. It is the Reo Wolverine: $1195 and $1295, at Lansing, plus tax.

But you will not buy on these prices alone, not if you're young enough to believe that getting somewhere with speed and dash is very important.

That is the Wolverine's chief motive in life.

For the Reo Wolverine puts to shame the speed claims of many cars costing hundreds of dollars more.

And Reo gives the Wolverine the chassis and the safety brakes that make such speeds safe and possible.

Yes, this is a youthful automobile that doesn't have to sell on price. Not with its lines, its colors, its brakes, its heavy chassis, its husky motor, its speedy "get-up-and-go." Try out this Reo Wolverine. *You'll be surprised.*

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

REO WOLVERINE

THE DIVINE AFFLATUS

"Yes, Yes, Yes," He Repeated Heartily. "Seems That You and the Ledger Have Been Cooking Up a Little Article or So—Nothing at All Serious"

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

MARTHA took advantage of a momentary turn of her father's head to cast a final appealing glance at Pete—a glance which he acknowledged with a wink—and then she sat down at the head of the table, between the two.

Well, she reflected, shutting her eyes over the first spoonful of soup, this was one dinner that certainly promised to be nobody's bargain. Just about all that could be said for it was that here, anyway, they were together at last—Pete and her father—Pete and the old gentleman himself. She prayed into the soup.

It wasn't right—it wasn't at all right—she told herself bitterly, that a girl should be afflicted with a pig-headed father and a pig-headed swain at one and the same time. It was too much. One or the other should be broad-minded, generous, expansively liberal. It was a girl's right to have at least one reasonable attachment.

She gazed resignedly into her plate and stiffened inwardly as her father, warmed by his soup, leaned back in his chair with that majesty that lay, really, at the bottom of his successful rise to the post of second assistant cashier of the Wheat and Metals Bank. "So, Mr. Taylor," he stated heartily, "you are a newspaper man, eh?"

"A journalist," Pete agreed mildly, and she flinched at the innocuousness of the correction.

"A journalist, eh? Well, well, well! In other words, a member of the fourth estate!" He chuckled with satisfaction at what he felt to be a flash of sound classic wit. "Yes, yes, a member of the fourth estate!" He turned indulgently to his daughter. "The fourth estate, my dear," he explained, "is, in casual speech, journalism. The fourth estate was a title—a noble title, my dear—given to journalism by Pitt—Sir William Pitt—it was Pitt, wasn't it?" he demanded suddenly of Pete.

"It sounds like Pitt," the journalist replied. "In fact, it sounds very much like Pitt."

"Yes, indeed; now that I think it over—yes, it was Pitt. . . . What's this?"

It was roast lamb, and while he gave his immediate attention to it, Pete winked again, solemnly and reassuringly, at Martha.

"Yes—yes, it was Pitt," Mr. Wheatley repeated, emerging from his roast lamb. "Yes, Sir William Pitt, Earl of Beaconsfield, founder of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania—a splendid statesman, Mr. Taylor, a very splendid statesman indeed." He reflected deeply over the splendor of Pitt's statesmanship. "Would that we had more like him today, Mr. Taylor; the helm of the ship of state could be in better hands, sir. As it happens, I have in mind ——"

The clatter of a knife on a plate interrupted him and he turned smartly to Martha. "What's that?" he demanded.

"I dropped my knife," she replied quietly.

"Dropped your knife?"

"Into my plate."

"Into your plate?" He adjusted his glasses and confirmed the phenomenon. "Well!" he commented, apparently at a loss for a comment. "Dear me!"

"Oh, well," she said, dismissing the matter. "How did things go at the bank today?"

"At the bank?"

"Yes; how did things go?"

"Oh, yes, at the bank! Very well, dear, very well!" He turned back to Pete, and Martha gave up. She'd tried—she'd tried her best—and what had been the use? A fate that could give her a pig-headed father and a pig-headed sweetheart at one and the same time would certainly be expected to provide for them the last, the worst, the most calamitous of all possible subjects of conversation. She washed her hands of the whole affair.

"As I was saying," Mr. Wheatley continued to Pete, "I have in mind —— But you're a newspaper man, Mr. Taylor. What is your opinion of Haddlebury for governor?"

Quietly and promptly, as she had expected, Pete laid down his knife and fork and forthwith gave himself entirely over to the matter Mr. Wheatley had brought up. "Martha was telling me," he began, "that you are an admirer of Haddlebury. Now it just happens that I've only recently got on the inside of some stuff about him ——"

"My opinion," Mr. Wheatley continued, unaware that any other human voice had been raised, "is that Haddlebury is the man. Thomas has been in office too long. Haddlebury stands foursquare with the voters. He bends the knee to no man and he wears no man's collar. His record as commissioner of sewers in the Elkman administration is spotless. He is a man of the people, for the people and by the people. You're a newspaper man, Mr. Taylor—what is your opinion?"

"Well, the truth is"—Pete drew another breath—"the records I've been looking into show that Haddlebury is an outright crook, Mr. Wheatley. I confess I was, myself, surprised ——"

"Yes, yes, yes," Mr. Wheatley continued to ruminate aloud. "Haddlebury seems to be the man beyond the shadow of a doubt. He does big things in a big way. He is a forward-looker, a sound man on the tariff and well up in the Moose. I can't see how the people of this state could do better. But you're a newspaper man, Mr. Taylor—what's your opinion?"

"Haddlebury ——" Pete began again.

"More lamb, Mr. Taylor? Martha, more lamb for Mr. Taylor."

"Haddlebury ——"

"You know, Mr. Taylor, I once had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Haddlebury socially. Now I flatter myself I am a judge of men —— Yes, my dear, I believe I will have a bit more of the lamb."

(Continued on Page 44)

"At times Betty Mae was in terrible misery," writes her mother . . . Mrs. Gibbons' letter follows

Cordova, Ten.

"FOR 2 YEARS our little girl suffered [illegible] from indigestion. Her appetite vanished. She lost sleep. And no sooner would one medicine begin to help than it would lose its [illegible]. I had heard so much about Fleischmann's Yeast that I decided to try it. And in only a few months there was great improvement. Soon she was enjoying perfect health and vitality. People marvel at it."

MRS. THOMAS GIBBONS

"'Stop work,' they told me—but I had to struggle on"

ADELAIDE BELL BOWMAN, *of Long Beach, Calif.—designer of metal articles. "I was so ill that it was almost impossible for me to keep on with my work," she writes . . . Read, above, her letter describing her experience.*

Long Beach, Calif.

"MY METHOD of painting on tiles and then baking them is my own discovery, and I cannot delegate any of my work to others. So when my health began to go back on me I became almost frantic.

"'Stop work and rest,' I was advised. But how could I, with orders incomplete and spaces in buildings left vacant?

"In my run-down condition, painful skin eruptions broke out. Altogether, I had over forty of them.

"Then my doctor started me on Fleischmann's Yeast—three cakes daily. The skin eruptions promptly healed up. In a month my skin had cleared completely and my general health had improved, too. I am now able to work 18 hours a day when orders are pressing."

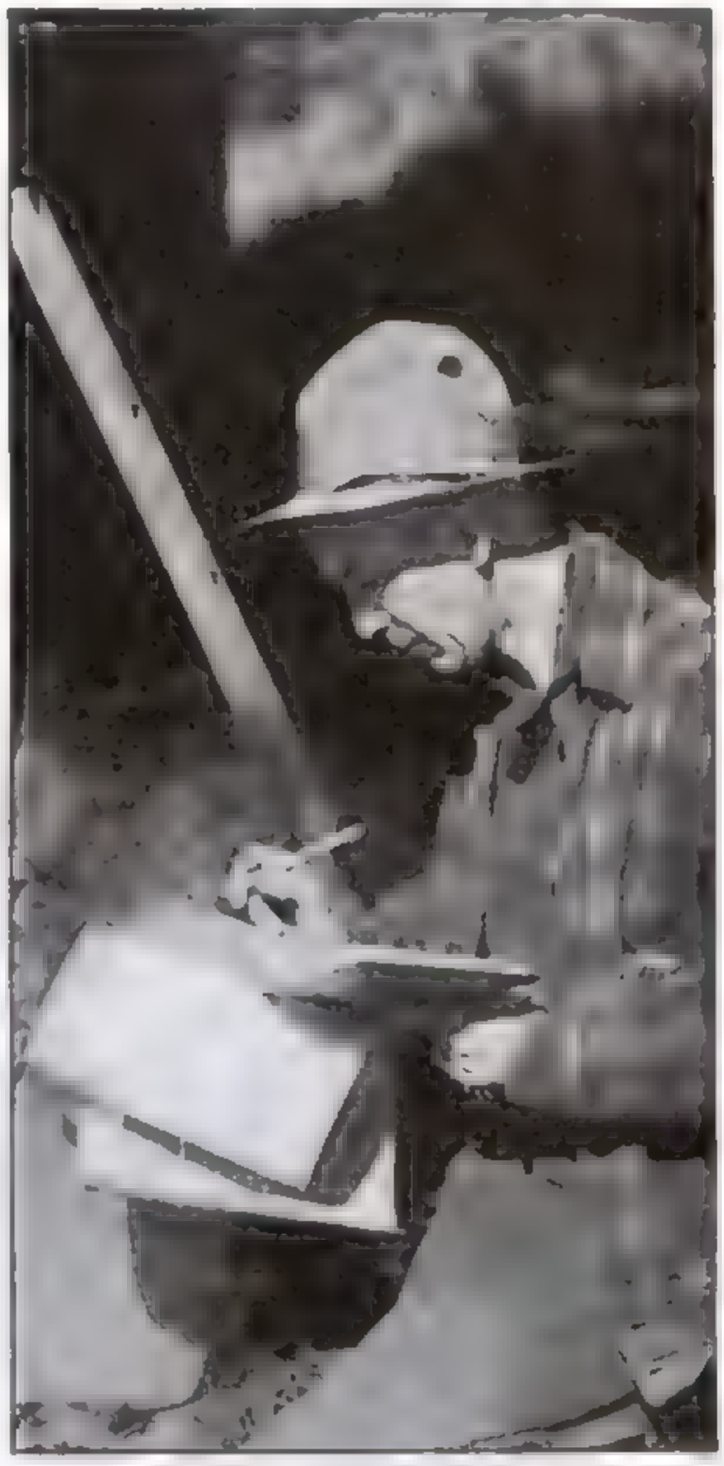
(Mrs.) Adelaide Bell Bowman

IN place of medicines, doctors today are urging a corrective *food*—Fleischmann's Yeast.

As fresh as any garden vegetable, Fleischmann's Yeast banishes constipation, easily, naturally. Corrects indigestion. Clears the unhealthy skin.

At the root of all these ills generally lies an unhealthy condition of the intestinal tract. Fleischmann's Yeast corrects this condition. It keeps the intestines *clean*—rouses the sluggish muscles.

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. And send for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. D-61, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



San Francisco, Calif.

"WE HAD BEEN 'ROUGHING IT' in the mountains for two years, my partner and I—laying out mining sites, mapping boundary locations and so on. As a result of carelessness in our eating habits, our digestion in time went completely back on us and constipation set in. Pills and cathartics only made matters worse. Then, one day, seeing an advertisement for Fleischmann's Yeast, we sent for a supply of it. And in a short time we knew we should have resorted to it *first*. For soon we were normal again—full of pep, ready to eat *anything!*"

OLIN C. KNIGHT

RIGHT

Jersey City, N. J.

"WHEN DISCHARGED from the army after the War I was absolutely unfit—and my skin all painfully broken out. I took up my old work as Fireman in an engine company. But the skin trouble was a big handicap. And inoculations and various remedies didn't help, while the irregular hours of my work made matters continually worse . . . One of the boys in the Engine House got me started eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I took it regularly, for 6 months. The skin eruptions I then had dried right up. I never expect to have them again as long as I live!"

GEORGE J. ENGLAND

Health at its best—*this easy way:*

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed. Train yourself to regular daily habits. Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

(Continued from Page 42)

There was a short space of silence then, but Pete did not attempt to take advantage of it. He was a man who knew when to acknowledge defeat. He smiled his surrender to Martha and turned once more to his mutton

"Do you know, Mr. Taylor," Mr. Wheatley demanded suddenly, "what I would do if I were Premier of Utrania?"

Pete raised his eyebrows politely. "To tell you the honest truth," he admitted, "I hadn't thought of it."

"Well, I'll tell you," he explained cosmically, stretching back in his chair. "I'd recall the minister to Chile."

"The minister to Chile!" Pete exclaimed, obviously astounded.

"Absolutely!" Mr. Wheatley beamed on Pete's amazement at his audacity. "Yes, sir, I'd recall the minister to Chile; and what's more, I'd remove three brigades from Olknitz to Utrograd—at once, sir, at once! At once!" He could say no more. It was clear that he was struck speechless with admiration at the clean, clear, incisive strategy these moves represented. "Three brigades—maybe four—and begin to maneuver with France and Italy for a treaty—a brand-new treaty, sir—regarding the Omsk-Ruma River Valley. It would be the only way, Mr. Taylor, the only way! No matter what you say, you won't be able to devise a sounder plan, so it would be of little use to argue."

"I assure you," Pete hastened to explain, "I hadn't the slightest notion of arguing."

"It would be of no use," Mr. Wheatley informed him. "If I were Premier of Utrania, I'd have France and Italy jumping through hoops, sir—jumping through hoops! Yes, sir!" He paused and silently appreciated the spectacle of himself making France and Italy jump through hoops. "Yes, sir, I'd have them jumping through hoops!"

"I'll bet!" Pete agreed; and then, feeling that one more effort would not be amiss: "About Haddlebury ——"

"Please," Martha interrupted, rising, "let's have our coffee on the porch. Don't let's start talking ——" She sent a significant look at Pete.

"Coffee?" repeated Mr. Wheatley. "I've had no coffee. What about coffee?"

"We'll have it on the porch, dear," she explained.

They pushed back their chairs, and Mr. Wheatley extended himself to the fullest reach of his five feet six inches. Then he felt in his breast pockets. "My cigars," he said "I've got to get my cigars; they're upstairs. I'll join you in just a moment."

On the porch, Martha caught Pete's arm. Silently she looked into his eyes and shook her head slowly, hopelessly. He laughed.

"That's all," he promised. "I've tried to let the old man know that he's nursing a viper, a man whose present business is to make old Brother Haddlebury look like last year's straw hat, and he's refused to listen. I'll make no more efforts. From now on, dear, I pursue the pleasure of trying to marry into his family with no further qualms. He's had his chance—and lost."

"But can you beat it?" she asked in quiet awe. "Did you ever see a man so lost in a commissioner of sewers?"

"Never!" he acknowledged. "It's the personal touch, I suppose—I mean, having met him face to face socially."

"He asked dad how the sewers were in our street."

"A politician's interest can be no more personal than by asking how a man's sewers are," Pete admitted.

"But aren't you concerned? I mean, when he finds out that you are engaged in practically ruining his idol's reputation—can't you see how awkward it will be?" There was real worry in her eyes, and Pete's smile softened.

"Honey," he said, "don't fret. I believe that I am beginning to see light. One or two more experiments and I'll be sure. If I'm right, the old gentleman and I are no less than blood brothers; he thinks he knows it all and I think I do. If that proves to be the case, then the way is clear, even through all those terrible obstacles that always rise in the path of true, chaste and eternal love. I believe that I am describing our love accurately?"

"It has never been better described," she agreed handsomely. "I am the most beautiful of women, you are the most gallant and brilliant of men, and our love is without a parallel in all history."

Mr. Wheatley appeared, making clucking, spitting noises over a cigar. "You'll have to excuse me, Mr. Taylor," he said, "if I don't keep in as close touch with matters as you newspaper men do. I'm kept pretty busy, you know, down at the bank, and it gives me great pleasure—a very great pleasure, Mr. Taylor—to come together with a man like yourself, one who is in the thick of things and keeps close watch on developments so I can renew my information. I've been wanting to ask you—you're a newspaper man what is your opinion of this Harrison Relief Bill?"

"Well," Pete ventured tentatively, "Harrison

"My opinion," stated Mr. Wheatley, "is that the Harrison Relief Bill will be a burden on the taxpayers. It is being foisted on the farmers. What is your opinion, Mr Taylor—you're a newspaper man?"

"The bill ——"

"The people, Mr. Taylor, are beginning to groan under oppressive legislation. I believe I speak for the man in the street when I say ——"

Pete leaned forward. "Do you write, Mr. Wheatley?"

"What?"

"I say, do you write?"

"Write—write what?"

"Articles for the magazines or newspapers."

"Why—ah—why, no, Mr. Taylor." He permitted himself the indulgence of a dignified laugh. "Why—ah—I am a pretty busy man. I have often thought I had some small gifts in that direction, and had circumstances been different —— But no, I do not. Why do you ask?"

"I ask," Pete explained innocently, "because it just occurred to me that you have a marvelous power of expression. I was just thinking of your reasons for opposing that bill. I was just wondering if you wrote —— You speak, you know, like a born writer."

Mr. Wheatley laughed again, self-consciously. "Why—ah—why, no, now that you speak of it—no. Odd, too, that you should have mentioned it; because I've often thought —— Well, perhaps had circumstances been different —— We can't all be writers, you know."

"I should think you'd write now."

"Well, to tell the truth"—he glanced in some embarrassment at his daughter—"I've often thought I might. But after all ——"

"My idea," Pete said thoughtfully, "would be that you should write a letter, say, to the Ledger, my paper—a letter to the editor—and just word your reasons for, say, supporting Haddlebury or opposing the Harrison Bill. You have such a clear, forceful style; you've put in splendid words—yes, yes, don't protest -in splendid words what a lot of people think. I believe—I truly believe it would be a civic duty." (Continued on Page 46)

"We Could Run Away—Elope." "Why Do That? You Know That Would Make You Unhappy, Because It Would Make Him Unhappy"

CALLING CLEAR

THE lonely scream of a sea-mew in drenching darkness above a staggering deck . . . the clear, thin yelp of a coyote, or the broken song of a cowboy bedding his cattle down at sunset . . . the musical hubble-bubble of a metropolis beating upward against dimly outlined orange-dotted skyscrapers . . . the mellow bay of an ocean greyhound slipping through harbor traffic and away to the endless hunting fields of the sea. . . .

If sounds like these bring a quick sense of suffocation to you, the world is calling clear!

You will do well to listen. For by what standards can a man measure life who does not know the outside world? More than ever before is it necessary for one of culture, of authority, of industrial worth to look beyond the cubby-hole of local satisfaction. There is so much to see!—to learn! And if you but make up your mind—it is so easy to go.

Incomparable Rainier rears her white shoulders above the bronze-green forests of the Northwest—only a day or two away! Within a few short weeks you may see a Hakodate junk wallowing in the blue Pacific swell. Do you ever stop to consider that it is perfectly practicable to find yourself at some near dawn upon the green shoulder of Seneschal, glimpsing for one priceless moment the immaculate peak of Everest? . . . that the golden sands of Lido with their laughing crowds are a waiting carpet for your feet as you face the purple glory of an Adriatic day? . . . that friends of yours are even now, no doubt, strolling blithely along the Bois de Boulogne or hurrying Cityward past the shadow of St. Paul's?

The American people . . . alert, cultivated, successful . . . are becoming more cosmopolitan with every passing season. Automobiles, steamships, railroads and airplanes are making the wide world familiar to all.

And the last stands of provincialism are melting away beneath the rising tide of printed information on world happenings. Social events in Europe . . . politics in India . . . the geography of Central America . . . big game hunting in Africa . . . with such subjects practically every modern American has at least a talking acquaintance.

Those who are interested in the modern American market . . . whether it is to sell transportation, hotel accommodation, products of a thousand sorts, or the services of civilization . . . *must bear constantly in mind that they are appealing to a sophisticated audience—a better educated public, more cosmopolitan and more responsive than ever!*

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 44)

He leaned back, and turning, leveled a solemn and very dignified look at Martha. Her reply, even after glancing at happily reflective Mr. Wheatley, was only a somewhat mystified quirk.

"Sometime, perhaps," Mr. Wheatley said presently. "I am a busy man, but if I thought my taking pen in hand would be in any way a civic duty ——" He left the sentence incomplete.

"In my mind," Pete assented, "there is no doubt about it. I hope you won't forget it, and I can assure you that my paper, the Ledger, though opposed to Mr. Haddlebury, would feel honored to publish the intelligent, balanced views of a sound business man like yourself." He paused to watch his words sink in, and then: "But to get on, what is your opinion of the Castleton case, Mr. Wheatley?"

Two hours later he rose. Mr. Wheatley was a bit hoarse and obviously undergoing some strain. Pete shook his hand.

"You must come again, Mr. Taylor. It is a pleasure to exchange views with a man like yourself. About the letter—well, we shall see. I am a very busy man; I won't promise - but we shall see."

For a minute after he had entered the house they did not speak. Martha was studying the mask of Pete's face. Then: "I don't know whether to punch you in the eye or kiss you," she said doubtfully. "But if you're being mean to my dad ——"

"Mean!" He laughed in amazement. "Can't you see the sublime and beneficent strategy I have been using? Isn't it clear that he is a born letter-to-the-editor writer, and haven't I shown him the way? Why, dear, your father should be under eternal obligations to me. I've ——"

"He is such a gentleman of the old school."

"And what, pray, am I but another gentleman of the old school? We are both gentlemen of the old school; in fact, we both went to the old school together—we are old schoolmates. Furthermore, we are both writers, expounders, egotistical bozos. Are you trying to tell me that I can't recognize another member of the breed?"

"But what good—what benefit is all this? What possible use will this be to—to us?"

He kissed her. "Darling," he said, "I know writers. Be satisfied with that. The series on Brother Haddlebury will be printed, your father will read them and disapprove, and yet —— Honey, trust me."

When Mr. Wheatley entered his bedroom he stood for a moment engulfed in deep thought in the middle of the room. Apparently he wrestled with a problem almost beyond human capacity. In fact the longer he reflected, the more convinced he became that it was beyond human capacity. He studied a writing table, transfixing a pot of ink and a pen with a penetrating eye. The pot of ink quailed; the pen curled a bit in anguish. Then Mr. Wheatley walked, slowly and purposefully, toward the table. He sat down, picked up the agonized pen, thrust it into the flinching ink, and wrote:

EDITOR OF THE LEDGER

Dear Sir: It has been called to my attention that a number of unqualified misstatements concerning the Honorable Michael J. Haddlebury have ——

He paused and considered "unqualified misstatements" ominously. Then he tore up this sheet of paper and started anew. . . .

At two o'clock the rest of the house was dark and sleeping. Mr. Wheatley drew a deep sigh and rose from the table wearily. He stood almost ankle-deep in discarded sheets of writing paper, sacrifices to an artistic conscience, but in his hand he held a flawless sheet—flawless in composition, flawless in orthography, flawless in polemic skill. He was satisfied.

Mr. Currier, an editorial assistant of the Ledger, one of whose duties was to find space on the page opposite the editorial page for letters to the editor from the paper's more literate readers and thinkers, was cursing softly among pencil and ink-written outbursts from Constant Reader, Indignant Subscriber, Well-Wisher, Pro Bono Publico, A Mother, Vox Populi and Old Thirteenth Ward Boy, when Pete walked into the office the next morning and dropped into the spare chair.

Why in the name of several things, demanded Mr. Currier, could not these exhibitionists write on but one side of the paper? Was he paid, he demanded, to copy bilge on the opposite side of the paper for high-toned linotype operators to set up? He would quit some day, declared Mr. Currier, and become a press agent. . . . What was eating Mr. Taylor?

"George," said Pete, "you and I are men of the world, aren't we?"

"Has anyone questioned the fact?" Mr. Currier demanded, looking up darkly.

"There's not a soul living would dare," Pete replied hastily. "I just wanted to be sure we understood each other."

Mr. Currier regarded him thoughtfully. "Go ahead."

"The truth is," Pete explained quietly, "I have just wagered fifty thousand dollars with Harry Lauder that you have in that pile of letters a communication from Mr. Horace Entwistle Wheatley. Would you mind giving a look, like a good fellow?"

"Harry loses," declared Mr. Currier promptly. "Everybody writes to the newspapers, including Mr. Wheatley." He held up a letter. "Could you have reference to the Mr. Horace Entwistle Wheatley who feels that a number of falsifications have been circulated regarding the Honorable Michael J. Haddlebury, and that he simply wishes to say that the Honorable Haddlebury is a sound man, foursquare with the voters, a right-thinking candidate and a credit to West One Hundred and Seventh Street?"

"If I live and breathe," Pete agreed, "it sounds like the man."

"Then he is a handsome fellow," declared the editorial assistant. "He is a sound and engaging chap. His politics and reasoning may be a little cock-eyed, but he writes on but one side of the paper. In what way may we distinguish him among his fellows?"

"Give him a break," Pete requested. "To put it bluntly, he is the father of the future Mrs. Pete Taylor. So give him a break. Run his letters as often as you can, and I will be glad to cancel that pill-pool debt you owe me."

"The debt is herewith canceled. I cannot allow a man's politics to come between me and an opportunity to get rid of a fifty-cent debt."

The letter appeared that afternoon. Pete read it unmoved. Martha read it curiously. Perhaps fifty thousand other people read it, and thought or remarked that Mr. Horace Entwistle Wheatley was (a) a sap or (b) a writer of force and judgment. Letters to the editor receive such reactions. In fact, to go further into details, Mr. Haddlebury himself read it. Like most other people, Mr. Haddlebury rarely missed his name in print. And then, after reading it, he forgot the matter—for a while.

And, of course, Mr. Wheatley read it. The first edition of the Ledger reached the streets shortly after noon, and at 12:15 Mr. Wheatley had a copy. He read the letter through, thoroughly, three times, and then tossed the copy over to the first assistant cashier.

"I have a little comment, I notice, on the page opposite the editorial page," he said casually. "Quite a surprise to me to find that the paper considered it worth publishing."

"Mr. Haddlebury is a fine fellow," the first assistant agreed, after reading it. "He stands foursquare with the people. You have described him very well."

At ten o'clock that evening Mr. Wheatley explained to his daughter that he had a bit of writing to do before retiring and excused himself from the porch. Martha sat swinging in the hammock a few minutes longer and then got up and began walking slowly toward the car line. Halfway she met Pete. They sauntered idly back.

"You saw it?" she said presently.

"It was a sound letter—a very sound letter indeed," he said. "It was written on but one side of the paper."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. But I'm informed that that's what makes a sound letter," he replied vaguely. "I'd like to congratulate the old gentleman, but he's upstairs writing, isn't he?"

"How did you guess?"

"A little bird -a peacock—told me." He smiled faintly. "Besides, I'm a writer myself, you know."

It is scarcely possible to say that the letters to the editor of the Ledger from Mr. Horace Entwistle Wheatley caused any great stir. They appeared regularly for weeks, to be sure, and they were, without exception, heartily for the Honorable Haddlebury, whom the Ledger opposed for governor. They nailed no few lies regarding that peerless commissioner of sewers, but not one of them occasioned a riot in Union Square; so they may, as a matter of record, be set down as not out of the ordinary.

Mr. Currier admired them inordinately. They were clearly written, correctly spelled and maintained a controversial level without recourse to untasteful invective. And they were written on but one side of the paper. He asked no more of a letter writer.

"It is very clear," he remarked to Pete, "that your future father-in-law is a man who has thought matters out pretty thoroughly and is in no doubt as to the state of his mind on Mr. Haddlebury. What I would like to know is what he is going to say to your series."

Pete gazed thoughtfully out of the window. "Blessed if I know," he admitted slowly. "He's really a nice, harmless old gent—but a born Pro Bono Publico. If I could only talk to him a bit —— But no, by the time I appear in the evening he is engaged in tearing off a little masterpiece of public-spirited discussion for you to read and give to the world. Talking to him probably wouldn't do any good, but it would spare him the shock of finding that he has been nursing a viper to his bosom." He sighed. "However, George," he added unctuously, "one must never exert the brain with worry over problems that are not due until tomorrow. Remember that, George, for it is the daily aphorism I have promised myself to give you for your own good. The brain is a delicate organism."

"When does this sensational exposure of Brother Haddlebury's political methods and record start?"

"Monday, I believe. . . . The brain, George, is a delicate "

"Is it the goods? Did you really get any hot stuff?"

"On the level, it's red hot. It's new stuff and there's dynamite in every paragraph. And every paragraph is backed, substantiated and corroborated with documents so official that you would call me a liar if I should show you just one of them. . . . But the brain, George, is ——"

"And now," said Mr. Currier—"now that I have drained you of all your information, I toss you aside like a broken doll. Would you mind getting out of my office? It happens that I am in receipt of a highly important letter from one Mr. Wheatley, a letter calling for the closest attention and consideration, and unless you beat it I may decide simply to throw it into the wastebasket."

Pete rose promptly and strolled out, whistling softly, tunelessly. He got his hat and stick and left the building. At the corner he caught a cross-town car. He tried not to feel apprehensive about the series and its likely effect on Mr. Wheatley. He told himself that he'd tried to explain the matter to the old gentleman. Furthermore, why should he be expected to indorse every fool idea an otherwise worthy citizen embraced? Did he hold it against Mr. Currier that Mr. Currier, in many senses an estimable friend, believed in the single tax? No; he considered Mr. Currier something of a sap for it, but he did not actually hold it against him. He felt aggrieved, unfairly treated and very, very bitter.

Why in the name of all that was holy, now, couldn't the Honorable Haddlebury go and jump in a river? The notion cheered him. Perhaps, he reflected, the series would indeed impel the honorable to do that very thing. It seemed quite likely. For this was no ordinary campaign stuff, full only of speculation, argument and exclamation points, that he had written; it was, as he had informed Mr. Currier, the goods—facts and figures that promised very definitely to kill the Honorable Haddlebury's chances for being governor.

His spirits rose. He would himself, personally, escort the honorable to a river. He would, furthermore, select the river, relieving the honorable of all the bothersome worry of choosing a place for the suicide. In every way, he told himself, he would make the honorable's jump into a river a matter of the greatest ease and simplicity -if, indeed, it came to the worst, he would be glad to push him in. There was nothing too difficult, he decided, for him to do, if only it would serve to get the Honorable Haddlebury into a deep, deep river—permanently.

And, as it happened, the Honorable Haddlebury was, at that very same moment, toying with almost the same idea, though the river he gloomily contemplated flowed through the deep abyss of defeat, political disgrace and ordinary labor at another and honester trade. He sat in his office, short, sallow, with bristly hair, looking dully at the carpet. A ratty young man, y-cleped Mr. Shags McManus, was explaining apologetically.

"You went to the Ledger, of course," the honorable interrupted him.

"I did."

"What did they say?"

"They said get to hell out," Mr. McManus reported accurately and briefly.

The peerless commissioner of sewers rose and began to pace nervously, in jerky little steps, back and forth the length of the room. Once he stopped and stared absently at Mr. McManus. "Can you beat it?" he demanded.

"It certainly is hell," Mr. McManus agreed.

"Here I was," Mr. Haddlebury addressed Mr. McManus eloquently, "all set. Here I been doing my job as I saw fit, bothering nobody and asking nobody to bother me. Some things have come up," he said vaguely, "that had to be attended to—in a quiet kind of way. If I hadn't done what I done, what would have happened? There'd have been a terrible mess. But I fixed 'em, in my own way, and what's my thanks? What thanks do I get for saving the city money? All the thanks I get is that a stuffed-shirt rag like this Ledger's got to come along and put a lot of wrong misinterpretations on my actions. Can you beat it?"

"It certainly is hell," Mr. McManus repeated.

"When do they start their lying?"

"Monday, I understand."

(Continued on Page 61)

Historic flights that depended on Mobiloil's unquestioned Quality

The aviators below could not risk the slightest chance with their engine lubrication. In the following historic flights they relied on the supreme quality of Mobiloil as their insurance against engine trouble.

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COMMANDER BYRD

In the first successful flight to the North Pole

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ART GOEBEL

San Francisco-to-Honolulu (Dole Prize Winner)

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NEW

This is the new Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 485. Uses the unique, patented Eveready Layerbilt principle that avoids waste spaces between the cells. 3¹⁄₁₆ inches thick. 45 volts. $3.50.

This is the famous Eveready Layerbilt No. 486, the longest lasting of all Evereadys, the battery that proved the superiority of the patented Eveready Layerbilt construction. 4 7-16 inches thick. 45 volts. $5.

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NOW users of medium size "B" batteries can enjoy the remarkable economy of the patented Eveready Layerbilt construction. If you have been buying batteries such as the popular Eveready "B" Battery No. 772, which contains cylindrical cells, now you can secure a battery of the same size using the famous Eveready Layerbilt *flat* cells. The new battery is the Eveready Layerbilt No. 485. This battery will give much longer service than the corresponding cylindrical-cell Battery No. 772, and the price of this new battery is only $3.50. The longer life of the new Eveready Layerbilt No. 485 is due solely to the superior efficiency of the patented Eveready Layerbilt construction.

This new battery, however, will not last as long as the larger Eveready Layerbilt No. 486, which is made for Heavy Duty and is the longest lasting of all Evereadys. Please get the numbers straight—the new Number 485, marked "Medium Size" on the label, gives Eveready Layerbilt economy to users of batteries such as the popular No. 772; while the famous No. 486 is the bigger and longer-lasting Eveready Layerbilt for Heavy Duty. No other batteries are like these two Eveready Layerbilts.

Now that there are two Eveready Layerbilts, one for Heavy Duty and the other in Medium Size, practically every "B" battery user can secure the advantages of the unique, patented Eveready Layerbilt construction. The two batteries cover the entire range of receiving sets, except portable ones. Eveready Layerbilt economy, convenience and satisfaction are available to everybody now!

Each of these Eveready Layerbilts provides only Battery Power, pure Direct Current, and your receiver will work at its very best on such current only. Pure D. C. is silent, uniform, hum-free, and should not be confused with "raw D. C.," which is mechanically generated and hence is unsteady and noisy. Radio really is better with Battery Power—and from the Eveready Layerbilts you secure Battery Power in its most economical and convenient form.

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East of the Rockies
9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time
Through WEAF and associated N. B. C. stations
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Illustrated at the right is a typical cylindrical-cell battery, showing the waste spaces between the cells and the soldered connections, which are avoided by the Eveready Layerbilts.

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The air is full of things you shouldn't miss

OUT-OF-DOORS

Standardized Motor Camping

AUTOMOBILE camping is passing through a period of sweeping changes. For one thing the camper has pretty well found himself. He has come into his own. No longer does he feel a bit timid. Communities in every section now take the knight of the dusty trail as a matter of course, as much a part of the order of things as radio and the airplane, which should be very consoling to the novice. Indeed he will find that, from coast to coast and from the Gulf to the green timber, he will be received with the right hand of fellowship everywhere. For his comfort and happiness communities have established shady camping places with shower baths, laundry facilities, rest rooms, stores, sanitary facilities, playgrounds, evening entertainments, and even mail service.

Grinnell Lake and Glacier, Montana

The camper, for his part, shows his appreciation of this new hospitality by dressing better. As a corollary to this improvement it is not at all unusual for him to spend a part of his time patronizing hotels, resorts and restaurants; indeed his natty outing attire is acceptable in the best dining rooms accustomed to cater to the tourist trade.

The camper no longer feels it necessary to cling, snail-wise, to his accouterment every mile of the trip. Indeed some of the brightest spots of his wanderings are found along the side trips—climbing Pike's Peak, excursion-boat trips to beauty spots no automobile road penetrates, horseback rides off the beaten trail, fishing and hiking far from the camp site. The motorist does not deny the existence of myriads of worthwhile beauty spots to which no road leads. One of the most interesting parts of a Western camping trip was enjoyed when we left our cars at Brooks Lake, up on the continental divide near Dubois, Wyoming, to go via horseback trails through Two-Ocean Pass—the only place in the United States where fish can cross the Rockies—the Teton National Forest, the famous Jim Bridger country and upper Yellowstone River valley, to come out eventually at Lewis Lake near the southern entrance to Yellowstone National Park.

Roughing it Smoothly

AMONG other innovations it is noticeable that the camper is driving a better car than he did a few years ago. Of thousands of campers' chariots counted along main transcontinental routes, and in auto camps in every section of the Middle West, seventy-five per cent were of a better three-speed-ahead type. Campers are not only driving better cars, but they now take just pride in keeping them fairly spick and span. To aid and abet exemplary conduct, thousands of municipal camps offer the use of a free car laundry.

By all means the most striking change of all, easily noted on first sight of any reputable motor camp, is the great improvement in camping outfits. Formerly anything was good enough to take camping, and it was considered quite right to set out with as little as possible in the way of equipment. I remember a school-teacher and his wife from Michigan, whom we met in a camp near Lake George in the Adirondacks back in 1922, carrying a Spartan's outfit; a weather-beaten tarpaulin for a tent, an old carpet for the floor, a few battered tin dishes and some eating utensils. They had no camp stove; nor did any cots or beds find a place in their outfit; indeed they scooped away a place for their hips and slept—like the woodsman who loved to rough it—right on the ground. One sees less and less of this sort of thing. It has been found to be a great deal more fun, as one camper said, to "cut the rough stuff" and add the few articles needed, by scrimping on other things if necessary, to enable one to rough it smoothly. Gasoline nomads are now taking as much pride in sporting a neat, efficient camping outfit—one that they are proud to show off—as they take in their automobiles and personal attire.

Another good reason for fewer outfit travesties—mattress-gorged automobiles, bedsprings nodding from the car top, and mile-long tent poles projecting fore and aft—is the present trend of standardization on the part of equipment builders. It took a long time to standardize the telephone, the radio-receiving set, and the automobile; and camping outfits have gone through the same stages. Today the manufacturer, like the camper, has found himself at last.

As a natural result of gradual improvement all along the line, the problem of outfitting is now taken a bit more seriously, as well it should be. Outfitting for a camping adventure has passed the tongue-in-the-cheek stage. Campers learned, often to their bitter sorrow, that it was not as simple as it looked and, indeed, required as much careful planning, based on as many fundamental considerations, as when buying an automobile, a washing machine, or a hat.

With the gradual improvement and standardization of manufactured outfits to meet every possible camping need, the day of the homemade outfit is rapidly passing into extinction along with the buffalo and the wild pigeon. In a way I am sorry, for many is the good laugh that one may have at the expense of comical running-board crates, generally called kitchenettes or trunks by their proud parents; most home-brewed trailers are knock-kneed and apologetic; while nothing looks so much like a comedy sketch as a misshapen home-grown tent. Then there is the funny house car that someone built with the assistance of the village blacksmith, tinsmith, and plumber. There is no need for camp burlesques any longer, for trim-appearing outfits are now available for every possible use.

When the beginner selects his auto tent he should answer these five questions: Just what is the tent to be used for—short week-end trips or long journeys? Is a shelter needed mainly for sleeping quarters, or will it also at times be called into service as a living and dining room? Is it expected that this tent will house the camping party through all kinds of weather for four or five consecutive months, or must it wear well enough to be carried one month of the year for four or five seasons? Do circumstances require that it shall be a one-man tent? What are the perils to guard against—insects, bugs, wind and sand storms, snakes?

For the modest trip where one never gets more than a few hundred miles from home, a simple type of cloth shelter will be all that is necessary. On such trips the chances are ten to one that the itinerant will have friends or relatives who can be relied upon for emergency shelter in case of an exceedingly bad storm. Hence for such elementary purposes the shed tent—often called the amazon or side tent—is just about right.

This is the original auto-camper's shelter, but its big day has passed, although it is still popular with small parties, as well as for near-home trips, and also when sleeping quarters only are demanded.

Some of the reasons for the passing of the chummy little amazon tent are: Lack of adequate head room, relatively flat roof which sprays under the impact of pelting rain and also is liable to pocket water, the difficulty in heating it when one runs into chilly nights at higher altitudes, hobbles one's car so that it cannot easily be driven from camp and the difficulty of giving this particular style of tent proper facilities for ventilation. If one takes an inventory of the next motor camp he may find that there are as many shed tents as any other kind, but if he takes the time to get acquainted with the owners he will find that many of them have their eyes on some other kind of shelter.

The Proper Tents for Nomads

IF ONE needs a tent not only for sleeping quarters but also for a place in which to eat his meal in comfortable seclusion from pests or the elements; or if he wants a shelter for a living room where he can lounge about in easy camp chairs, perchance reading, listening to his radio, or writing letters; then only a larger and more roomy one will answer.

Either the special touring wall tent or the newer umbrella shelter will meet the requirements for a more commodious living quarters. The floor-space size, which is the common way of referring to tents, should be approximately one hundred square feet for the average party of three or four people. This may mean an 8 by 12, 9 by 11 or 10 by 10 foot tent. All things considered, the rectangular tent is superior to the square one, for it enables one to arrange either two double beds or a double and two singles or four singles in positions that will give the occupants more floor space where it is most needed.

Old-style wall tents are not suitable for motor camping because they are not built insect proof, they rarely have floors or sod cloth unless ordered specially, have cumbersome ridge and end poles, and are not properly ventilated. On the other hand the newer wall tents—those built specially for the needs of the motor camper—have everything that a good shelter should offer, and also are constructed in an ingenious manner that eliminates the impossible ridge poles. Some of them have additional head room inside, as a result of a new gambrel-roof feature. Other improvements include a sort of portico cloth roof made so that it will extend from the front of the tent to the car top, rectangular-shaped doors that are protected with netting and storm flaps, automatic tension devices that keep the ridge and guy ropes just at the right tension even if a rain

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They told me to try P. A.

THEY said: "You've never really smoked a pipe unless you've smoked Prince Albert." I divided their enthusiasm by two, and decided to take a chance. Chance? Well, if *that's* what it was, I *won!* I knew I was "going somewhere" when I got that first whiff.

A few seconds later, I arrived. Boy, what a taste! Cool as a hat-check girl when she kidnaps your kelly. Sweet as her smile when you pay her the ransom. Mellow and mild and long-burning, yet with that rich, satisfying body that lets you know you're smoking. Yes, *yes!*

My pipe-program begins right after breakfast and runs far, far into the night. P. A. never tires my taste. Each pipe-load tastes better than the one before, if such a thing is possible. If you think I'm over-enthusiastic, you can check me up—with a pipe and a tidy red tin.

P. A. gives you more in every way —TWO full ounces in each tin.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!

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PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS

Stephen Douglas

Franklin Pierce

The Black Republicans, 1860

By MEADE MINNIGERODE

WE SHALL hear no more of Bleeding Kansas. There will be no more shrieks for her unhappy destiny. . . . I think we may safely anticipate that [the slavery agitation] is rapidly approaching a finality."

Mr. Buchanan was very confident of that in 1856, but he had not been many hours in office before Chief Justice Taney, speaking officially for the Supreme Court of the United States in the Dred Scott decision, startled the country again by announcing that a slave could not be considered a citizen, and that the Missouri Compromise "is not warranted by the Constitution, and is therefore void."

In the North this pronouncement was received with unbounded rage, and the assertion was made that the Supreme Court had "descended into the political mire. It has sullied the ermine; it has draggled and polluted its garments in the filth of proslavery politics." It was even believed by some that the decision was the deliberate result of collusion between the Chief Justice and the outgoing and incoming Democratic Administrations, and widespread publicity was given to Justice Curtis' dissenting opinion, in which he stated that "I do not hold any opinion of this Court or any court binding when expressed on a question not legitimately before it. . . . A great question of constitutional law, deeply affecting the peace and welfare of the country, is not, in my opinion, a fit subject to be thus reached."

And it was perfectly true that the Missouri Compromise and the citizenship of slaves formed no part of the legal point at issue in the Dred Scott case, in which the Supreme Court had simply been called upon to decide the free or slave status of an individual negro. But the Chief Justice and five of his associates—including the four Southern judges—stirred, no doubt, by a praiseworthy desire to terminate the long slavery discussion, had seen fit to seize this opportunity for the rendering of what were considered irrelevant opinions concerning these constitutional questions.

A Much-Settled Controversy

THE South, on the other hand, and with it the Democratic Administration, received the court's edict with delight. The Terriories could not be closed to slaveholders bringing with them their human property, and no action with regard to slavery could be taken prior to the establishment of statehood. Popular sovereignty in the Territories, or "squatter sovereignty," did not exist, and a Territorial legislature had no more right to determine for or against slavery than Congress itself.

The executive attitude was well displayed in Mr. Buchanan's later message to Congress, in which he informed them that "I cordially congratulate you upon the final settlement, by the Supreme Court of the United States, of the question of slavery in the Territories. . . . The right has been established of every citizen to take his property of any kind, including slaves, into the common Territories belonging equally to all the States . . . and to have it protected there under the Federal Constitution. Neither Congress, nor a Territorial Legislature, nor any human power, has any authority to annul or impair this vested right."

Once again, then, the famous controversy had been settled—but in the meantime Kansas had been shrieking, and Congress roaring, more bitterly than ever before.

General Pierce had already refused to countenance the Topeka free insurgents of Kansas, and Congress had recognized the validity of the proslavery government originally set up in the territory, a representative of which had taken his seat in the House. And now, in February, 1858, this government—by a process of undeniable deceptions—was presenting a constitution to Congress as a basis for the immediate admission of the territory to statehood, for the purpose of putting an end to the territorial conditions which for months had required the presence in Kansas of Federal troops as the only means of maintaining order. A constitution permitting slavery, adopted at Lecompton by delegates chosen in an election from which the free-state adherents had absented themselves, as they again absented themselves when the slavery clause was perfunctorily referred to a popular ratifying vote.

And if, "as an individual," Mr. Buchanan had expressed an opinion "in favor of submitting the remaining clauses . . . to the people," as an official, "neither myself nor any human authority had the power," he maintained, in spite of promises to the contrary, "to rejudge the proceedings of the convention and declare the constitution which it had framed to be a nullity. To have done this would have been a violation of the Kansas-Nebraska Act [and of] the great principle of popular sovereignty." So Mr. Buchanan, sponsoring the Lecompton Constitution before Congress, interpreted his election pledges, and not entirely inconsistently.

It was simply a question of the legitimacy of the Kansas territorial government, and "a great delusion seems to pervade the public mind," Mr. Buchanan explained, "in relation to the . . . parties in Kansas. . . . We are apt to refer merely to the existence of two violent political parties . . . divided on the question of slavery"; but the dividing line was "not between two political parties, both acknowledging the lawful existence of the government, but between those who are loyal to this government and those who have endeavored to destroy [it] by force and by usurpation—between those who sustain and those who have done all in their power to overthrow the Territorial Government established by Congress." This they would have accomplished, "had it not been . . . [for] the troops of the United States. . . . A large portion of the people of Kansas . . . have all the time been endeavoring . . . to establish a revolutionary government, under the so-called Topeka constitution."

And "this Topeka government, adhered to with such treasonable pertinacity, is a government in direct opposition to the existing government prescribed and recognized by Congress." The Topeka men should not have absented themselves from the Lecompton election, and "if Congress, for the sake of those men who refused to vote for delegates to the convention when they might have excluded slavery from the constitution, and who afterward refused to vote . . . when they might, as they claim, have stricken slavery from the constitution, should now reject the State because slavery remains in the constitution, it is manifest that the agitation . . . will be renewed in a more alarming form." The fact that those same men had recently voted jointly with great success to elect an antislavery legislature, which the convention had managed to ignore, was not emphasized.

The President's Impregnable Position

MR. BUCHANAN'S position was really quite impregnable on the surface. He was the President of a negative, non-interfering party, and it was not for him—unless he chose courageously, and perhaps unwisely, to do so—to revive the old disputes of 1855, to inquire into the validity of that original election in Kansas when the Missourians had come riding across the border, to go behind the acts of a Congress which had accepted the proslavery territorial government, to maintain which troops of the United States were at the time encamped in Kansas when they should have been in Utah pacifying the Mormons. The Topeka government was not an official government, its adherents were in "rebellion" against the constituted and authorized territorial government, and the latter had submitted a constitution, ostensibly according to law, which Mr. Buchanan

indorsed. "With my deep convictions of duty," he could plausibly say, "I could have pursued no other course." It was not true, and a whole succession of Kansas governors were there to tell him so, but it was tenable, and it may have seemed the least of several evils.

The matter is important, since it was to split the Democratic Party, read Mr. Douglas out of its administration wing and contribute to the Black Republican success of 1860. For Mr. Douglas would not tolerate the executive attitude. He came forward before the North to champion a free Kansas because he would not admit—and quite correctly—that popular sovereignty had been upheld by any scheme of statehood for the territory which excluded the Topeka claims—and without popular sovereignty Mr. Douglas was a procession without a banner. He went at once to Mr. Buchanan and warned him that he would oppose the Lecompton project; and when Mr. Buchanan advised him to remember that no Democrat had ever opposed his own administration without suffering destruction, as had been shown on several occasions during General Jackson's Presidency, Mr. Douglas retorted: "Mr. President, I wish you to remember that General Jackson is dead." And the battle began in Congress.

A notable battle which sometimes degenerated into a cat fight—as at the night session during which some thirty members indulged in fisticuffs—and the conclusion of the matter was that the Senate passed a bill admitting Kansas as a state. To this bill the House, however, added an amendment requiring that the constitution be referred again to a popular vote; and when the Senate accepted the change it also attached to the act an offer of public lands to be given to the new state if it adopted the Lecompton Constitution; otherwise it was the senatorial decision that the territory would have to wait for statehood until its population reached the required limit.

To all intents, a bribe of additional territory and immediate statehood in return for the ratification of the Lecompton Constitution—a bribe which the people of Kansas were actually to reject in August by voting down the pro-slavery document—and the passage of the measure was greeted prematurely at Washington with cheers and cannon as a great administration victory over Mr. Douglas. For the Little Giant was now an enemy; a deserter who, after supporting the Kansas policy of General Pierce, had turned against his party; a traitor, in the eyes of the South, whose popular sovereignty was only an antislavery device, and of whom rumor spoke as in secret alliance with the Black Republicans. The hand of executive vengeance fell upon his adherents in office, the Democratic press hounded him forth with abuse—some of it perhaps officially inspired—and there was nothing for him to do, in the fall of 1858, but to go back to Illinois and seek reelection to the Senate.

And there, awaiting him as an opponent, he found the long Abraham Lincoln.

When Lincoln Launched a Fatal Question

THE two candidates toured the state together, debating jointly on the issues of the day, and it was during their Freeport meeting that the ungainly lawyer finally asked his famous question. "If Douglas answers," he had predicted, "he can never be President." Could the people of a territory, Mr. Lincoln wanted to know, "in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen . . . exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a State Constitution?" The Supreme Court of the United States versus popular sovereignty.

Mr. Douglas could not ignore the question; he could only answer it to his greatest immediate, local advantage, and let the South think what it might for the time being; he could only endeavor, with all the political acrobatics at his command, to comply with the *obiter dicta* of the Dred Scott decision—as behooved a good Democrat—without abandoning the precious doctrine of popular sovereignty, which was his principal presidential stock in trade.

So, on the ground that the safeguarding by the Constitution of slave property rights in a territory must be worthless unless sustained by local regulations which must themselves "depend entirely upon the will and wishes of the people of the Territory, as they can only be prescribed by the local legislatures." Mr. Douglas replied that "the people have the lawful means to introduce [slavery] or to reject it as they please, for the reason that slavery cannot exist a day or an hour anywhere unless it is supported by local police regulations." Consequently, "no matter what the decision of the Supreme Court may be on that abstract question, still the right of the people to make a slave territory or a free territory is perfect and complete under the Nebraska Bill."

Mr. Douglas had saved the day, and his senator's seat in Illinois, but he had killed himself in the South, and the future, with its Presidency, belonged to Abraham Lincoln.

"I am now in my sixty-ninth year," Mr. Buchanan was writing to Mrs. Polk in 1859, "and am heartily tired of my position as President."

Kansas, Nicaragua, the Mormons, slavery—it had all been very difficult, and there was still John Brown in store. The Republicans and abolitionists were making a great noise at the North; Mr. Douglas was stirring up the troubled waters of Democratic faction, numbering his Northern hosts for the presidential year; Mr. Buchanan was a weary Joshua who allowed his hands to be upheld by the radical politicians of the South.

A Democratic Crisis

AND in the South a new party had been forming—the party of Jefferson Davis and Robert Rhett, and especially of William Yancey. A party of action, as opposed to the negativism of the other Democratic leaders, of intense sectionalism to match that of the North. Men who cared for nothing but the South and its aspirations; a South within the Union or separated from it—it was all one to them—but an independent South, unhampered by the interfering North, free to pursue what they conceived to be its destiny. Men who would have fought out the issue of slavery in Kansas to its bitterest end, rather than haggle, Toombs fashion, over local popular majorities. Men who harangued the Southern commercial conventions on the desirability of Southern political emancipation and a reopening of the African slave trade as an offset to the importation of cheap foreign labor into the North—so that slave ships were actually fitted out in New York with readily subservient Northern funds and sent out surreptitiously on their dark errands, until Mr. Buchanan, in his annual message to Congress, was obliged solemnly to occupy himself with these matters.

Men who may, some of them, have belonged to that great secret society, The Knights of the Golden Circle—ancestor of the later and quite different Northern Order of American Knights—which is known to have flourished in the South, with its lodges, inner and outer temples and commanderies, just prior to the Civil War. A society devoted to Southern interests, to the maintenance and extension of slavery, to the politically positive consolidation of the Southern States within their own borders and in the halls of Congress at Washington, where a committee of the society is reported to have sat in continuous secret conclave during the last months preceding secession. A society of which the passwords were said to be YECNAY and NUOHLAC, in which it is not difficult to recognize Yancey and Calhoun.

Men, certainly, who learned of Mr. Douglas' verbal teeterings at Freeport with profound delight, knowing how irretrievably fatal they would prove to his cause in the South; and for whom the insane adventure at Harper's Ferry, in October, 1859, of the blood-stained John Brown, and more particularly, the nature of its reception in the North, were a final straw which was not to be borne. For he had hoped to incite an uprising of the slaves—another Nat Turner's massacre; although it was a curious thing how sluggishly the slaves responded—and when Northern men, among them Mr. Emerson, had the audacity to greet John Brown as a "new saint" who would make "the gallows glorious like the cross," the entire South went white with horror.

An attempt, supported by Northerners, to reproduce Santo Domingo in Virginia, "and when the desperadoes were arrested and punished, they were elevated to the honors of martyrdom." And as for those Black Republicans who approved of the outrage, "among a people not dead to all sense of virtue and decency, such a party could not prevail." The South was in a roaring fury; the Yancey press was all clarions and drums. There were feathers and a bucket of tar for every Northerner who showed his face, bonfires for any copies that came to hand of Mr. Helper's Impending Crisis of the South—a recent book by a Southerner criticizing slavery—and on all sides the retaliatory cry arose: "Don't trade with the North!" That was something the Northerners could understand—an injury to their commerce, a calamity to their New England pocketbooks. So the year turned, and it was time for a presidential election.

The Democratic National Convention assembled in Charleston, for the opening on April 23, 1860, and if the raising of daily room and board to five dollars by the city landlords discouraged the attendance of many professional hangers-on, political bravoes and plug-ughes, still the town was packed to the eaves, the Mills House was overflowing with Douglas people, the Charleston Hotel was a bedlam of Yancey Fire-eaters, and the Charleston Mercury saw that "where there should be confidence and harmony, it is plain that men feel as if they were going into a battle." The word "crisis" was on every tongue.

It was to be battle to defeat Mr. Douglas and his Freeport popular-sovereignty doctrines. Indeed, "let him be nominated and there will be such a war whoop as never was heard in the land," some of the delegates were saying, a war whoop from Mr. Yancey's supporters, from the partisans of Jefferson Davis, who had already been calling upon the Senate to safeguard slavery against the aggressions of territorial legislatures, from the entire extremist wing of the Southern Democracy, intent upon positive, uncompromising action on behalf of the South and its institutions "Ours is the property invaded," Mr. Yancey was to tell the Douglas men in his great address to the convention, "ours are the institutions which are at stake; ours is the peace that is to be destroyed . . . ours is the honor at stake—the honor of our children, the honor of our families, the lives, perhaps, of all—all of which rests upon what your course may ultimately make a great heaving volcano of passion and crime if you are enabled to consummate your designs."

But the Northern Democrats—the cohorts of the Little Giant—were no less determined, no less belligerent. In Institute Hall, when the convention met—under that fresco upon which, in the opinion of an eyewitness, there were to be seen "three highly colored but very improperly dressed females"—the question of the contested delegations from Illinois and New York was settled in favor of the Douglas adherents. And when the committee on resolutions brought in the platform it was the Douglas men who forced the adoption of the minority report.

It had been the decision of the majority of the committee that "the Democracy of the United States hold these cardinal principles on the subject of slavery in the Territories: First, that Congress has no power to abolish slavery in the Territories. Second, that the Territorial Legislature has no power to abolish slavery in any Territory, nor to prohibit the introduction of slaves therein, nor any power to exclude slavery therefrom, nor any right to destroy or impair the right of property in slaves by any legislation whatever." This was the Yancey view. It was the positive, aggressively sectional reply of the new Southern party to Mr. Douglas' theories and political acrobatics, to the Northern attempts to encroach upon what the South considered its rights. It was the ultimatum of a majority speaking for a group representing a minority of electoral votes; and the Douglas men would not accept it.

A Long Way Round the Question

FOR hours, day after day, the convention argued and quarreled—discussing, recommitting, laying on the table—in a pandemonium of incredible disorder before breathless galleries, sometimes "a hundred delegates upon the floor and upon chairs, screaming like panthers and gesticulating like monkeys. . . . Not a word was audible. The reporters climbed upon their tables, the delegates mounted the chairs, the people in the galleries stretched their necks and hung over the balustrade." And in the midst of it all, over at the hotel, a "great calamity" came upon the Ohio delegation, for "their private whisky, of which they laid in a supply supposed to be equal to all emergencies, the nomination of Douglas included, gave out this morning. . . . The Kentucky whisky, too, is nearly all gone. The barrel in which it is contained, and which occupies an honorable position . . . in their parlor, gives forth when consulted . . . a dismal tone of emptiness."

As for the platform, they finally pushed through the minority resolutions, confirming the principles of 1856, and announcing "that it is the duty of the United States to afford ample and complete protection to all its citizens, whether at home or abroad, and whether native or foreign." At the same time they rejected the only clause possessed of any real significance, to the effect that "inasmuch as differences of opinion exist in the Democratic Party as to the nature and extent of the powers of a territorial legislature, and as to the powers and duties of Congress, under the Constitution . . . over the institution of slavery within the Territories, Resolved that the Democratic Party will abide by the decisions of the Supreme Court . . . on the questions of constitutional law."

It was a complete begging of the question by the Douglas men; the most "cowardly and contemptible thing," as one contemporary saw it, "in the history of platforms," and it infuriated a great part of the South. The Alabama delegation withdrew immediately from the convention, followed by Mississippi, Florida and Texas. Soon after, a majority of the delegates from Louisiana and South Carolina retired, together with representatives from Arkansas, Delaware and North Carolina. On the following day, May first, twenty-six of the thirty-three Georgians joined the seceded groups, and the three remaining South Carolinians were not long to brave the hisses which continually greeted them from the galleries. The Democratic National Convention had split in two.

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National MAZDA LAMPS

Light is Life

YOUTH'S unspoiled instincts respond with joy to the golden rays of the sun. Grown men and women too, breathe in new strength and optimism with the sunlit air.

For literally and truly light is life. And more light is more life. Inside the home as out of doors.

These pearl gray lamps give softer light. Light of greater beauty and gentler radiance. Infinitely better than old fashioned lamps more rugged, more easily cleaned these new *inside* frosted MAZDA lamps cost less than ever before.

Put them in every socket and shade them.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS *of General Electric Co.*, Nela Park, Cleveland

A GE PRODUCT
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MAZDA is a mark, not a name—the mark of the research service of General Electric Company, which has been the leader in those developments which have produced the modern incandescent lamp.

ACKNOWLEDGED
ALL OVER AMERICA
THE FINE CAR OF LOW PRICE

ALL over America it is becoming clear that Oldsmobile has done a very important thing. It has opened the fine car field to thousands once barred by price!

This new car provides quiet, smooth performance, and the flowing power of a new high compression engine.

It embodies the restful comfort of silenced interiors and Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers.

The striking new bodies by Fisher excel in smart good looks and handsome appointments.

All these elements are offered in that perfect balance which has identified high priced cars.

Now no one need pay a premium to enjoy them.

Motordom was quick to recognize this fact. "Two years ahead," critics said.

The public took up their praise and backed it with the sincere endorsement of enthusiastic buying.

And with Oldsmobile's brilliant performance becoming a matter of common knowledge, that public acceptance has grown and grown.

It proclaims this product of General Motors as more than a new car.

It stamps it as the creation of an entirely *new class* of motor cars.

It recognizes that in this class Oldsmobile stands alone—The Fine Car of Low Price!

OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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There were great crowds in the streets of Charleston on the evening of April thirtieth, tremendous demonstrations for Mr. Yancey when he spoke, processions and cheers in honor of a Southern republic; there was "a Fourth of July feeling . . . a jubilee. There was no mistaking the public sentiment of the city. It was overwhelmingly and enthusiastically in favor of the seceders."

They met at once, on that same evening, and again on May first, in St. Andrew's Hall -ignoring the sittings of the Douglas "rump convention," as Mr. Yancey called it—and for the next two days, as the Constitutional Democratic Party, they convened in formal session in the theater, facing a stage set for the palace of the Borgia, while "the dress circle was densely crowded by ladies." For "you see at once the patriotism of the Carolina ladies exemplified. There were not more than a dozen of them to witness the proceedings of the Rump Convention . . . and here they were smiling upon the Constitutional champions of the South by hundreds. . . . The principal feature of the convention was the ladies."

The ladies, and the platform. The principles of 1856 and of the national-committee-majority report, and these resolutions: That it was the duty of the Federal Government "to protect, when necessary, the rights of persons and property in the Territories"; that "the government of a Territory organized by an Act of Congress is provisional and temporary; and, during its existence, all citizens . . . have an equal right to settle with their property in the Territory, without their rights, either of person or of property, being destroyed or impaired by congressional legislation"; and that "when the settlers in a Territory . . . form a State Constitution the right of sovereignty commences, and being consummated by admission into the Union, they stand on an equal footing with the people of other States; and the State thus organized ought to be admitted into the Federal Union whether its Constitution prohibits or recognizes the institution of slavery."

Waiting for the Last Straw

And then, with speeches, they adjourned until June eleventh, at Richmond, where the expectation of certain events caused another postponement until June twenty-fifth. And in the meantime, "the serpent of squatter sovereignty must be strangled!"

In the national convention—what was left of it—they had listened in a dazed way to some dramatic speeches from those Southern delegates who still occupied their seats. For instance, "Be not deceived," Solomon Cohen, of Georgia, told them, "for in heart and in principle I am with those who have retired from the convention. Yet I have deemed it my duty to remain . . . with the hope that the cup of conciliation may not be drained to the dregs. . . . I will stay here until the last feather be placed upon the back of the camel; I will stay until crushed and broken in spirit, humiliated by feeling . . . that the Southern States are as a mere cipher in your estimation—that all her rights are trampled underfoot."

Then, with a two-thirds rule based on the full membership of the original convention, they set about the business of nominating Mr. Douglas, out of a field of nine, including Jefferson Davis and Franklin Pierce. But when, on May third, after fifty-seven ballots, Mr. Douglas was still some fifty votes short of the necessary number, they adjourned, to reassemble in Baltimore on June eighteenth, with the understanding that the vacancies caused by retiring delegates should be filled. There was a great packing of portmanteaus that evening, a great jam on the cars—the constitutional convention had itself just adjourned—and on his train one newspaper reporter found "many distinguished passengers, there being about an equal number of United States senators and keepers of faro tables, the latter wearing decidedly the most costly apparel." It had been a good convention for them, and "one gambling house realized twenty-four thousand dollars clear profits" in eleven days.

And in Baltimore, when they were not parading about the surging streets at night with bands, and insulting each other at simultaneous mass meetings in Monument Square—the Northerners calling their Southern colleagues traitors, bolters and disunionists, and the Yancey enthusiasts shouting that Mr. Douglas and his crew were "bankrupts in pocket and principle," liars, profligates, impostors, cowards and "men without honor or decency"—the delegates in the Front Street Theater found themselves in a furious uproar because of what seemed to many of them to be a high-handed determination on the part of the Douglas forces to settle the contests over new delegations in their own favor. "It now seems," Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, exclaimed, "as if you were going to substitute a man in place of principle."

A Simple Situation

The battle went on, with outcries and panics—as when the individual in the gallery hung his umbrella to dry over a lighted gas chandelier, terrifying an audience already made nervous by the earlier collapse of the entire front of the stage—and when the official membership of the conclave, with its seemingly deliberate Douglas bias, was made known on June twenty-second, for the second time in the history of this Democratic Convention, a pale gentleman stood on a chair and addressed the delegations. It was Virginia retiring from the convention—Virginia soon to be followed by most of the remaining Southern delegates and many also from the North.

"California," its spokesman announced, "is here with melancholy faces. California is here with a lacerated heart, bleeding and weeping over the downfall and destruction of the Democratic Party . . . consummated by assassins now grinning upon this floor. . . . There have been wrongs perpetrated upon the Democracy of that deep and damning character that it does not permit California longer to participate in the proceedings of this irregular organization." Oregon was not far behind. "By your action today," it decided, "gentlemen as much entitled to seats as ourselves . . . are excluded from the floor. We . . . are conscious that a most grievous wrong and insult has been given to sovereign States. These States are the weak parties in this contest, and we have resolved to stand by them."

Once again the Democratic National Convention was split in two—and at Richmond men were watching.

Left to itself, the rump of the "rump convention" finally began to ballot, and on the second trial Mr. Douglas—whose managers persistently suppressed, until the decision had been reached, his several private offers to withdraw for the sake of harmony—was declared nominated as having received two-thirds of the votes actually present. The Vice Presidency having been refused by Benjamin Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, it remained for the National Committee to select Herschel Johnson, of Georgia, for the office.

And just at the end they found the courage to add a resolution to the platform—"that it is in accordance with . . . the [1856] platform that, during the existence of the Territorial Governments, the measure of restriction, whatever it may be, imposed by the Federal Constitution on the power of the Territorial Legislature over the subject of the domestic relations, as the same has been, or shall hereafter be, finally determined by the Supreme Court . . . should be respected by all good citizens and enforced with promptness and fidelity by every branch of the general government." Amen.

The delegates who had marched out of the Front Street Theater—and with them a majority of the spectators—assembled at once in convention at the Maryland Institute; some twenty delegations, complete or fragmentary, including representatives from Iowa, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New York. "The convention assembled elsewhere," Mr. Russell, of Virginia, told them, "and from which you have withdrawn, has lost all title to the designation of national." There, in the Institute hall, "all restraint of feeling had disappeared, and a spirit of the most cordial unanimity and harmony characterized every man and every feature."

They adopted the original Charleston majority resolutions, they nominated the Vice President, John Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and Joseph Lane, of Oregon—nominations which the deferred Richmond convention immediately ratified—and then they called on Mr. Yancey, who proclaimed that Mr. Douglas could rest beneath the grave of squatter sovereignty, and that "the storm clouds of faction have drifted away." And many of the delegates themselves began to drift away, for Mr. Yancey went on and on, and some of them were not so pleased when he announced himself to be "no worshipper at the shrine of the Union. I am no Union shrieker. I meet great questions fairly, on their merits. I do not try to drown the judgment of the people by shrieking for the Union. I am neither for the Union nor against the Union. . . . I urge or oppose measures upon the ground of their constitutionality and wisdom or the reverse."

It was all over finally, after two distressing months, and Mr. Buchanan was in favor of Mr. Breckinridge "because he sanctions and sustains the perfect equality of all the States within their common Territories, and the opinion of the Supreme Court . . . establishing this equality." The situation seemed very simple to Mr. Buchanan. "The people of the Southern States," he explained, "can never abandon this great principle of State equality in the Union without self-degradation. . . . What then have the North to do? Merely to say that . . . they will yield obedience to the decision of the Supreme Court and admit the right of a Southern man to take his property into the Territories, and hold it there just as a Northern man may do; and it is to me the most extraordinary thing in the world that this country should now be distracted and divided because certain persons at the North will not agree that their brethren at the South shall have the same rights in the Territories which they enjoy. . . . Let [the] principle of [Congressional] nonintervention [with slavery] be extended to the Territorial Legislatures . . . and then the controversy is, in effect, ended. . . . Hands off by Congress and hands off by the Territorial Legislature."

Resolved to Save the Country

Mr. Buchanan was perfectly right—that was the odd part of it—and his optimism was incurable. "Shall we," he asked, "for the sake of squatter sovereignty . . . incur the risk of dividing the great Democratic Party of the country into two sectional parties, the one North and the other South?" No. "I entertain no such fearful apprehensions. The present issue is transitory and will speedily pass away. . . . Should the time ever arrive when Northern agitation and fanaticism shall proceed so far as to render the domestic firesides of the South insecure, then, and not till then, will the Union be in danger. A united Northern Democracy will present a wall of fire against such a catastrophe. There are in our midst numerous persons who predict the dissolution of the great Democratic Party, and others who contend that it has already been dissolved. The wish is father to the thought. . . . It will never die whilst the Constitution and the Union survive. It will live to protect and defend both."

Mr. Buchanan, in July, 1860, was very confident of the integrity of his Democratic Party, which was already sundered into Northern and Southern factions, and of the security of that Union which another six months were to dissolve. But in May, at Baltimore, some prudent gentlemen had assembled in convention who foresaw only peril for the Union. The Constitutional Union Party, Northerners and Southerners—including the long-haired delegate from Texas who had once wagered the growth of his beard on the election of Henry Clay to the Presidency—everybody, as a reporter saw them, "eminently respectable, intensely virtuous, devotedly patriotic and fully resolved to save the country. They propose to accomplish that . . . by ignoring all the rugged issues of the day."

A great speech-making and cheering aggregation, prone to "virtuous twaddle," bent, some of them, on nominating that "rather good old soul" General Sam Houston, whose proceedings upon the adoption of their resolutions "were, in fact, a long yell." Resolutions stating that "it is both the part of patriotism and of duty to recognize no political principle other than the Constitution . . . the union of the States and the enforcement of the laws, and . . . we hereby pledge ourselves to maintain, protect and defend, separately and unitedly, these great principles of public liberty and national safety against all enemies at home and abroad."

In the Black Republican Wigwam

Whereupon they nominated John Bell, of Tennessee, and Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, the "ladies' candidate"—the "Kangaroo ticket," so called, "because the hinder part was stronger than the head." With ladies showering him with bouquets, Mr. Hillard, of Boston, remarked that "you have this day done a good and glorious work. It will send a thrill of joy and hope all over the land. . . . It [will] be felt . . . like the breeze from the sea after a day of exhausted heat; like as a man at the poles who is languishing after the protracted darkness of an arctic winter feels, when he sees the first ruddy spark which tells him that the spring and summer is coming, so shall we at the North welcome the intelligence of this convention. As the greater part of creation waiteth for the manifestation of the Son of God, so all over the land will the true and patriotic citizens of America rise up and call you blessed."

In the meantime they held a ratification meeting in Monument Square, with an illuminated platform and bands and portraits of Washington and Clay; and in November Mr. Bell carried Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia.

Long before the Democrats were through, the Black Republicans had met in Chicago, on May sixteenth, and performed their historic business. In the specially constructed Wigwam, a plank edifice capable of accommodating ten thousand persons, a replica of the Crystal Palace at New York, in the open spaces surrounding which thousands more were enabled to assemble and give voice to their enthusiasms.

Chicago, with twenty-five thousand strangers in town, was a madhouse of dust, bands and champagne. Already on the trains "the number of private bottles [of whisky] . . . was something surprising. A portion of the Republicans are distressed by what they see and hear of the disposition to use ardent spirits which appears in members of their supposed to be painfully virtuous party. And our Western Reserve was thrown into prayers and perspiration . . . by some New Yorkers who were singing songs not found in hymn books." But then the New Yorkers were a gay lot who could "drink as much whisky, swear as loud and long, sing as bad songs and get up and howl as ferociously as any crowd of Democrats. . . . At night those of them who are not engaged in caucusing are doing that which ill-tutored youths call raising hell generally."

They were at the Richmond House with Mr. Weed, "Irrepressibles" ballyhooing for

Mr. Seward, whose nomination seemed inevitable this time—with their tremendous band all rigged out in feathers and epaulets—while over at the more "conservative" Tremont House, where fifteen hundred men were sitting down to breakfast, Mr. Greeley was shuffling about and being stared at, "as innocent as ever," impervious to the fact that the Seward men were calling him an old ass.

Mr. Greeley was filling a vacancy from Oregon, and Mr. Greeley was very busy. Mr. Seward had refused to believe it when Julius Wood had warned him that "Greeley is cheating you; he will go to Chicago and work against you"; and the two men were still outwardly friendly, although the famous letter "dissolving the firm of Seward, Weed and Greeley," though not yet made public, had been written long before by Mr. Greeley—a break caused by Mr. Seward's failure to reward Mr. Greeley's services with political offices, since already in 1840, according to Mr. Greeley, "you, Governor Seward, ought to have asked that I be Postmaster of New York." But now Mr. Greeley was at Chicago, and very busy; nor was he to be found in the ranks of those who tramped the streets four by four, singing "Oh, isn't he a darling?" in honor of Mr. Seward.

And aside from Mr. Greeley's personal grievances, there was a very considerable political opposition to Mr. Seward. He was considered by some a radical, an extremist, on the slavery question; it was resented by others that he had taken no leading part in the Lecompton controversy. He was felt by many to be "an organ in the hands of the organ grinder Thurlow Weed," and he was laughed at for his various anti movements—antirent, anti-Mason, antislavery. "Billy Seward and his three Aunties." He had, Senator Wilson explained to him, "by your ability and long devotion to the antislavery cause, excited prejudices and awakened conservative fears in the great states of Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, New Jersey and Connecticut, which are to be the battleground of the contest." Indeed, the Republican candidates for governor in Indiana, Illinois and Pennsylvania were proclaiming that they might as well resign from the canvass in their respective states should Mr. Seward be nominated by the national convention.

An Entertaining Thought

The Republicans were out to sweep the coming election, and the determination of several delegations to rid themselves of Mr. Seward for the sake of victory—"Success rather than Seward"—was equaled only by the obstinate self-assurance of the Seward men and of their leader. It was a solemn matter—everything was "solemn" at Chicago—and if one reporter present felt justified in recording that "the current of the universal twaddle . . . is that Old Abe [Lincoln] will be the nominee," as a representative of conservatism, respectability, availability "and all that sort of thing," still to many minds the logical candidate upon whom to unite was "the man who can split rails and maul Democrats," the farmer lawyer of Illinois, the confuter of Mr. Douglas, the author of the Cooper Union speech.

He knew what they were planning. The taste for the Presidency—that perilous Presidency of 1860—"is in my mouth a little," he confessed; Mrs. Lincoln wanted him to be President—she had foretold that he would be—and "if I had not thought so I would not have married him," she laughed, "for you can see he is not pretty." He was ready to try, and "our policy," he advised his friends, "is to give no offense to others—leave them in a mood to come to us if they shall be compelled to give up their first love." But he would not go to Chicago, for if "I am a little too much a candidate to stay home," he was also "not quite enough a candidate to go."

But his friends went, and worked like beavers. "I authorize no bargains and will be bound by none," he had said, but Indiana was "nailed down" by promising "everything they asked"; Pennsylvania was secured "by paying their price" in cabinet pledges. Seats were provided for the white-hatted Pennsylvanians between Illinois and Indiana in order to safeguard them against the blandishments of Mr. Weed, who was "a sly old fox"; and just before the convention opened they were writing to Mr. Lincoln that "things are working. Keep a good nerve. We are laboring to make you the second choice of all the delegations we can, where we can't make you first choice. We are dealing tenderly with delegates, taking them in detail and making no fuss. . . . Again, I say, brace your nerves for any result."

The Challenge Flung

He, for his part, was willing to be Vice President, if they failed to make him President and thought it advisable.

The opening of the Wigwam doors saw a fearful rush into the amphitheater and into the galleries to which only gentlemen accompanied by ladies were admitted, so that "ladies to accompany gentlemen were in demand—schoolgirls were found on the street and given a quarter each to see a gentleman safe in. . . . An Irishwoman passing with a bundle of clothes . . . was levied upon by an Irrepressible, and seeing him safely into the [reserved] seats . . . retired with her fee and bundle. Another Irrepressible sought out an Indian woman who was selling moccasins, but the policeman informed him 'that she was no lady.'"

Credentials and resolutions precipitated vigorous polemics, and "there has not been in any previous Republican convention sharpshooting so keen, and sarcasm so bitter and incisive. . . . We only occasionally hear the sentimental twang, the puritanic intonation that indicates the ancient and savory article of antislaveryism. The truth is the Republican Party is rapidly becoming Democratized in its style of operations." But when the resolutions were finally adopted, on the second day, "all the thousands of men in that enormous Wigwam commenced swinging their hats and cheering. . . . The roar that went up . . . was indescribable. . . . A herd of buffaloes or lions could not have made a more tremendous roaring."

They presented various economic demands, internal improvements, a railroad to the Pacific; they condemned the Democratic administration as subservient to sectional interests and extravagant in expenditure; they denounced the "lawless invasion by armed force" of any state or territory as "the gravest of crimes"—their *amende honorable* for John Brown—they required the admission of Kansas as a free state. They declared that "the new dogma that the Constitution, of its own force, carries slavery into any or all of the Territories . . . is a dangerous political heresy"; that "we brand the recent opening of the African slave trade under the cover of our national flag . . . as a crime against humanity and a burning shame to our country and age"; and that "the normal condition of all the territory of the United States is that of freedom . . . and we deny the authority of Congress, of a Territorial Legislature, or of any individual to give legal existence to slavery in any Territory of the United States."

There it was. They were not concerned with property rights, with popular sovereignty, with Supreme Court interpretations of the Constitution, and the challenge was flung at Charleston. Not violently enough, perhaps, for the extreme abolitionists who were to refer to Mr. Lincoln as "the slave hound of Illinois," but with sufficient clarity to alienate from a Republican victory any thought of Southern acquiescence.

The delegations were in a ferment during that second night, prior to the nominating session, and the dawn found many gentlemen still hurrying from room to room, trafficking in solemnities. The Seward men, positive of the morrow's triumph, had "a champagne supper in their rooms at the Richmond House . . . and . . . bands of music serenading the various delegations. . . . Three hundred bottles of champagne are said to have been cracked at the Richmond." It looked like Seward, but the Lincoln managers were leaving no cork unpulled—they were even having special admission tickets signed, so that access to the Wigwam might be made possible for the army of "shouters" for whom they had procured reduced excursion rates on the railroads—and Mr. Greeley was shuffling about—shuffling about.

"Massachusetts was right in Weed's hands," he wrote afterward. "It was all we could do to hold Vermont. . . . The rest of New England was pretty sound, but part of New Jersey was somehow inclined to sin against light and knowledge. If you had seen the Pennsylvania delegation, and known how much money Weed had in hand, you would not have believed we could do as well as we did. . . . Ohio looked very bad, but turned out well, and Virginia had been regularly sold out; but the seller could not deliver. We had to rain red-hot bolts on them, however, to keep the majority from going to Seward. . . . Indiana was our right bower and Missouri above praise. It was a fearful week, such as I hope and trust I shall never see repeated."

The next morning the Seward men came swinging down to the Wigwam behind their "Oh, isn't he a darling?" band; the Lincoln "shouters" went shoving into the galleries ahead of the New York "boys," who had been making all the noise during the first two days; and nominations were in order. Eight of them, but "everybody felt that the fight was between [Seward and Lincoln] and yelled accordingly." There was "absolutely terrific" applause for Mr. Lincoln's seconder, but when Mr. Seward's turn came "the effect was startling. Hundreds of persons stopped their ears in pain. The shouting was absolutely frantic, shrill and wild. No Comanches . . . ever . . . gave screams with more infernal intensity. Looking from the stage . . . nothing was to be seen below but thousands of hats."

Drowning the Cannon's Roar

But the Lincoln "shouters" were not in the galleries for nothing, and "now the Lincoln men had to try it again, and . . . the uproar was beyond description. Imagine all the hogs ever slaughtered in Cincinnati giving their death squeals together, a score of big steam whistles going. . . . The Lincoln boys were clearly ahead and feeling their victory . . . and gave a concentrated shriek that was positively awful, and accompanied it with stamping that made every plank and pillar in the building quiver. . . . The New York, Michigan and Wisconsin delegations sat together, and . . . many of their faces whitened as the Lincoln yawp swelled into a hosanna of victory."

Down on the floor they were balloting, and on the first trial Mr. Seward had one hundred and seventy-three and a half, Mr. Lincoln one hundred and two. On the second ballot Mr. Seward had gained eleven votes and Mr. Lincoln seventy-nine, including the entire vote of Vermont, so that he was only three and a half votes behind Mr. Seward. "This was a blighting blow upon the Seward interest; the New Yorkers started as if an Orsini bomb had exploded"; and "it now dawned upon the multitude" that Mr Seward was done. On the third ballot he had only one hundred and eighty, Mr. Lincoln two hundred and thirty-one and a half—one and a half less than the required number.

People were going crazy, Mr. Weed was shedding tears, and it was Mr Medill of the Chicago Tribune who, according to Mr. Sandburg, turned to the Ohio delegation and promised them anything they cared to ask for Mr. Chase if they would change a sufficient number of their votes to clinch the Lincoln nomination. The Ohioans had four votes to contribute: "there was a moment's silence," then "there was a noise in the Wigwam like the rush of a great wind in the van of a storm—and in another breath the storm was there. There were thousands cheering with the energy of insanity." Abraham Lincoln was nominated.

The cannon on the roof was fired and the crowds outside began to yell; the sound of their roaring was added to the tumult within the hall, "and the shouting was repeated with such tremendous fury that some discharges of the cannon were absolutely not heard by those on the stage." State standards were being torn up—but not that of New York—hats were being smashed; men standing a few feet apart were screaming inaudibly at the top of their lungs. Someone rushed out and telegraphed to Mr. Lincoln: "We did it, glory to God!"

Inside the Wigwam Mr. Evarts, of New York, was generously moving to make the nomination unanimous; Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, was being chosen as Vice President; Carl Schurz was declaiming something about "defying the whole slave power and the whole vassalage of hell." Delegates were staggering around like drunken men, overwhelmed by the reaction of exhaustion; the Seward supporters were "terribly stricken down. They were mortified beyond all expression."

As Others Saw Him

Mortified and furious. Horace Greeley was the man to blame. Greeley, who had exclaimed "Now I am even with Governor Seward," and who was being cheered wherever he went because he had "slaughtered Seward and saved the party." He was the one they considered responsible for the selection of the "prairie statesman," and the Seward men—Mr. Seward himself—would not forgive him. "The past is dead," he was to write soon after. "Let the dead past bury it, and let its mourners, if they will, go about the streets." Yes, Mr. Weed retorted, and who were they, these mourners? They were "the rank and file as well as the intelligence and patriotism of nearly every Republican State in the Union." And to others, too, it seemed "the triumph of a presumption of availability over preëminence in intellect and unrivaled fame."

It was, in other words, a fearful comedown for Mr. Seward—the overconfident Mr. Seward who had declared that "if he was not nominated as the Republican candidate . . . at the . . . convention, he would shake the dust off his shoes and retire from the service of an ungrateful party for the remainder of his days"—and Chicago was "wild with delight," crashing with bands, roaring with jubilation. One hundred guns were fired from the roof of the Tremont House, the Chicago Tribune office was illuminated, "the Old Abe men formed processions and bore rails through the streets," and "torrents of liquor were poured down the hoarse throats of the multitude." Abraham Lincoln was nominated.

"A horrid-looking wretch he is," the Charleston Mercury thought, "sooty and scoundrelly in aspect, a cross between the nutmeg dealer, the horse swapper and the night man. . . . He is a lank-sided Yankee of the uncomeliest visage and of the dirtiest complexion. Faugh! After him what decent white man would be President?"

It was to be a violent campaign, without mercy on either side—in the South they would even have it that Mr. Hamlin was a mulatto—and already in April Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, was writing from Washington that "so far as I know . . . every man in both Houses is armed with a revolver, some with two, and a bowie knife. . . . Seeing the oldest and most conservative senators . . . get revolvers, I most reluctantly got one myself." And yet the slavery question was not exclusively emphasized, nor did the Black Republicans

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THE WORLD'S FINEST FABRIC— AT HOME OR ON WHEELS

IT IS said that the early kings so prized the lovely fabrics which decorated their palaces that they carried them from one battlefield to another. . . . Today, velvets of even a finer quality are found in the home and the motor car; and to CA-VEL, more than to any other material, we owe this almost universal use. To both, CA-VEL brings enduring beauty and priceless charm.

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CA-VEL

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

"We Americans"

Few of us realize the troubles and heart-aches emigrants experience in fitting themselves for citizenship and adapting themselves to our laws and rules. Hence, Universal's picture, "We Americans" will prove decidedly interesting, because it makes the subject clear.

George Sidney

It is dramatic, pathetic and contains a world of humor. In order that such an intense theme should not be bungled or lose any of its charm, we have cast it with talented players such as GEORGE SIDNEY, PATSY RUTH MILLER, BERYL MERCER, GEORGE LEWIS, EDDIE PHILLIPS, ALBERT GRAN, JOHN BOLES, KATHLYN WILLIAMS, JOSEPHINE DUNN, and others.

"We Americans" is adapted from the Broadway stage success by Milton Herbert Gropper and Max Siegel. Edward Sloman directed it and Carl Laemmle Jr., supervised it. You can see this picture at the following theatres beginning April 28th: Rialto Theatre, Washington, D. C., Alhambra Theatre, Milwaukee, Wis., Columbia Theatre, Portland, Ore., Columbia Theatre, Seattle, Wash., Clemmer Theatre, Spokane, Wash.

One of our esteemed correspondents writes that he is "tired of seeing old, white-haired and wrinkled faced actors and actresses playing lovers roles." I beg to assure him that I agree with him and to call his attention to the fact that Universal casts only young people in such parts, such beautiful young women as LAURA LA PLANTE, MARY PHILBIN, DOROTHY GULLIVER, BARBARA KENT, MARIAN NIXON, and such pleasing young men as REGINALD DENNY, GLENN TRYON, GEORGE LEWIS and others.

Patsy Ruth Miller

The wonderful press-notices that LAURA LA PLANTE is receiving throughout the world, confirms all I have said concerning the beauty and talent of this extraordinary young woman.

And I am glad to note the splendid reception accorded GLENN TRYON, the "Different Comedian." It will pay you to watch for him in your neighborhood.

Lon Chaney as "The Hunchback"

Statesmen and prominent men who knew conditions at the time *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"* was written, have seen it in picture and their praise is rather remarkable in my opinion. I am proud of it myself—very proud. You will be charmed when you see it.

Because of pressing demand I am reissuing *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"* starring LON CHANEY in his greatest character. This time you must see it.

Carl Laemmle, President

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

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enlist the support of many radical abolitionists. In the pivotal state of Pennsylvania the real issue was the protective tariff, and Republican ammunition in general was expended primarily in attacks upon the wasteful and corrupt character of the Buchanan Administration.

Attacks made possible by the findings of the Covode congressional investigating committee, established for the purpose, among others, of ascertaining "whether the President . . . or any other officer of the government, has by money, patronage or other improper means sought to influence the action of Congress . . . for or against the passage of any law," and of inquiring into the nature of alleged abuses in the post offices and navy yards, and in the matter of moneys spent "to carry elections." And the Covode report was not a pretty thing. Nearly a million dollars had been misspent on government printing contracts and in support of administration newspapers; the Philadelphia and Brooklyn Navy Yards were sink holes of political corruption; the Post Office and War Departments were involved; and Mr. Buchanan's personal awareness of these conditions was implied in much of the testimony.

"I charge," one orator proclaimed—a Bell and Everett man, as it happened—"that Buchanan's is the most corrupt and profligate administration ever known to this Government since its organization; nay, that ours is the most corrupt government in the civilized world." To which Mr. Buchanan, in the midst of his official protestations, could only reply—in a private letter seeking the assistance of the New York Herald—that "if this dragooning can exist, the presidential office would be unworthy of the acceptance of a gentleman. . . . In performing my duties I have endeavored to be not only pure but unsuspected."

Pure he may have been, this elderly gentleman who was rapidly becoming a nonentity, but unsuspected he was not, and administration ears were ringing with the Republican cry of "scoundrels and corruptionists!"

Out of the Wilderness

In other respects the campaign was colorful and noisy. Mass meetings, rail-splitter emblems, rings and pins, transparencies, processions and torchlight parades, North and South, they were marching. The Douglas Guards, the Little Giants, the Invincibles, the Ever-Readys—"Cuba must be ours," "We want a statesman, not a rail-splitter, as President"—and for the Republicans the famous Wide-Awakes who had set the fashion. Political marching clubs in military formation, these Wide-Awakes, wearing glazed hats and oilcloth capes copied from the original black cambric coverings assumed on the spur of the moment by some marchers in Hartford in order to protect their clothes from the dripping torches. The costume had attracted attention, and the Hartford boys had been the first to adopt the substitute oilcloth garment, in which they escorted Mr. Lincoln himself when he came, in March, to address them. And now the black-caped Wide-Awakes were everywhere, and the song:

Old Abe Lincoln came out of the wilderness,
Out of the wilderness, out of the wilderness,
Old Abe Lincoln came out of the wilderness,
Down in Illinois!

And since the North had military formations, the South must have them, too—the Breckinridge Minute Men, with blue nullification cockades on their hats; a secret society formed in every district of South Carolina, its members pledged to provide themselves with rifles and revolvers, and to march to Washington, if necessary, to prevent the inauguration of a Black Republican President. For, as a Georgian put it later, "to talk of the settlement of this slavery question is folly; to talk of a compromise upon the subject of slavery is worse than folly. . . . We will never submit to the inauguration of a Black Republican President."

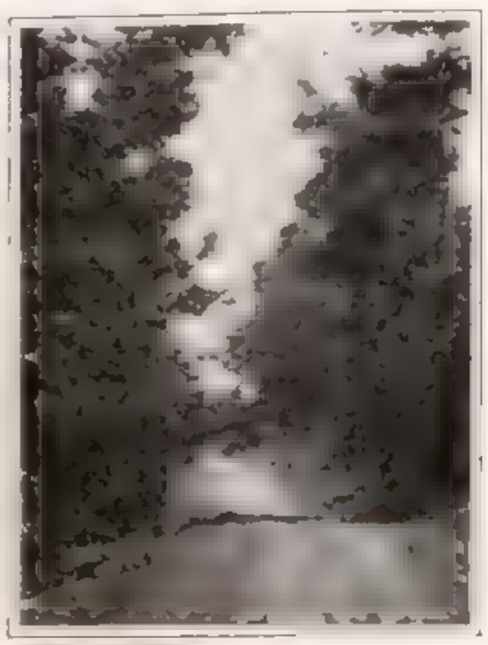
If Mr. Lincoln were elected the South would secede. They would not believe it at the North. Mr. Seward, who was doing his pale duty with speeches in the Republican campaign, could be quite facetious about it; Mr. Greeley was, before the event, quite composed and broad-minded; but in the South they were not pretending.

When they looked at the Black Republican Abraham Lincoln, Southerners saw only "the nigger in the woodpile" of his celebrated rail splitting. Mr. Lincoln was far from being an abolitionist—much too far for the abolitionists themselves—but when Southerners read of his belief that "this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free" they saw in the words a determination to exterminate slavery, to destroy the South, in the speaker the concentration of abolitionism, politically, intellectually and socially. It did not matter, the Richmond Enquirer was to say after the election, whether the South was to be "governed by a gentleman or ruled by a baboon," but with Abraham Lincoln "comes something worse than slang, rowdyism, brutality and all moral filth; something worse than all the rag and tag of Western grogshops and Yankee factories"—with these "comes the daring and reckless leader of the Abolitionists."

The Lincoln Victory

The Democrats tried to offset his manifest strength. In the close Northern states they contrived fusion tickets; Mr. Douglas, in September, proclaimed that "if the withdrawal of my name would tend to defeat Mr. Lincoln, I would this moment withdraw it"; but to an earlier proposal by Jefferson Davis that he withdraw—in company with Mr. Breckinridge and Mr. Bell who had already agreed to do so if a more suitable union candidate could be found—Mr. Douglas had replied that "the scheme proposed was impracticable because his friends . . . would join in the support of Lincoln rather than of anyone who should supplant him."

Then, in October, after the Republican successes in Pennsylvania and Indiana, Mr. Douglas became genuinely alarmed. "Mr. Lincoln is the next President," he announced. "We must try to save the Union. I will go South." Unlike Mr. Lincoln, whose one plea had been that "you will kindly let me be silent," Mr. Douglas had been vigorously on the stump. Now he canceled his engagements; the Union, he clearly saw, was in real danger; his own candidacy was no longer worth troubling about; Mr. Lincoln would certainly be elected and the South must not secede. With courage, with patriotic energy, and with a final impulse of admirable unselfishness, Mr. Douglas traveled through Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia, speaking from his car platform, from balconies, anywhere, asserting that "I emphatically answer, 'No!'" when they asked him about secession. The Union, he thought, "would be safe under Mr. Lincoln, if it could be held together long enough for the development of his policy."



Mr. Douglas was possibly not the man to appeal to the South; he was only to carry one of the states in which he spoke, and that one by four hundred and twenty-nine votes over his closest opponent.

If Mr. Lincoln had been willing to clarify his future intentions, perhaps something could have been done. Probably not. They went to the polls, and Mr. Lincoln was elected.

With the vote of South Carolina unrecorded, he had not quite two million popular votes, as against nearly three million for his three rivals. Of these, Mr. Douglas was still well in the lead, although in the electoral count he only secured twelve votes, from two states. Mr. Breckinridge had seventy-two, from eleven states; Mr. Bell thirty-nine, from three states. But Mr. Lincoln's minority popular vote brought him one hundred and eighty electoral ballots—eighty-five of them from Ohio, New York and Pennsylvania alone—with not a single popular vote in ten states, not an electoral vote in fifteen.

The South could say that he was a minority, sectional President; and yet, though a Democratic fusion would have overwhelmed Mr. Lincoln in the popular vote, the electoral difference would have been negligible—seven votes from two states. Only a change in the vote cast by the Northwest—a not very considerable change from Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Douglas—could have thrown the election into the House—where no one knows what might have happened, for, as it was, they thought it best to guard Congress with troops during the official count. The committee instructed to wait upon Mr. Lincoln might be directed, so Mr. Hindman, of Arkansas, thought at the close of the ceremony, "to inform General Scott that there is no further need for his janizaries about the Capitol."

The tar barrels were blazing all over the North; everywhere a song was booming:

Oh, ain't I glad I joined the Republicans,
Joined the Republicans, joined the Republicans,
Ain't I glad I joined the Republicans,
Down in Illinois!

Down in Charleston they were leaving the Union, as a matter of course. They had watched the returns on November seventh, and as soon as the result was known the collector and the surveyor of the port, the judge of the United States District Court and the United States district attorney resigned; the grand jury reported that the Federal authority had ceased in South Carolina; the postmaster and the navy agent announced their unwillingness to serve under a Republican Administration. Crowds in the streets were cheering a red flag with a palmetto and a star; out in the harbor salutes were being fired.

Emphatic Advice

It was done officially on December twentieth, in St. Andrew's Hall. Resolved, that "the Union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States, under the name of the United States of America, is hereby dissolved"—the ordinance of secession. There were crowds again, and processions, guns, bands and illuminations. In the midst of it all someone began to play Auld Lang Syne on the bells of St. Michael's.

And Mr. Buchanan had his warning. "South Carolina, I have not a doubt will go out of the Union," Mr. Rhett had written to him on November twenty-fourth. "And it is in your power to make this event peaceful or bloody. *If you send any more troops into Charleston Bay, it will be bloody.* Now, in giving you this information and opinion, I trust you will not suppose that I intend to *direct* your judgment as to your course of duty, but simply to *inform* it. If you have any hopes of reconstructing the

(Continued on Page 61)

Avoid REAL Trouble!

Change NOW *to* SUMMER LUBRICANT *in your car!*

1928 APRIL 1928
MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT
1 2 3 4 5 6 7
8 9 10 11 12 13 14
Avoid!
Rasping noises from improper gear lubrication.
Squeaks and squawks from lack of proper chassis lubrication.

Save your gears from grinding and rasping. Protect your car from growing old. Save 80% in repair bills.

WE are spending thousands of dollars to publish this warning to motorists, in their interest as well as our own, to forestall heavy Summer repair bills; to eliminate *unnecessary ruining of gears.*

Go today to any station displaying the sign below and have your car *Alemited.* That station has a special machine, the Alemite Gear Flusher, that *sucks out* the old, thin and *worn out* winter grade lubricant from the differential and transmission of your car. That sucks out with it the chips of steel, dirt and grease accumulated there.

Then it *flushes* out those parts with kerosene; cleans them like on a new car. Alemite Gear Lubricant for the Summer is then forced in. It takes only a few minutes. It will prevent your gears from burning out. It will save you, 80 chances in 100, a major repair bill.

Improper lubrication in Summer ruins gears. It runs them down. It makes them raspy—noisy—takes the joy out of driving. 80% of all repair bills are due to lack of proper lubrication.

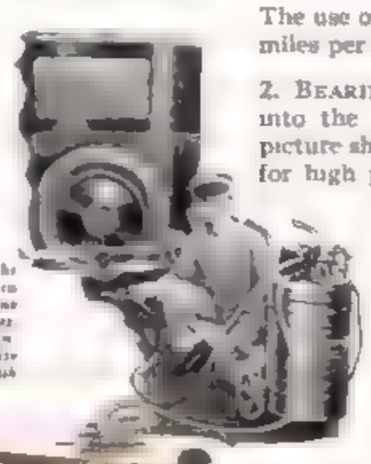
Take care, though, that you go to a genuine *Alemite-ing* station. Don't go to an ordinary "greasing" station. Avoid inefficient mechanics and cheap greases—greases filled with soap, "fillers" and acids; dangerous greases that are flooding the market since the universal adoption of the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System on cars.

Alemite-ing—True Protection

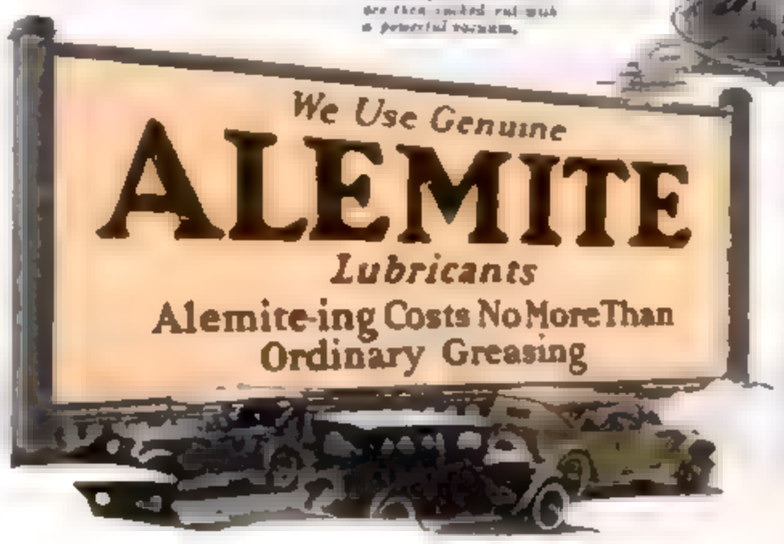
So, to protect your interest, and our own, we developed a special Alemite Gear Lubricant and a special service called "Alemite-ing." The word ALEMITE-ING (*trade-marked*) means to have your car lubricated with genuine Alemite lubricants.

The development of speedier cars—cars with more closely meshed gears—has made the reduction of friction a serious problem. Alemite Gear Lubricant clings tenaciously to the tightest fitting gears, leaving a cushion of lubricant between them.

All dealers who give you genuine Alemite-ing service, display the sign shown below. They use genuine Alemite lubricants. The sign shown here is their franchise and your protection. Look for it as you drive. Go to any one and ask to have your car Alemited.



This picture shows the Alemite Gear Flusher in use. A stream of kerosene is shot at high pressure into each gear case from the rear. The old grease and grime are then sucked out with a powerful vacuum.



What to Ask For

Genuine High Pressure Alemite-ing consists of the following service:

1. GEARS:—By means of the Alemite Gear Flusher, the operator thoroughly cleans out your differential and transmission, removing all grit, dirt and any chips of steel. He then forces in new Alemite Gear Lubricant.

The use of Alemite Gear Lubricant usually adds 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gasoline, due to freer running

2. BEARINGS:—Genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant is forced into the heart of every chassis bearing on your car. (The picture shows how this is done.) This lubricant, specially made for high pressure lubricating, stands up under 3,000 pounds pressure. Average grease breaks down at 200 pounds. It resists heat up to 200°. (Ordinary grease literally burns up your bearings, too.) It will lubricate your bearings properly at 30° below zero. This service eliminates burnt-out bearings and rattles that come from worn bearings in your car.

3. SPRINGS:—Have your springs sprayed with Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil. A special spring-spraying machine spreads a thin layer of graphite between the leaves of your springs. Makes your car ride easier and eliminates spring squeaks.

Wherever you see one of the signs shown here, just drive your car in and try this service. You will notice an immediate difference in the way your car runs.

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FAR AHEAD OF HER TIME

—and her records have never been equalled

On August 31, 1851, the famous FLYING CLOUD arrived in San Francisco, 89 days and 21 hours out of New York, anchor to anchor.

No other sailing ship ever equalled that.

On April 20, 1854, she sailed into San Francisco harbor in time to beat her own record. The new mark was 89 days, 8 hours, anchor to anchor.

That record still stands, as do many others that she set here and there across blue waters.

For her, the fastest long-distance sailing ship the world has ever known, was named the Reo Flying Cloud.

On her first voyage she lived up to the reputation of her famous forerunner, the clipper ship whose memory still rules the waves.

And, as the new Reo Flying Cloud of 1929 sets sail down the highways of America, new records will be established after the manner of the ship for which she is named.

Just as the skippers of ordinary ships, riding out a storm with every precaution taken, saw through the mists the sky-touching "Cloud" booming by on her way to everlasting fame, so men in ordinary automobiles, traveling as best they may, will watch the Reo Flying Clouds sail by.

Roads may be paved or rough, be level or rise in great grades; the day may be sunny, rainy; or there may be ice and snow; yet the owners of Reo Flying Clouds will set a pace that few of the venturesome will try to keep.

Why you can travel thus in a Flying Cloud of 1929 you can best find out by driving one. All the words in all the dictionaries could not give you the feeling of her ease and power, her speed and comfort, that a drive will reveal.

There's one waiting for you at the nearest Reo dealer's. We invite you to try it out.

REO MOTOR CAR CO., *Lansing, Mich.*

1929 REO FLYING CLOUDS

(Continued from Page 58)

Union, after South Carolina shall have seceded, they will, in my judgment, be utterly defeated by any demonstration of coercion in the Bay of Charleston."

But on December twenty-sixth—in defiance of verbal assurances apparently given by Mr. Buchanan to the South Carolinian commissioners who had come to Washington to treat for the delivery to the state of the Charleston forts—the Federal commander in the bay abandoned Fort Moultrie and threw himself into the more powerful fortress of Sumter. Mr. Buchanan did not order him back to Moultrie—there would have been too many Northern resignations in Washington.

Mr. Buchanan, in January, allowed a ship to be sent to Charleston with reenforcements and supplies, and guns were fired to drive her away—but the resignations that followed this incident were those of Southerners only.

Mr. Buchanan was "pale with fear" these days, and divided his time "between praying and crying"; Mr. Buchanan complained to the South Carolinians that "you don't give me time to say my prayers. I always say my prayers when required to act upon any great state affair." Mr Buchanan was a pitiful figure.

On March 4, 1861, Mr. Buchanan was no longer even a figure. Mr. Lincoln was there—and of him, during the last months, many men had been mistakenly thinking that he was a "Simple Susan" with his absurd optimism, his "there is no crisis but an artificial one . . . there is nothing going wrong"—and with Mr. Lincoln there came Mr. Douglas, to stand with him sectionally on his inaugural platform and hold his hat; and Mr. Chase, of Ohio, as Secretary of the Treasury, that post which had been so diligently promised by Mr. Lincoln's convention managers; and Mr. Seward as Secretary of State, an office which for some weeks he evidently confused with that of Prime Minister, or even Chief Magistrate. And because Mr. Lincoln, in Mr. Seward's estimation, had not seemed to know what it was that he had to do, Mr. Seward undertook, for a while, to do it for him. And Mr. Seward would have peace with the South and save the country; he would surrender Sumter; he would prevent any Federal expedition for the relief of the fort. Mr. Seward so led the South Carolinian commissioners to believe.

But Mr. Seward did none of these things. Mr. Lincoln remained in control of his own administration; and in April the Bay of Charleston was roaring with guns which might perhaps have been kept silent. A peaceably intended retirement from a Union become inexpressibly irksome must first run the gantlet of bayonets. So, in 1861, it was decided.

Mr. Douglas came to the White House; Mr. Douglas went away.

"There can be no neutrals in this war," the author of popular sovereignty proclaimed; "only patriots or traitors." Soon afterward he died.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr Munnigerode.

THE DIVINE AFFLATUS

(Continued from Page 46)

The commissioner sat down impatiently and set a fist emphatically on his flat-topped desk. "Well, something's got to be done about it," he said. "Who's this Taylor? I seen him once or twice, but who's he? I ever do anything to him? Ain't there anything on him?"

"I can't find anything," Mr. McManus admitted, very unhappy at the completeness of his failure. "He's one of the sheet's aces—that's about all. A smooth bird, but he ain't been mixed up in anything so far as I can find out. He goes with a girl."

"What kind of girl?"

"All right, I hear. Name's Wheatley and lives in Edgehurst. Going to get married, I understand."

"Wheatley?" The commissioner tapped his fingers thoughtfully on the desk. "I heard that name before. Where'd I hear that name before?"

"I don't know."

The commissioner went to a filing cabinet and pulled open a drawer. Presently he returned to the desk with a dozen or more clippings.

Sitting down, he spread them before him and studied the exhibit. A look of puzzlement spread over his face. "You reckon this can be the fellow?"

Mr. McManus looked over his shoulder. "That's him," he said. "I remember that triple-barreled name, and it's Edgehurst. What's he doing all this writing for?"

"He must be literary," the commissioner hazarded. "What's eating me is why he's doing all this writing for me. It looks like," he added modestly, "he likes me."

He leaned back, his eyes still on the clippings of Mr. Horace Entwistle Wheatley's letters to the editor of the Ledger. Mr. McManus continued to read them, with almost as much difficulty as interest. Then the commissioner pushed him aside.

"Get hold of this fellow," he said. "Get hold of him now. Give him my compliments and tell him I been reading his letters and I'd like for him to have dinner with me this evening. Tell him maybe he can give me some advice—he sounds like a guy that'd like to give somebody some advice." He sighed. "Maybe we can get something off him, and maybe not. If we don't, it looks to me like we're sunk. I'd like to bean the editor of this Ledger and his smart Mr. Taylor with a brick."

By nine o'clock that evening the Honorable Michael J. Haddlebury had listened to one of the longest and loftiest discourses on civic duty and the public servant that he could remember. It had been his plan in the first place to postpone discussion of the foremost issue at hand until he should have had time to study his militant advocate, and Mr. Wheatley, to the last detail properly dressed for dining out with a commissioner of sewers, had made this absurdly easy. Having commended the Honorable Haddlebury in no uncertain terms on his skillful manipulation of sewers, he had launched forthwith into a lengthy homily on political service which occasionally baffled the honorable's understanding of the subject.

"And in conclusion, Mr. Commissioner," he was stating, as the commissioner discreetly began edging his chair back from the table, "it is my opinion that Abraham Lincoln spoke no more than the truth when he favored a government of the people, by the people and for the people. Open covenants openly arrived at, Mr. Commissioner, is the keynote of political success. Secret diplomacy is a cancer on the body politic."

He followed the commissioner to his feet, when suddenly and to his surprise, the Honorable Haddlebury came around the table, grasped his right hand and held it fervently in both of his. "Mr. Wheatley," he said solemnly, "I think I got you sized up. I been looking you over and I think I got you sized up. Am I right?"

"Why—ah—Mr. Commissioner ——" Mr. Wheatley endeavored to accept the honor modestly.

"Yeh, I think I got you right, Horace. We're party men, you and me, ain't we?"

"Why—ah—yes—that is ——"

The Honorable Haddlebury raised one hand significantly and Mr. Wheatley followed him, out of the dining room of the Empire Hotel, across the lobby, into the lounge. There the commissioner selected two chairs in a deserted corner.

"Horace," he said confidentially, when they were seated—and at the second use of his given name Mr. Wheatley began to glow warmly—"Horace, I been following you ever since you began writing those letters to the Ledger. I said to the chief then, I said, 'Chief, there's a man it'll be worth our while watching': and he said, 'I seen the letters,' the chief said, 'and you're right, Mike. Keep your eye on Horace Entwistle Wheatley. He looks like the kind of man the party needs,' the chief said."

Mr. Wheatley made an even greater effort to look modest. "The chief?" he said. "You mean ——"

"Yes," the commissioner replied. "The chief said that. And now, Horace, something's come up where you can serve the party, and through the party the people, and maybe"—he paused and looked mysteriously at Mr. Wheatley—"and maybe the party can serve you. There's room, way up, Horace—way up in the service of the state—for men like you."

"Why—ah—Mike," Mr. Wheatley said, "in whatever way I can serve the people of my state ——"

The Honorable Haddlebury leaned forward in his chair. "Horace," he said, "I understand you know a young man, a newspaper reporter, named Taylor—Peter Taylor."

"Yes—ah—Mike—but what ——"

The commissioner began to speak, in low tones and indignantly, and Mr. Wheatley listened with amazement and horror. The commissioner spoke steadily for thirty minutes. . . .

At 10:30 the Long Island Railroad train paused at Edgehurst and Mr. Wheatley got off. His mind was teeming with disorder. He was not accustomed to high drama. What he had heard and what he had to do were matters entirely without precedent in his life. There were but one or two clear ideas in his head, and the foremost of these was an exclamatory wonder as to what an unprincipled rogue and scoundrel was this young Mr. Peter Taylor! What dishonesty, never to have spoken out like a man and confessed this abominable raid upon an honest and distinguished statesman's reputation! To have invaded Mr. Wheatley's home, to have courted his daughter, and all the time to have harbored this wicked secret!

He told himself, as he walked along Concord Avenue toward his house, that it would be exercising the most miraculous of self-control, the most amazing of behavior, not to seize young Mr. Taylor by the collar and boot him into the street; but, as the Honorable Haddlebury had said, one must learn to suffer for the party. He must be calm, beguiling, persuasive, effective. He must use finesse.

Pete negligently removed his feet from an adjoining chair as his prospective father-in-law mounted the steps to the porch and murmured a courteous good evening. Martha said nothing, but both studied the old gentleman curiously as he eased himself into a chair. They were waiting—waiting for the results of this unexpected engagement concerning which he had telephoned his daughter earlier in the evening.

"Well," he remarked with engaging innocence, "I just had dinner with Mike Haddlebury—the commissioner, you know. Quite a remarkable man—Mike."

"Yes, indeed," Pete agreed, and Mr. Wheatley felt an impulse of indignation.

"A very remarkable man," he repeated stubbornly.

"The word is almost inadequate," Pete seconded.

There was a long pause, and Martha looked at Pete and sighed. For answer, he smiled and made a long face.

"By the way, Mr. Taylor"—Mr. Wheatley spoke suddenly, as though the matter had almost slipped his mind—"your name came up during dinner, and I was very glad, for it may have been the means of saving you and the Ledger from a bit of an

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error. Yes, I was very glad, indeed in view of the circumstances." He looked around roguishly at Martha.

"Brother Haddlebury generally has my interests at heart," Pete confessed, and Mr. Wheatley was encouraged. This was the reasonable kind of reception he wanted. It might not be difficult, after all.

"Yes, yes, yes," he repeated heartily. "Seems that you and the Ledger have been cooking up a little article or so—nothing at all serious, I understand—but possibly embarrassing. I told him I'd speak to you about it."

The smile went away from Pete's face and his eyes narrowed slightly. "Yes?"

"Yes, yes," Mr. Wheatley said indulgently. "I know how it is, my boy—youthful exuberance—ah, youth, youth!" He sighed heavily. "Of course the papers have to have something to print, and you young gentlemen of the press are busy looking for it. But as Mike was saying, now and then a cooler head should be allowed to offer a word of advice. I told him I'd speak to you about it."

"Yes?"

Mr. Wheatley drew on a cigar, slightly nonplused at the absence of commitment in the second yes. Young Mr. Taylor should be meeting him a part of the way. "Yes," he said nonchalantly, "I think you'd better not run the articles."

Pete was silent.

"Better tip the word to the editor," Mr. Wheatley continued with somewhat transparent blandness, "that it's all a mistake. Somebody was probably joshing you a bit—you're still a young fellow, you know—and probably be better not to be too hasty about it. You don't want to throw mud on a clean reputation, you know."

Still Pete did not speak, and Martha shut her eyes hopelessly.

"Oh, Mike wasn't angry, if that's what you're thinking," Mr. Wheatley hastened to explain. "Oh, no, not Mike. Mike understands young people—once a young fellow himself, you know. No, Mike was very nice about it—just felt you'd appreciate his tipping you off that you were wrong."

"Did he mention the way the drovers' strike was settled?" Pete asked.

"Oh, yes, that was all just a misunderstanding," Mr. Wheatley endeavored to dismiss the drovers' strike. "Just a misunderstanding."

"What was a misunderstanding about it?"

"The whole thing."

"How?"

"Why, it was all just a great big misunderstanding, that's all. We didn't go into it. But you don't think a commissioner of sewers would lie about it, do you?"

Pete refused to commit himself. "Well," he said slowly, "was there any other message he sent me?"

Mr. Wheatley shifted uncomfortably. "You don't seem very appreciative," he commented. "Here's a big man, way up in the Moose, and he takes the trouble to set you right so you won't make a mistake you'd always regret, and you seem quite indifferent to it."

"To tell you the truth," Pete acknowledged, "I am. What's more, I think he's the most transparent boob I've ever heard of, in addition to being a crook of the first order."

Mr. Wheatley gasped and sat erect. "Boob!" he repeated, horrified.

"Well, sap then," Pete amended his description amiably.

"You mean—you mean you won't stop the articles?"

Pete sighed. "In the first place, Mr. Wheatley, I couldn't if I wanted to. I have nothing to do with matters like that on my paper. In the second place, I don't want to. If I'd had any such notion before, I wouldn't have it now—not after this childish maneuver he's inveigled you into. He's a fool."

Mr. Wheatley was crushing his cigar in a nervous grip. His face was crimson with indignation. He glared at Pete. "You won't stop the articles?"

"What did he promise you—a place 'way up in the service of the state?" Pete rose. "There's no use of our discussing it, Mr. Wheatley. I have nothing to do with such ——"

"You could tell your editor you were mistaken in your information." He was desperate. He'd never considered the possibility of an outright refusal.

Martha spoke: "Dad dear, can't you understand that Pete is only a reporter?"

Mr. Wheatley stood up. His eyes were blazing. His cigar was broken in two. He continued to glare at the younger man. "Mr. Taylor," he said hoarsely, "I understand this, that for a twopenny thrill you are willing to traduce the reputation of a fine man. To me that shows that something in your soul is rotten—incurably rotten. At heart you are bad, Mr. Taylor. And what you come in contact with you soil." He paused fitfully. "I hope you understand what I mean—I mean that you soil my home when you enter it. You soil me when you come near me and you soil my daughter when you come near her. I hope you understand."

"You are trying to tell me, probably," Pete interpreted, "that you'd thank me for keeping away from Martha."

"Exactly."

"You know"—he spoke easily, but his face was pale—"I suppose you know that Martha and I intend—intended to be married."

"That is ended."

Pete turned and picked up his hat. "Are you," he asked, smiling pleasantly, "going to ask Brother Haddlebury whom Martha may marry?"

"Pete," Martha appealed to him, "please go. Tomorrow—another day—we'll all be in better humor."

"Martha, keep away from him!"

"Very well. Good night, Mr. Wheatley. I'm truly sorry I'm in no position to do anything about this. . . . Good night, Martha."

"I'll walk to the corner with you."

"Martha!"

"Yes, yes, dad, I hear—and I'll be back in a minute."

They left him standing there on the porch, fuming with helpless rage and indignation, and then a box hedge hid him from them. Martha stopped wearily and laid her head on Pete's shoulder. "Oh, Pete!" she wailed. "Isn't it terrible ——"

If there was the slightest apprehension in his mind, not the least evidence of it showed in his voice and amused smile. "Honey," he said, "haven't I told you not to fret? Haven't I told you that he and I are brothers under the skin? You really mustn't ——"

"We could run away—elope."

"Why? Why do that? You know that would make you unhappy, because it would make him unhappy. Why not be married with his consent, his approval and his blessing? Wouldn't you like that?"

She raised her head curiously. "What is all this anyway?"

He laughed evasively. "You must always think of me, darling, as your great big wonder man, capable of anything. Think of me as John Gilbert or Richard Dix or Emil Jannings, and don't fret—and good night before he decides to resort to violence!"

Mr. Wheatley was not a man who had many resources for entertainment or pleasure. He was at the bank until five, and never, save on such great occasions as the engagement with the Honorable Haddlebury, did he dine away from home. While Mrs. Wheatley lived, his evenings were very pleasant indeed; he told her precisely and at great length what he would do were he Marshal Foch, David Lloyd George, President Harding, the Prince of Wales or President Coolidge. He explained complex international situations to her and solved problems which were baffling premiers and presidents. He analyzed elections and showed her how, as he had predicted, it was and had been from the first impossible for the losing candidate ever to have won. He disposed of a great many matters for Mrs. Wheatley.

Of more recent years, since his bereavement, he had been quite lonely, quite alone somehow. It did not seem to him that his daughter assimilated his discourses with the same intelligence, sympathy, appreciation and understanding he had got from her mother. For some reason she always seemed less than agog over his revelations. Nor were the young men of this newer generation, as he saw them calling upon Martha, as profoundly absorbed in these really higher, more cultured subjects as they might have been—none, that is, except young Mr. Taylor.

He had few friends that were more, actually, than acquaintances. He could not understand this, for he was certain that he was not a bad conversationalist. And always, on meeting strangers, he endeavored in every way to show them that he was not a stupid fellow and that he kept abreast of the times. In fact, in more than one instance, he had demonstrated to them that they were quite wrong in their views on the farm-relief bill or the prohibition issue or the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Small thanks, however, had he got for this assistance.

It was a pity, he reflected, that this young Mr. Taylor had turned out to be such a cad and bounder. He had enjoyed his conversations with him. But, after all, there was a limit, of course.

Monday afternoon he got the Ledger. The series concerning the Honorable Haddlebury's political record and methods began on the first page, and he read it with many disapproving shakes of the head. He had to grant that at first sight the charges appeared pretty staunch, but one should take into consideration also, he felt, the politics involved.

He read Peter Taylor's name over the article with visible disrelish.

"Your fine young man, my dear," he said to Martha at dinner, "began his contemptible mud slinging this afternoon. We are well rid of such a man, Martha—very well rid of him. . . . Will you have my coffee served upstairs? I have a little writing to do."

It was, he felt, one of the finest of his compositions that evening. He took up the charges against the Honorable Haddlebury one by one and disposed of them singly and *in toto*, basing all argument on the statement that a gentleman would never do what the Ledger charged the Honorable Haddlebury had done. It was a bit long, covering seventeen pages, but he scarcely saw how he could cover the ground in less space. He mailed it that night.

Mr. Currier carried it across the hall to Pete's desk and held it out to him. "I just wish to show you," he said, "and to have you witness the first step." Then, with the greatest deliberation and care, he tore Mr. Wheatley's work of four hours into three hundred and forty-four small pieces and tossed them into a wastebasket. "See?"

"It does seem a pity," Pete commented.

"Be hard, man, be hard!" commanded Mr. Currier. "The ends will justify the means. You and I, my friend, have just begun to fight!"

"You really think ——"

"Pete, my boy, I know letter writers!"

Mr. Wheatley searched the Ledger that afternoon, at first carefully and then frantically. He had just mailed another letter, dealing with some points not fully covered in his first, and he had rather planned in his mind a counter campaign against Peter Taylor's articles; as he saw it, the lying, biased, prejudiced articles on the front page, the cool, dispassionate, overwhelming letters from a masterly layman on the inside. The intelligent public would be able to judge their comparative worth. Now it would all be off schedule.

He looked the next afternoon, and still there was no contribution from Horace Entwistle Wheatley under the caption Letters to the Editor. He looked on Wednesday and Thursday and Friday and Saturday. Mr. Peter Taylor's articles continued, but Mr. Wheatley's never began.

On Saturday the first assistant cashier mentioned the fact. "Haven't seen anything from you in the Ledger recently, Wheatley. What's the matter—lying down on the job?"

"The Ledger's scurrilous articles," he replied, "should not be dignified with a reply. I trust that Mike—that is, the commissioner—will ignore them."

"It looks as though he were going to have an opportunity to try to ignore a grand jury," the first assistant commented.

Mr. Wheatley went home in a morose state of mind. He went immediately to his room and remained there until dinner. He returned to it as soon as he had finished his coffee. He did not emerge again until morning. He found Martha seated in the hammock, surrounded by the Sunday newspapers. She salvaged one as he appeared.

"Look, dad," she said. It was the Sunday Ledger, the editorial section, and she was indicating a brief letter to the editor. Mr. Wheatley seized it eagerly. It read:

Dear Sir: A number of us in the Havermere section have missed the fluent, balanced, well-reasoned letters of your correspondent, Mr. Horace Entwistle Wheatley. If this is printed and he should see it, we trust he is well and will soon again entertain and enlighten us with his sage comments on current events.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

"I think that's awfully fine," Martha said. "It shows that your letters were attracting attention. Aren't you writing any more?"

Mr. Wheatley cleared his throat. "I've been busy with some other matters, my dear," he said. "But I have in mind a few remarks I feel would be welcomed by the paper, and this would probably be as good a time as any other to set them down."

He returned to his room, a grim, pleased smile on his face. Now they'd print them! Now they'd pay attention to his letters! They couldn't very well ignore a public demand for them; no paper could do that. He completed an exceptional effort by seven o'clock and mailed it by eight.

And it, too, Mr. Currier carried to Pete. "Just to show you," he explained, "how beautifully he reacts to the will of a superior fellow. Watch!" And he tore the exceptional effort to bits and dropped the refuse in a basket. "I give him a week now."

"Poor old boy," Pete said.

"It's for his own good. . . . Have you seen Martha?"

"Yes. She says he seems to be beginning to crack under the strain. She showed him the note from Old Subscriber."

"My own idea," Mr. Currier said modestly. "You see how it worked. I'll try another tomorrow."

When Tuesday afternoon came, and with it Tuesday's Ledger, and no letter to the editor from him on the French debt situation, Mr. Wheatley suddenly found that the situation was beginning to tell on him much more seriously than he had imagined. All at once, after reading the arid paper, he felt very lonely, very humiliated,

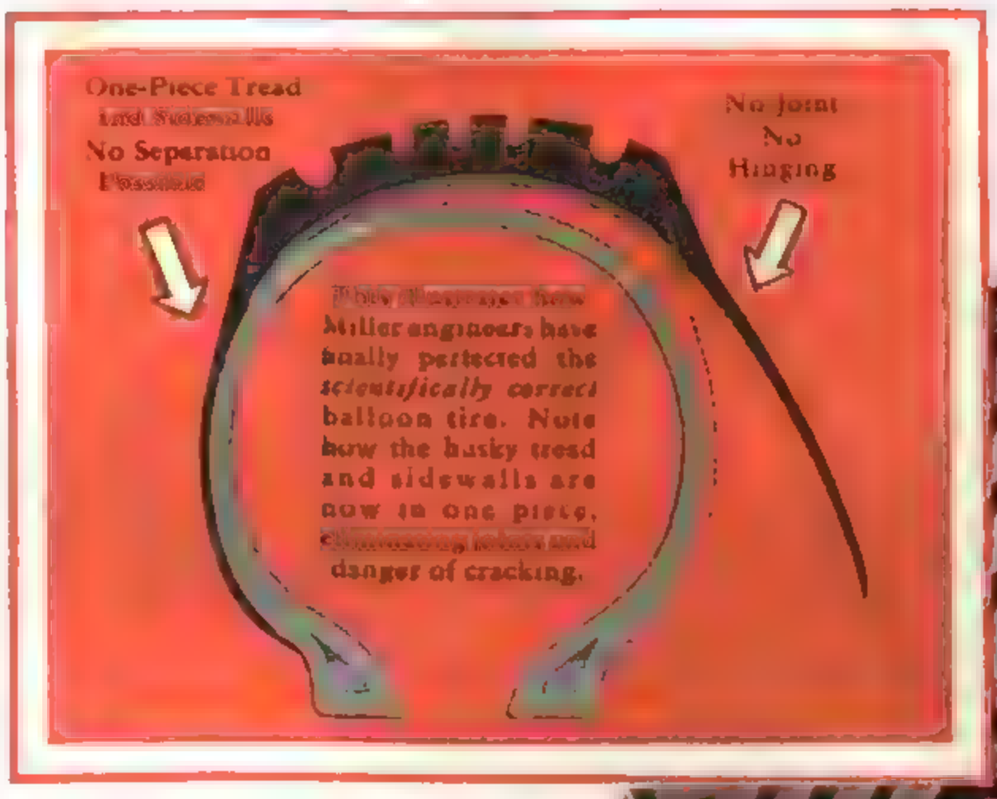
Continued on Page 67

A Tire of *New-Day* Perfection for the Car of *New-Day* Action

HIGH speeds . . . brakes that "stop on a dime" . . . quick pickup and getaway, all take their costly toll of tires. Yesterday's tire falls short when called upon to meet new-day driving conditions. Miles and expense pile up together.

Science has produced a tire that will "stand the gaff." A tire that's as new in principle as the high-compression motor. A tire that will pile up amazing mileage and relieve you of all worry of trouble and expense.

Scientific correctness is the secret of this new tire's ability to travel far under new-day driving conditions. 3 great Scientific Improvements explain its sweeping adoption by makers and owners of the last word in automobiles.


One-Piece Tread
No Separation
No Joint
No
Hinging
Miller engineers have finally perfected the scientifically correct balloon tire. Note how the husky tread and sidewalls are now in one piece,
danger of cracking.

Ask your Miller dealer to show you why this new-day tire gives greatest resistance to curb and rut wear—and why it is winning new users by thousands who demand a promise of greater mileage, more dependable service and lower cost per mile

1. *One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls*

Gone for all time is fear of cracking joints and the destruction that followed with old ways. Now the husky Miller tread reaches all the way around the tire with the One-Piece tread from toe to toe. *All joints and hinging centers are eliminated—no chance whatever for cracking.* Actual road service on hundreds of thousands of cars proved to users the *scientific correctness* of this new Miller design.

2. *Geared-to-the-Road, Road-Shaped Tread*

The broad, road-shaped contact surface of the Miller exclusive Geared-to-the-Road tread runs *even with the road.* With light or heavy load, the entire width of this famous tread is *on* the road—taking wear evenly—and therefore *slowly.* Thus Miller banished uneven, spotty tread wear, the outstanding cause of short tire life. Not satisfied to stop there, a third unique result was obtained.

3. *"Uniflex" Cord Construction*

Insures uniform flexibility of all parts—completing a perfectly balanced tire. Built to resist curb and rut jolts—recovers from blows to normal shape with the quick, lively action of real rubber—leaving One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls, Bead and Uniflex Cord Carcass secure and intact Thus the common cause of internal wear is eliminated—and miles added to the life of all Geared-to-the-Road tires

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N.Y.
AKRON, OHIO, U.S.A.

Miller *Scientifically Correct* **Tires**

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

. . . . PAINTS VARNISHES

Your assurance of satisfaction . . . the sign of the du Pont paint dealer

More and more people are purchasing paints by name. The name they are asking for is du Pont.

GO to any du Pont dealer—there is one in your own neighborhood. He will tell you that where once people bought paints by the can, they now are buying *by name*—and the name they ask for is du Pont

People know the name du Pont. They know Duco—made only by du Pont. They know how Duco brought new and enduring beauty to motor cars. They know that Duco brings new charm to hundreds of household furnishings

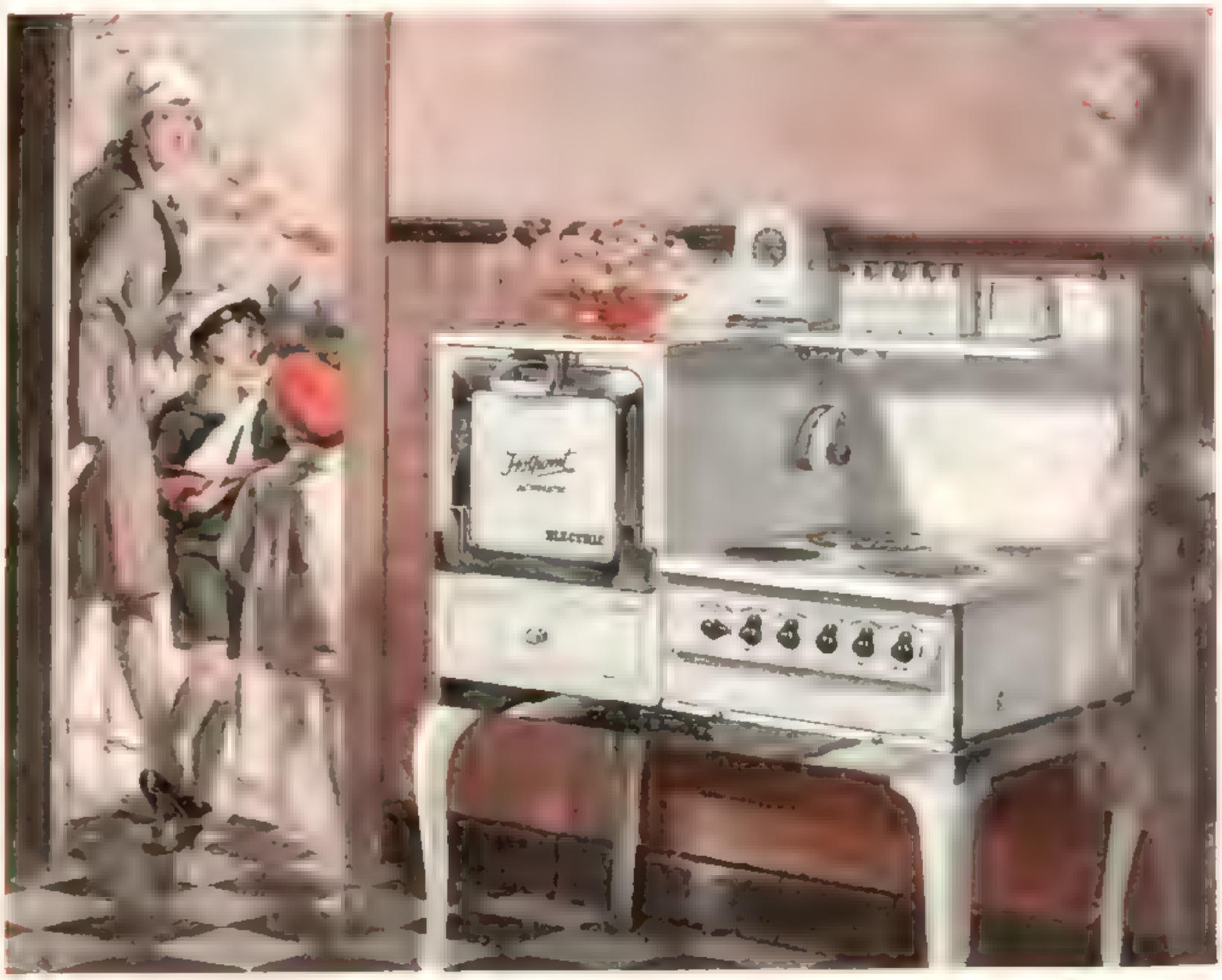
People know, in short, that they can look to du Pont for the full measure of quality, dependability, and satisfaction. That is why, daily, thousands are going to du Pont dealers throughout the country to satisfy every paint requirement. They buy where they see the du Pont sign displayed.

What needs painting in your own home? Whatever you plan to paint, there is a du Pont paint product which is ideally fitted to bring lasting results. Go to the du Pont dealer in your neighborhood—you can depend on him.

. . .

For any painting job that requires professional training and experience, call in your master painter. Let him show you how to work out a plan of systematic paint protection for your home. He will gladly advise you which du Pont paint, varnish, or enamel to use. Think of the master painter as a protector of your investment in your home

ENAMELS *made by the makers of* **DUCO**



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2—Set the automatic electric timer and heat control for the time cooking is to start and stop, and for the exact heat to be *maintained* during cooking. (You can set these in 10 seconds.)

3—Go out with the children, or go shopping—for all day if you wish. Just forget the cooking

When you return you'll find the meal scientifically cooked to perfection, kept hot until you serve it.

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HOTPOINT'S *Phantom Maid...*

Cooks while Mother's out to Play

HAVING a Hotpoint SUPER-AUTOMATIC Electric Range is like having a maid at no cost. It's the MODERN, easier, cleaner, better way to cook.

In thousands and thousands of homes, all over the country, Hotpoint's Phantom Maid has helped Mothers to "Come Out of the Kitchen."

* * *

A Hotpoint Electric Range insures a cooler summer kitchen. The wipe of a tea towel keeps its gleaming surface as clean as a china plate. Utensils, walls and curtains keep clean, too. Just the turn of a switch and it is ready to use any time. It is scientific, accurate, dependable—a joy to use. And hundreds of thousands of women will tell you it is both *fast* and *economical*.

Hotpoint Electric Ranges are sold by thousands of electric light companies in various parts of the country, practically all of them giving special, low cooking costs. As soon as *all* electric companies can take care of the demand, this great new convenience will be made available everywhere. Ask your local lighting company if they can supply electric range service in *your* neighborhood; or write us for complete literature and information on Hotpoint electric cookery.

The Hotpoint SUPER-*Iron with the* CALROD *element*

Only the Hotpoint SUPER-Iron has the patented CALROD electric heating element, cast inside solid iron where it is forever sealed in and protected. Besides being practically indestructible, this exclusive CALROD construction makes the SUPER-Iron *more economical* and *faster*.

The SUPER-Iron also has the big, comfortable Thumb Rest (patented), which rests your wrist, arm and shoulder. The Hinged Plug which saves wear on the cord. The convenient Heel Stand which saves lifting. *Price only* $6.00

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES AND ELECTRIC RANGES

(Continued from Page 62)

very discouraged. He missed the always-ready air of the departed Mrs. Wheatley. He felt bitter toward the Ledger; his really original views on the settlement of the French debt situation deserved better than this.

Behind his back, as he brooded in an armchair that evening, Martha threw him a tender kiss. She wanted to comfort him, and to ask him to tell her all about the French debt situation; but she forbore. It would all soon be over.

Wednesday for him was worse. The first assistant again spoke of the absence of his letters from the Ledger; another brief note from a resident of Flatbush asked about the missing correspondent, Mr. Horace Entwistle Wheatley, who had discussed current events with such soundness; and the president of the Wheat and Metals Bank, himself, in person, mentioned that he had seen nothing of his messages in the Ledger recently.

And shortly after three o'clock he made a bold move. He telephoned the Ledger and asked to speak to the person in charge of letters to the editor. Presently a curt voice spoke "Well?"

"Why—ah—I am Mr. Horace Entwistle Wheatley," he said, "a subscriber and occasional contributor to your department. I have written—that is, I was wondering—I mean, I have written a letter or two to you and—that is, they haven't appeared. I was just wondering if you had received them. I was just wondering—that is all."

Mr. Currier smiled. "I remember you, Mr. Wheatley—that is, I remember your letters. Very glad to get them too. The truth is the mail delivery is very bad here. I'm awfully sorry, but they must have been missent." He paused. "Why don't you send them by Mr. Taylor—Mr. Peter Taylor? I mean, he was telling me that he knows you. Why don't you send them to him? Then they'd be sure—very sure—of getting here—and in."

There was a silence, and then: "Thank you, sir. I just wanted to find out. I'll think—that is—thank you very much."

He hung up the receiver thoughtfully. He went back slowly into his office and got his hat and coat. His face was a study as he rode out to Edgehurst. Martha, watching him closely during dinner, saw no signs of the worry that had been in his eyes, but over him hung a heavy aura of deep and desperate reflection. He went to his room.

From the lower drawer of his bureau he brought out a scrapbook, sat down at his writing table and opened the book to the first page. He read the clipping pasted there. He noted the clearness, the impressiveness, of his name spelled out in capital letters: HORACE ENTWISTLE WHEATLEY. He turned the page and read the next clipping. He repeated one or two of the sentences aloud and admired the rounded eloquence of one of the expressions. Page after page, he went through the book.

Occasionally he paused and stared at the electric light. But back again presently he went to the book. There were fifteen clippings in all—thirteen letters signed Horace Entwistle Wheatley and two from other correspondents asking what had become of him. He admired the name; it was long and full and rich. It was impressive, and in print it seemed more impressive than spoken.

He sat before the exhibit for two hours. He read all the letters over, and then again. He lingered lazily over this one or that, trying to recapture the mood that had inspired this phrase or that turn of a sentence. Then he closed the book and sat staring at nothing. . . .

At 9:30 he came downstairs with somewhat ostentatious casualness, whistling tunelessly, and sank into a rocking-chair on the porch near Martha. He rocked vigorously a moment or two and then spoke. "By the way, Martha," he said suddenly, with disarming candor, "what was the name of that young newspaper fellow—that reporter—Taylor?"

"Taylor," she replied dutifully—"Peter Taylor."

"That was it—Peter Taylor." He rocked more vigorously and resumed his whistling. Then: "What ever became of him? Why doesn't he ever come around any more? I haven't seen him recently." He continued to rock innocently.

Martha smiled in the dark. "Why, I don't know," she replied vaguely. "You said something about not liking him—said he was bad at heart or something of the sort, and ——"

Mr. Wheatley laughed indulgently. "What nonsense! I said he was bad at heart? Why, it must have been in the heat of a political argument! As I remember him, he was quite a fine fellow. Why don't you have him around again sometime?" He paused discreetly and whistled a single bar. "For that matter, why don't you call him now? Maybe he has nothing to do. Give him a ring."

She went inside and called the Ledger number. She wished to speak to Mr. Taylor.

A silence. Then—Mr. Taylor was busy. Would she leave a message? Was Mr. Currier there? Yes. Then she'd speak to Mr. Currier. Presently he spoke.

"George, this is Martha Wheatley. . . . Where is Pete?"

"He's busy. Can I take a message?"

"Busy at what?"

She heard Mr. Currier chuckling. "Well, it seems," he said, "that by some error his name was left off his Haddlebury story in one of the out-of-town editions. He is at present bawling the make-up editor out about it." He knew she was smiling. "You know how writers are," he added.

"Yes," she replied, still smiling into the mouthpiece, "I know how they are. Will you tell him to come over as soon as he can?" She paused. "Tell him father was asking about him and also asked me to call him."

"He'll come," Mr. Currier laughed. "I suppose I'll receive something in the way of a communication to the editor—"

"That's all," she said primly, and hung up.

Mr. Wheatley came into the room from the porch.

"I have a little idea that the public might be interested in," he said. "I think I'll run upstairs and knock it off before he comes. He could take it down to the office himself then."

"I'm sure," Martha said, "he'd be glad to."

A Fanciful Conception of How F. R. Gruger Could Guard His Famous Technic From the Hundreds of Ambitious Young Artists Who Would Possess It. Note: Mr. Gruger Keeps His Technic Locked in the Strong Box on His Work Table.

Yet
their owners agree
on this!

Most of the men we know who are dog lovers are smokers. Their ideas of beauty and usefulness in dogs vary from the Dachshund to the Great Dane.

Is it strange that these differing tastes find one common liking for Firefly Lighters? Not at all. Smokers need a pocket lighter that always works. It must be safe from accidentally lighting in or out of the pocket. It should not smudge the thumb, as some do.

Firefly Lighters have all these good points and also that air, that character which, in a dog, would be called breeding. Every line of a Firefly and the splendid finish are silent proofs that this was made by a jeweler.

Fireflys sell for as low as $4.50. If your local shop does not sell them, write to us.

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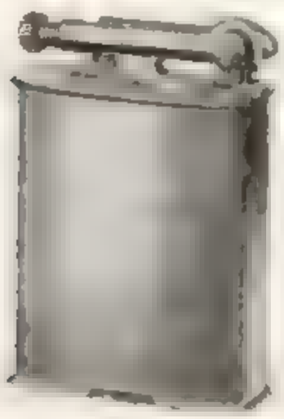


FIREFLY
A CLARK LIGHTER
ALWAYS WORKS

OUT-OF-DOORS

(Continued from Page 49

does shrink the ropes, and built-in floor cloth or sod cloth with removable canvas floor.

A very popular tent with many campers is the umbrella, sometimes called the "palmetto" or "marquette." The term umbrella first was applied to this type of shelter because the top frame was constructed a great deal like umbrella stays and braces, also it was supported by a central rod. One of the latest developments has been to devise the umbrella-tent frame in such a way that the center rod is eliminated, but this is always done by adding either two or four rods to support the top frame. Some campers declare that the center pole does not give them any trouble when arranging the furniture inside the tent; while others claim that they are glad to carry more poles, and take a little longer to erect or take down the tent, in order to get rid of the bothersome center pole. Umbrella tents without center poles have been incorrectly called "poleless." They are really center-poleless. No matter which type, pole or poleless, one's personal preference dictates that he should select, it is safe to say that he will be well pleased with his nomadic domicile.

One should remember that on a marathon camping trip his tent is his castle. The best one—no matter what style one chooses, so long as it is roomy and specially designed for the exigencies of camping—is the safest and cheapest in the end. There are a great many different makes of auto tents that will take one safely through every vicissitude of the weather, and stand the wear and tear of daily use—tents that will protect your loved ones from every ordinary hazard of a transcontinental expedition or a winter in the South; and such a tent, according to material, style, and size, will cost from fifty dollars to seventy-five dollars. One can buy at retail tents that may appear almost exactly the same to the casual observer, but beware of shoddy shelters for serious business. Few argonauts of the automobile are willing to risk the ruin of a vacation by placing confidence in cut-price outfits.

"How can I distinguish a good tent?" asks the tyro.

Tent Materials

One of the easiest tests is to step inside a tent and examine the material while looking toward a strong light. Good cloth will show up as tightly woven, fairly opaque, and of uniform thickness throughout. A shoddy material will be less opaque, and the light will shine through much brighter in places so that it will present a blotchy appearance.

If one can secure samples of tent material he can learn far more by holding the cloth before a light than by feeling of it or even soaking it with water. Compare the materials used in a seventy-five-dollar tent and a twenty-two-dollar-and-ninety-nine-cent tent, made to meet the demands of the trade, by this light test.

There used to be a great deal of talk about the weight of canvas; indeed, weight was used as the yardstick of quality. Though it is still true that a ten-ounce canvas duck will be superior to a six-ounce cloth of the same grade, nevertheless it is often a fact that a superior six-ounce canvas may have better rain-repelling and wearing qualities than a ten-ounce cloth of inferior fabrication. So weight does not have quite so much importance as formerly; indeed, both weave and waterproofing are more essential considerations. A good weave is one that is at least double fill and it should have a fairly high count—that is, a relatively large number of threads furthermore, it should be pulled closely together.

A frequent query is: "Is duck superior to drill?" For some reason a drill—often called twill—easily recognized because the threads run diagonally, or on the bias, never has become quite as popular as canvas duck. Canvas drill can apparently be woven much tighter than duck, and therefore appears to be thinner than the corresponding weight in duck. Because it is tighter, it is also stiffer and more likely to crack. Drill is somewhat more easily punctured than duck, and it is to be doubted that drill wears with the iron qualities of a good duck. There are a few fine drill-cloth tents on the market, second to none under every test, but the vast majority are made from standard canvas duck.

Frequently the consideration of ease in erection is what sells a tent. Veteran campers agree that nothing is faster in the one-man tent than the umbrella. One simply spreads the tent on the ground where he wants it erected, drives the four corner stakes, and then steps through the doorway to set the center pole or top frame in place. One old-timer avers that he can set up his umbrella tent alone and blindfolded in five minutes, and I thoroughly believe him. The modern touring wall tents are almost as easily pitched. Size considered, the shed tent is as balky as any.

Another thing to decide is whether or not one wants to hobble his car in one place when the tent goes up, or select a shelter that will only indirectly attach to the car top, so that the automobile may be driven about without disturbing the camp. The best auto tents are thus adaptable.

The Gasoline Stove

Tent pegs have even come in for their share of improvement. Old-style wooden ones are passing. In their place has come the unique angle-iron peg with its handy hook or ring. Where the wooden peg held best when leaning toward the tent, the newer metal ones are made with a broad shoulder which makes them hold best when driven into the ground to lean away from the shelter. Ingenious makers of these new pins must have recognized the tendency of almost every beginner to drive his pegs in the wrong direction, so, Yankee fashion, they made the wrong way the right one.

A trip afield would be stale as week-old bread without the inevitable camp fire. While the wood fire is unquestionably the most picturesque, still one might as well face the fact that it is often very difficult to find wood for fuel. The open fire blackens the cooking utensils anyhow.

The modern pressure-feed folding gasoline camp stove fits into one's holiday scheme better than any other. Indeed, it is an outfit that brings the camp fire up to date. Generally the weather is warm, but the use of the gasoline stove does not work any hardship on this score; nor does it leave a bed of smoking ashes or live coals behind.

If I were asked to name the particular article that was most typical of the camper's outfits—the handmaiden of motor camping—it would have to be the merry little gasoline stove. It has come to be as important an adjunct to camping as the self-starter is to the automobile. The male members of the camping party welcome the gas stove because it is a great deal easier to siphon fuel from the car tank than to rustle firewood. The women like the gasoline stove because it makes camp cookery almost as simple and easy as cooking over the kitchen range.

The accepted gasoline meal-getter has two burners, a warming closet and windbreak, and the cooking top is elevated conveniently by means of a collapsible metal stand. One learns to generate the master burner and get the stove going readily enough with a little practice. It is a mighty good plan for the tyro thoroughly to familiarize himself with his gasoline stove before starting on the big journey; indeed, it is also important to have had some experience with every part of his camping outfit, from tent to nesting utensil outfit. To this end a good many follow the excellent practice of taking several short trips over week-ends near home. By the time they are ready to hit the trail in earnest, they have become seasoned campers.

Cooking and eating utensils are frequently taken from home, but by far the more satisfactory practice is to have one special set for camping. Miscellaneous dishes never will get the least bit chummy, when it comes to packing them up in a rather small space. One has the option of aluminum kits of both cooking and eating utensils or enamel-ware eating dishes, to which may be added either aluminum or steel enough to take care of the cooking. For a four-party outing the following is essential: two ten-inch frying pans with detachable handles; three stew pots of eleven, nine, and seven quart capacity, as well as a two-quart coffee pot; four each of knives, forks, spoons, tablespoons, plates, cups and bowls; with a salt-and-pepper service.

Such an outfit may be had in a heavy waterproof-canvas case in aluminum; and about the same dishes for eating purposes only can be obtained in enamel ware with the entire set packed into the largest pail. To such a set should be added such odds and ends as kitchen knives, long-handled fork and spoon, sheathed knife for meat and bread, pancake flipper, canvas bucket, camp ax in sheath, can opener, dipper, soap and towels.

For his food container one may select either a neat running-board trunk or kitchenette, or he may use a reed refrigerator basket or running-board ice chest. Thermal jugs, serving dishes, or bottles are very popular. The auto camper carries his perishable food on ice, and lives in camp on just as varied a diet, cooked in as many appetizing ways, as he enjoys at home. His baked goods he buys en route as needed.

What to Sleep On

A great many tyros find that one of the very hardest tasks is to get to sleep. A really comfortable camp bed with plenty of warm bedding makes it easy enough. The folding cot, with frame of seasoned hardwood or enameled steel, which may be had in either single or double width for adults as well as in a junior size in certain kinds for children under twelve years, is more widely used than any other kind of foundation for a good night's sleep. A good many ask how to distinguish a camp bed from a cot. The cot always has a canvas top, while the bed boasts steel springs. Some beds look very much like cots, because the springs are incased in a canvas envelope. Almost invariably the beds are built double width, either forty-two or forty-eight inches wide, and a single camp bed is the exception. While folding cots are all built along more or less the same pattern, camp beds are constructed in scores of different types, most of them excellent, but some lacking a suitable tension device to keep the bed from sinking near the middle, or "hammocking" as campers say.

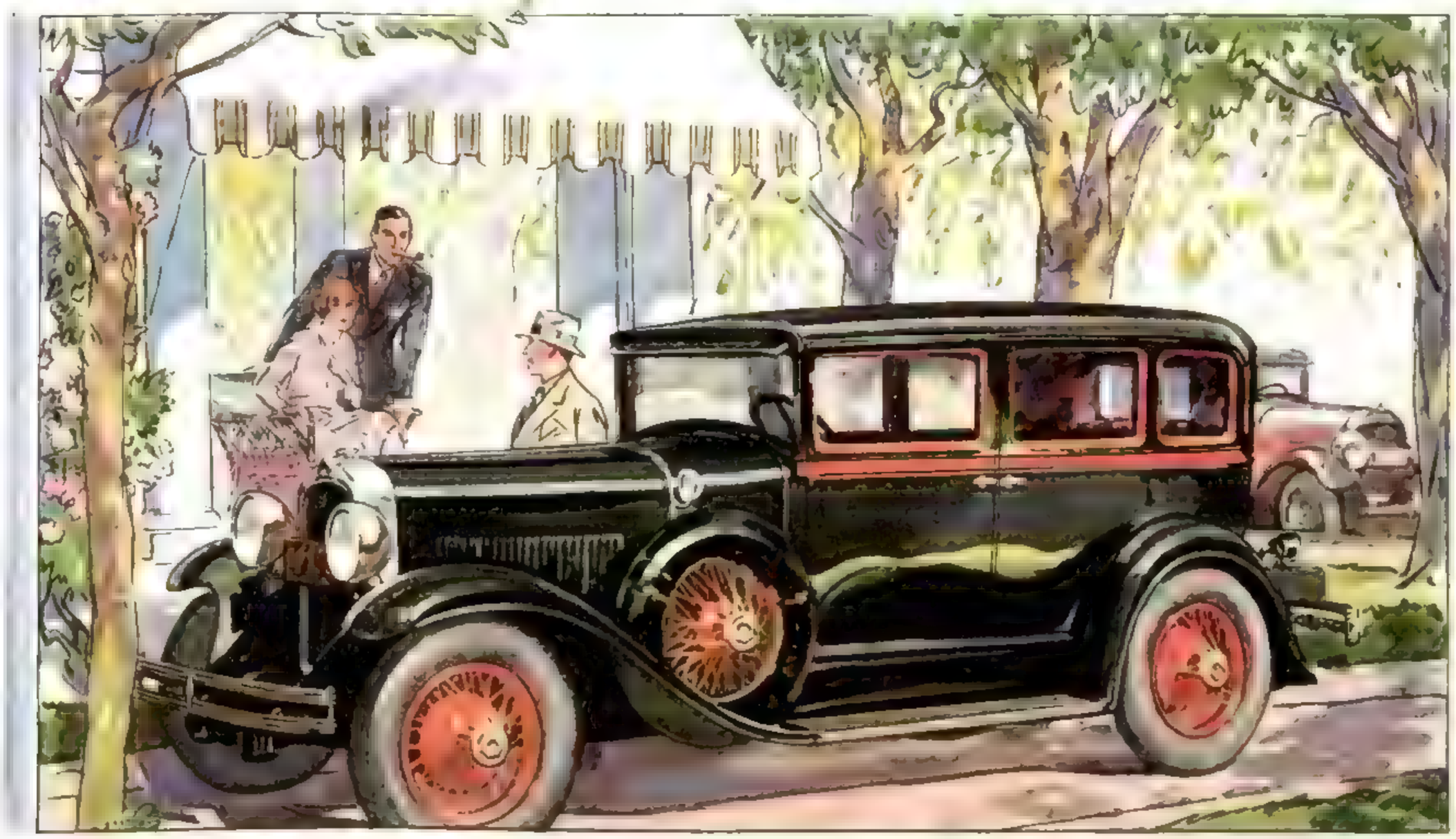
Tens of thousands of campers are using pneumatic beds, bed pads, and mattresses. The air bed is placed directly upon the ground and is a sort of sleeping pocket with a wool lining and a waterproof cover. Pneumatic-bed pads are used on camp cots, or any form of bed for that matter, and so are the larger air mattresses. The beginner who uses an air bed is prone to spoil his comfort by inflating it too hard.

The only hard-and-fast rule to remember with respect to camp bedding is this: Put twice as much bedding beneath the body as is needed over the sleeper. Otherwise one is sure to sleep cold, if at all. Some campers place paper under the bedding and find this satisfactory insulation, but even then more should be under the body than is needed over. Eider-down blankets are the very warmest and lightest-weight bedding.

—Frank E. Brimmer.

MARMON

A straight Eight at the price of a Six . . .



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THE NEW MARMON 68

BLACK BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 21)

plane below the one which Opus inhabited. Secondly, Mr. Slappey fondly believed that he would be chosen winner of the beauty contest by reason of Opus' vote. But Mr. Randall knew better. He intended to keep Florian perfectly confident and then on the last night, in the bitter glare of public observation, throw him down. So that Florian would be out of Midnight and also a defeated candidate in the race for handsomest man.

Mr. Randall was in exceedingly fine fettle that night. Next morning he felt even better when he learned that Florian had tendered his resignation to President Latimer and filed his formal entry in the male beauty contest. It was Welford Potts who approached his friend and remonstrated:

"Ain't you been kind of hasty, Florian?"

"I don't think so."

"Well, I do."

"How come?"

"Did you know that Cæsar Clump an' Opus Randall was the other two judges?"

"I'll say I did."

"Cæsar's shuah to vote against you."

"I know it."

"So is Opus."

Florian chuckled. "Not ezackly, he ain't." He then proceeded to sketch his scheme. But Welford did not enthuse. His head moved mournfully from side to side.

"Sometimes, Brother Slappey," he observed, "you shows less wits than none at all. Do you akchelly tell me you b'lieved Opus?"

"Shuah. Why not? Fo' a hund'ed dollars ——"

"Boy, he'd give a thousan' to git you in this fix. Cain't you see where you stand at? I votes fo' you, an' Cæsar votes against. Then, right out in public, Opus slaps you in the face, an' where is you? You cain't even come on the Midnight lot no mo'. Think it over, Florian; refleck upon it."

Florian did, and the more he reflected, the more certain he became that Welford was right. He cursed the self-confidence which had impelled him to forgo so blithely his eminently satisfactory strategic position. Of course Welford might be wrong, but Florian knew that he wasn't.

It behooved Mr. Slappey to do something and do it fast. He surrounded himself with large quantities of solitude and filled his head with thoughts.

And eventually an idea came to him. It came in masculine garb from the innermost recesses of his memory. He even recalled the man's name—Fresco Bitt. That was it—Fresco.

Florian departed from Birmingham at midnight that night. Morning found him wandering through the colored section of Memphis, hunting for Mr. Bitt. The gentleman was not difficult to locate and when they faced each other an onlooker would have been amazed at the effect presented.

If Florian was easy on eyes partial to masculine pulchritude, Mr. Bitt was a positive delight. He was not much larger than Florian and had a similar figure, but there was a vague, intangible difference which imparted to Fresco that distinguished air which had ever been the despair of Mr. Slappey's life.

Perhaps it was the faint penciling of a mustache which Fresco sported; perhaps the slightly greater breadth of shoulder; perhaps the more perfect grace. Actually it was no one of these, but all combined which caused the Memphian to stand out above Florian like a midsummer sun over an attractive but unimportant flower.

To Fresco, Florian stated his mission. He offered to pay Fresco's expenses, and something over, for one week in Birmingham.

Fresco was to enter the beauty contest. It was inevitable that he and Florian would be the two men selected by the lodge committee as contestants in the final voting.

Florian's scheme from then on was superb in its simplicity. Everything was to be made ready for the final balloting in the Champion Theater. The public would be present. The committee would attend armed with pencils and dignity. It would gaze upon Florian, and—it would gaze upon no one else!

"You see," explained Mr. Slappey earnestly, "time comes fo' them to vote an' you goes up to the Terginal Station an' takes the train fo' Memphis. Ise the on'y feller there. So what can them committees do 'cept vote fo' me? The answer is nothin'. Even Cæsar Clump will have to vote fo' me, 'cause Ise gwine be the on'y one lef' in."

Fresco was quite delighted. He had visited Birmingham only once, but was exceedingly fond of the place. He liked the excitement of its colored loop, he enjoyed associating with a negro populace comprised mainly of men engaged in the mechanical jobs of a vast industrial district. Birmingham colored folks seemed to have more ready cash per capita than those of any other city Fresco had visited.

"You understan' clear," repeated Florian, "that all I want you for is to make shuah nobody else won't git in the final two which gits judged?"

"I comprehen', Brother Slappey."

"An' befo' the final judgin' starts, you has got to exodust fum Bumminham."

"I git you."

Next day they arrived in Birmingham. Acting under Florian's orders, Mr. Bitt sought his own friends. It was no part of Florian's scheme that his enemies should know what he was planning.

He financed Fresco and that gentleman proceeded to have a glorious time. He duly entered the beauty contest and received the enthusiastic acclaim of all with whom he came in contact. One or two even ventured to condole with Florian. That person nodded cheerfully.

"Shuh," he said, "it woul'n't be no disgrace to git out-beautied by such a swell-lookin' feller as Fresco Bitt."

Within a few days it was generally conceded that Fresco and Florian were the only two men with a chance to reach the finals. The city, as a matter of fact, accepted the fact that Fresco was to attain the enormous reward of victory in the contest plus a chance to act in the movies. Two or three even told Fresco that they bet he'd make the sweetest movie actor that ever was.

The casual remarks caused a thought to be born in Fresco's brain. He cultivated the acquaintance of Forcep Swain, Midnight's official author, and was taken on a tour of the movie lot. He was vastly impressed by the efficient chaos. He glimpsed garish sets brilliant in the glare of Kliegs and flood lights, actors gravely strutting in the habiliments of slapstick comedy, electricians and mechanics in dusty overalls, elegantly puttied directors, property men, gorgeous damsels—fairyland. It occurred to Mr. Bitt that there might be many worse professions than picture acting.

The idea, once born, developed swiftly. Even before the officials of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise had completed the formality of selecting Fresco and Florian as first and second choice, respectively, Mr. Bitt had determined, calmly and unblushingly, to double-cross his sponsor.

Mr. Bitt was nobody's fool. He spoke first with Opus Randall. That gentleman assured him that his vote was pledged to Florian Slappey, but he accompanied the assurance with a prodigious wink which bore out the rumor Fresco had heard. Then Mr. Bitt sought Welford Potts. He found the emaciated little actor filled with righteousness.

"Does you an' Florian enter them finals, Mistuh Bitt, I votes fo' you."

"But somebody said ——"

"—— that I was a friend of Florian's? Sholy I is. But I ain't gwine straduce mysef fo' him nor neither nobody else. I votes honest, an' they ain't no question in my mind that you is the handsomest man."

It was then that Fresco definitely determined to remain in the city for the final judging. He happened, however, not to mention the subject to Florian. Opus sought Welford. He discovered that Mr. Potts had been approached by the out-of-town candidate.

"I said I would vote fo' him," announced Welford candidly. "Ain't no question 'bout him bein' the handsomest man, an' ——"

"But ain't you a friend of Florian's?"

"Sholy, but I ain't no liar."

News of Welford's decision to vote for Fresco reached the ears of Mr. Slappey and caused him not the slightest worry. Why should he be annoyed by Mr. Potts' high principles? When the night for final judging rolled around, Fresco was going to be en route to Memphis. Florian knew that he would be the only candidate remaining and therefore certain to receive the unanimous award. He was really very happy and quite unsuspicious that his importation might seek to do him dirt.

Already the management of the Champion Theater had been approached by influential colored citizens for places of prominence on the night of the final judging. It was certain that the house would be sold out. The affair was taking unto itself a romantic glamour. The idea was new and intriguing. Florian's friends intended to be present to root for their idol. His enemies were even more keen to lend their support to the first person who ever stood a chance of publicly stripping from Florian some of his conceit.

Florian was prepared for the finals. Even though he knew he was to be the lone contestant, he wished to dazzle the multitude. Preliminary judging had taken place in ordinary street clothes. The finals, on the stage of the Champion Theater, were to be vastly more impressive.

According to the schedule the candidates were to appear three times each. First they were to step before the footlights in bathing suits, then in sport costume, and finally in all the glory of full and formal evening dress. Florian bought a new bathing suit, he sent full dress and flannel sport costume to the cleaner. He purchased a new lavender silk shirt and a lavender necktie. He gazed pridefully at his wardrobe and knew that he had builded well. Midnight job or not, for the first time in his life he was to receive the formal accolade. They were to bestow upon him the official title of Champion Handsome Colored Man of Birmingham.

The day of judgment dawned brightly. Florian rose early and breakfasted heartily at Bud Peagler's place. Then he visited the bank and withdrew sufficient money to square accounts with Fresco Bitt. He sought that gentleman in his room at the Cozy Home Hote, for Colored.

Mr. Bitt was resplendent in a suit of flowering pajamas. He greeted his visitor languidly.

"Heah's yo' money," announced Florian crisply. "You has done fine. Point now is that you ain't to say nothin' to nobody 'bout gittin' out of town. Just go! That'll fix things so until the last minute they won't know nothin'. Then it'll be too late to git another candidate to run against me."

Mr. Bitt lighted a perfumed cigarette. "Nemmin' givin' me no money, Florian."

"Says which?"

"Says I prefer not to assept no money offen you."

"How come not?"

"'Cause I kind of like Bumminham an' I aim to remain heah awhile."

"But, Fresco ——"

"Don't but me, slim boy. I is gwine remain where I is at."

Florian stared at his Memphis friend. He saw that Fresco was planted firmly on his feet and that there was a pugnacious squareness to Fresco's jaw. True, Mr. Bitt wasn't much larger than Florian, but even if Mr. Slappey had been pugilistically inclined he realized that black eyes and split lips do not enhance one's natural beauty.

Florian was beginning to understand. He was commencing to see that a disaster was about to happen to him. Even yet he was loath to put it into words.

"You don't mean ——" he stared incredulously.

"I does! Since I arrove in Bumminham I has decided to become a pitcher actor. It'd be a downright shame fo' any feller as handsome as I to keep out of the movies. Co'se Ise sorry fo' you, 'cause it ain't yo' fault that you look like ten cents' wuth of tripe."

A cold and bitter anger assailed Florian. He turned steely eyes upon the friend who was now his enemy.

"Was I to espress my 'pinion of you, Fresco Bitt, I'd ——"

"—— git throwed out of that window, Florian. Tha's what you'd git."

"But I brung you heah an' paid all yo' espenses, an' ——"

"—— an' you gits the glory of comin' out secon'-best in a beauty contes'. You said yo'se'f that it ain't no disgrace to git beat by me."

Florian bethought himself of his agreement with Opus Randall. He knew that Welford would vote for him. A superior smile creased his lips.

"All right, perfidious feller!" he declaimed. "Tonight us will see."

"You is dawg-gone tootin' we will. Cæsar Clump votes fo' me an' so does Welford Potts ——"

"Says who?"

"Welford Potts."

"Foolishment what you utters between yo' lips! Welford is my frien'."

"Just the same," announced Fresco calmly, "he tol' me with his own mouf that he was gwine vote fo' me."

Florian vanished in search of Welford. He found that gentleman just knocking off for the day.

"Welford," he pleaded, "tell me it ain't true."

"Tell you what ain't true, Florian?"

"What Fresco said."

"What was that?"

"He said you was gwine vote fo' him in the beauty contest tonight."

Welford was of tiny stature, but he possessed a mighty moral courage.

"Tha's the troof, Florian. Gosh knows, I hate to admit it, but I done pledged myse'f to vote fo' the han'somest man, an' Mistuh Bitts is him."

Florian gave vent to a deep, sepulchral groan, and Welford dropped a friendly hand across his shoulders.

"Ise sorry, Florian; b'lieve me, I is. Outside of bein' dishonest, I'd do anythin' in the whole world fo' you. I'd fight fo' you or die fo' you ——"

"Go ahaid an' die then," urged Mr. Slappey. "They'd have to appoint another judge."

"Aw, please! Cain't you see the presition Ise in?"

"Yeh! An' cain't you see the one I occupies? Heah I is—I has lost a good sof' job with Midnight an' high-hatted aroun' tellin' ev'ybody I was gwine win the beauty contes'. An' when it's over, where is I? Busted, out of a job, an' not even good-lookin'!"

"Yes, you is, Florian. On'y not so good-lookin' as Fresco Bitt."

"You sholy is encouragin', Welford. I reckon a feller never knows his friends until ——"

"Now, listen, brother. I honest crave to do somethin' fo' you."

"Vote fo' me, then."

(Continued on Page 76)

The feel of velvet and the wear of iron

OUR headline may be a trifle florid to say about a shoe. But, we are speaking about Smith Smart Shoes. And men who have worn these shoes are inclined to be the least bit extravagant in their talk about them.

Anyway, they are very good shoes indeed. They fit well and kindly. They wear long. They stay shapely. Shoemakers who were not a little happy and proud of their work could not possibly turn out shoes exhibiting so much care and finish in even the little things.

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This new custom model savors of London's exclusive clubs . . . Shown in Tan Calf (No. 206) and Black Calf (No. 406).

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You'll forget your shock absorbers—except for the comfort they provide, when you buy a car equipped with Delco-Remy Lovejoys or have a set installed on your present car.

All Lovejoy working parts are enclosed, and operate in oil—protected from dirt, mud and water. All noises and need for troublesome adjustments are eliminated. The operation of Lovejoys does not depend upon friction surfaces. Thus, for the entire life of your car, Lovejoys assure smooth, easy, jounceless riding over all types of roads, at all speeds, and under all weather conditions.

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How impressive then is the fact that in the last six months alone, more manufacturers have adopted Lovejoys than all other shock absorbers combined—that more people today are riding on Lovejoys than on any other hydraulic!

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It stays underfoot!

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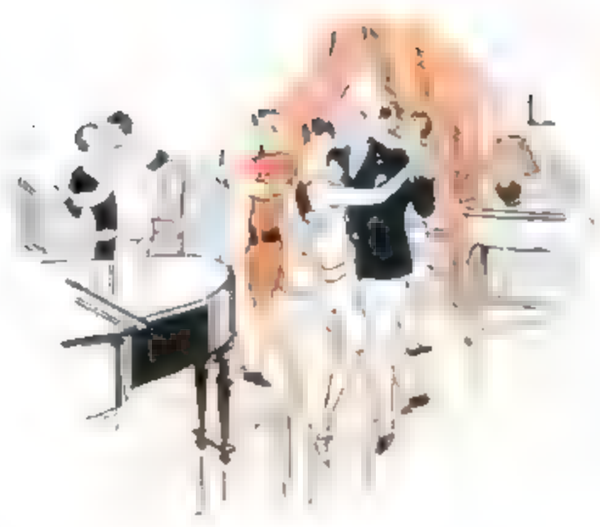
From a drawing by L. V. A. Cullé



DIGGING HEELS, tapping feet, dancing toes meet stout resistance when they come in contact with "61" Floor Varnish. It *stays* underfoot long after cheap floor finishes are but a memory of labor and expense.

Where the wear is hardest, at the front door, in doorways between rooms, under the piano pedals and where children play, that is where "61" Floor Varnish demonstrates its long life. It is heelproof, marproof and waterproof. Spilled liquids, hot or cold, become passing incidents with "61" on the floor. They do not dim its rich luster.

"61" Floor Varnish was originally made for just one purpose — *floors*. Its extreme durability, its resistance to actual ill treatment and abuse on floors quickly popularized it as a general utility varnish for furniture and woodwork of all kinds. It greatly prolongs the life of linoleum, brightens the pattern and makes it easy to clean.

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"Save the surface and you save all" *Paint & Varnish*

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 70)

"I cain't! But anythin' else—anythin' you can think of."

Florian stared raptly off at nothing. "You—you sort of remind me, Welford, of a feller which busts somebody in the mouf just so he can have the fun of apologizin' "

News of Welford's ineluctable honesty came to the ears of Opus Randall. That large and pompous gentleman sought his co-star and verified the rumor. Mr. Randall had no sympathy whatever with such absurd honesty, but his eyes narrowed craftily as he determined to divert it to his own ends.

He sought President Latimer and begged permission to vote after Welford that night. Latimer was quite agreeable—it didn't matter particularly to him who voted first

Meanwhile Fresco Bitt was having an exceedingly good time. He sought out the three judges and tried to become friendly with them. Clump, as befitting a person of his eminence, was not particularly warm, but he assured Fresco that he didn't see why he shouldn't win. Opus Randall merely grinned and informed Fresco that he sholy was the best-lookin'.

Welford Potts was even more frank, but less friendly.

"Florian Slappey is a friend of mine," he announced curtly. "An' wasn't I so honest, I'd vote fo' him."

"Then you mean ——"

"—— that I votes fo' you. Yes."

"Hot dam! Han'some feller what I is."

Fresco linked his arm in that of Welford, and Mr. Potts patiently bore with his new friend. He even walked down the street with him toward Bud Peaglar's place while Fresco talked long and earnestly.

Opus Randall was very happy. He had a scheme of his own. From the very first he had determined to double-cross Mr. Slappey, but now that didn't seem necessary. J. Cæsar Clump was certain to vote against Florian. So was Welford. To make assurance doubly sure, Opus had arranged that Welford cast the first vote, and Mr. Randall was determined that if Welford actually did vote for Fresco, Florian was to receive the Randall vote.

By that excellent bit of strategy Opus would be in a position to demand the return of the hundred-dollar note which Florian held. He hadn't promised to elect Florian; his pledge had been merely to vote for him. Mr. Randall chuckled. It was indeed a queer twist of events when he alone of the Midnight organization was destined to stand forth as champion of the Slappey cause.

As for Mr. Slappey, that personage was wallowing in the nethermost depths of despond. In every conceivable way and manner his excellent scheme had gone awry. Jobless already, and about to be made ridiculous.

Selection as Birmingham's outstanding colored man would have repaid him for the loss of his position with Midnight, but now even that was to be denied him. And he already had forsaken the prestige which was an inevitable concomitant of a job with Midnight.

The present seemed a drab and dreary thing, with the future painted in flat, dull gray. Everything was wrong and giving promise of getting terrible. Mr. Slappey was hopelessly crushed.

Of course, he had not ceased to fight, but his efforts in the face of such overwhelming disaster seemed puny and futile. Even Welford—well, Florian didn't doubt that Mr. Potts was his friend, and by the same token, he did not doubt that Welford fully intended to cast his vote for Fresco Bitt. That was what hurt most—that his dearest friend and staunchest ally should be the person to cause his greatest misery.

One hour before judging time the Champion Theater was filled to capacity. The good-natured, highly excited crowd applauded the feature picture and laughed uproariously at the antics of colored actors in the new Midnight comedy which served as hors d'œuvres to the program.

All the elect were in attendance: Lawyer and Mrs. Evans Chew, Dr. and Mrs. Brutus Herring, Sis Callie Flukers, the Rev'end Plato Tubb, Keefe Gaines, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Boscoe Fizz, Epic Peters, Jasper De Void, Semore Mashby—everybody who amounted to anything in Birmingham's Darktown.

Near the front of the theater was a special section which was occupied by President Orifice R. Latimer and the three judges. Beside Director J. Cæsar Clump sat his resplendent wife, Sicily; both looking as though the domestic bark had been sailing other than a tranquil course in the very near past. Next to Sicily was Welford Potts, and on the end was Opus Randall, looking fatter and more important than ever before.

At nine o'clock the house lights were flashed on and President Latimer made a verbose and sonorous announcement. He paid lavish tribute to The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise and even greater tribute to Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. He outlined the history of Birmingham's first dusky male beauty contest and informed the assemblage that the final selection was now to take place, the surviving contestants being Mr. Fresco Bitt of Memphis—applause—and Mr. Florian Slappey of Birmingham, Alabama—wild acclaim sprinkled with hisses.

Then, amid a tense hush, Mr. Slappey walked on the stage clad in a cerise bathing suit. His bronze figure gleamed, and he struggled heroically to conceal the certainty of defeat which hovered over him like a sword of Damocles. His appearance evoked cheers and catcalls. He retired and immediately Fresco walked on.

Fresco's bathing suit matched his complexion. There was small doubt that he was Florian's superior in the matter of physical attractiveness. He was a trifle broader, a wee bit taller, and infinitely better muscled.

Meanwhile, as Fresco strutted his stuff in the glare of the spotlight, Florian was busy changing to sport costume. For this entrance he had chosen tennis flannels, and at a signal Fresco walked off to make his change and Florian minced on, waving a somewhat dilapidated tennis racket in imitation of a Davis Cup player.

No question that Florian's costume created a sensation, and Mr. Slappey was momentarily heartened. But when he walked off it was in a thunder of applause which greeted Fresco's sport-costume appearance.

Mr. Bitt had chosen what appeared to be a riding habit: Soft shirt, lavender necktie, voluminous knee breeches and shiny putties. He carried a riding crop which he tapped insouciantly against his leather-clad legs; and the wild burst of applause indicated beyond any shadow of doubt that Florian's tennis impersonation was completely and absolutely eclipsed by Mr. Bitt.

Now Florian appeared for the third and final time. He was immaculate in full evening dress, a slim and attractive brown orchid with black and white trimmings. Across the gleaming bosom of his shirt a red ribbon was suspended. From his friend Welford he had borrowed a large medal, and he wore his most cherished possession—a monocle purchased more than a year since in Paris.

He was a riot, but not nearly so much of one as Fresco Bitt, who followed him onto the stage. Fresco wore no red ribbon, no medal and no monocle, but he had an air. He was *distingué*. When the applause died down, both candidates were called to the footlights and President Latimer announced that the formal judging would now take place.

"The first vote," proclaimed Latimer, "will be casted by one of the greatest cullud screen actors in the world—Mistuh Welford Potts."

Welford rose, a slim and perturbed gentleman. He appeared entirely unhappy.

"Folks," he announced, facing the silent house, "fo' many yeahs I has been a close friend of Candidate Slappey. But I has remained honest. Therefore, I casses my vote fo' Mistuh Fresco Bitt!"

There was a hush, then a burst of applause, and Mr. Potts reseated himself, mopping at a perspiring forehead with a pink handkerchief.

President Latimer was presenting the second judge—Mr. Opus Randall, greatest and fattest of Afro-American screen stars—and during the oration Opus was thinking fast. The situation had developed very much to his liking. Welford had made good—his vote was definitely and irrevocably cast in favor of Fresco, which assured a victory for the Memphian. There was no reason now why Opus should not fulfill his pledge to Mr. Slappey. Florian had not promised him the hundred-dollar note in exchange for victory—he had offered it for Opus' vote.

Opus was pleased with himself. His eye focused on the third judge—Director Julius Cæsar Clump—who was sitting tensely in his chair, glaring balefully at the stage. With Welford and Cæsar voting for Fresco, Opus knew that he was shaking hands with a hundred-dollar opportunity. Whereupon he hoisted himself to his feet and speechified:

"Folks, fo' many yeahs I an' Mistuh Slappey ain't been good frien's at all. But I reckon I is nigh about as honest as Welford Potts claims to be. So I casses my vote in favor of Mistuh Florian Slappey!"

Florian's lips parted in a brief, hopeful smile. Opus surveyed the house triumphantly. He was greeted with cheers and boos.

Now Julius Cæsar Clump rose to acknowledge President Latimer's introduction. He was a grim and relentless figure and there were few in the house who did not understand that his vote for Fresco Bitt was a mere matter of formality.

Mr. Clump seemed laboring under great stress. He was trembling with violent emotion, but his stentorian voice carried to the uttermost cranny of the stuffy theater.

"I casses my third an' decidin' vote," he shouted, "fo' Mistuh Florian Slappey!"

Silence—an awed, terrible silence! Florian was beaming. Fresco Bitt was crushed. The spectators refused to believe their ears. Opus Randall merely stared. His lips moved, but no words emerged. The horrid idea was coming to him that he had elected Florian Slappey Birmingham's handsomest colored man.

But Cæsar—Cæsar Clump of all persons! Cæsar—the man who had involved Midnight in this affair for the sole and single purpose of getting rid of Florian Slappey!

Someone in the rear of the house hissed. Another took it up. In a second the theater sounded like a giant steam valve gone wrong.

Director Clump faced the audience, a thin, authoritative figure. He held up his hand.

"Listen to me," he barked, "while I 'splain somethin'. I know what you-all is thinkin'. You is thinkin' that I is blind. You think Fresco Bitt is the handsomest man. Well, maybe he is. But I ain't never gwine vote fo' no such a wuthless hunk of tripe as Fresco Bitt!"

The hisses had been stilled. Every ear strained for Cæsar's next word.

"This mawnin'," announced Director Clump with deadly calm, "somebody busted into my house an' performed a burglary. What they stole was two suits of clothes. One of them was my directin' coschume an' the other was my full evenin' dress. Ladies an' gentlemens"—he turned and pointed a quivering finger at the cowering Fresco—"yonder sits my full dress suit. The sport clothes which Fresco Bitt wore was the directin' suit which was stole out of my room. I ask you, folks, was I right to vote against any feller which would do such as that?"

He seated himself. On the stage, Mr. Bitt was pop-eyed. And then the house roared. In a huge, threatening voice it expressed its opinion of Mr. Bitt. Someone made a loud remark anent manhandling.

Welford Potts leaped to the stage and grabbed the inert Fresco by the arm. With Florian's assistance, Fresco was hustled into a dressing room, and there Welford Potts took charge.

"Git out of them clothes an' out of Bumminham befo' the crowd out yonder pufforms extermination on you, Fresco."

Mr. Bitt hastened to obey the first order. He had gazed into the hostile eyes of the mob and he had no doubt as to what he was up against.

But as he changed, he wept. He was a limp and abject mass of human flesh.

"I—I didn't do nothin'."

"What if you didn't?" snapped Welford Potts. "Befo' you could make the crowd believe that, they'd have you all tore up into li'l' pieces."

"Oh, Lawsy, I has done wrong, an' I admit it. B-b-b-but, Welford, you know yo'se'f I never stole them clothes off Cæsar Clump. You—you offered to help me out, an' it was you who got them!"

"Sure I did," confessed Mr. Potts cheerfully.

"But why," wailed the crushed Fresco—"why did you have to swipe them clothes from Cæsar Clump?"

"I didn't have to," answered Welford Potts candidly. "In fact, I never would have thought of it if my friend Florian Slappey hadn't suggested that it was a good idea."

2:45 A.M.—Horace J. Centipede Contemplates Removing His Shoes Before Entering the House

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YOU CAN DEPEND ON YOUR VALETOR

IN SENIOR SPRING

(Continued from Page 17)

in groups, they appeared without warning and passed again into mystery, some laughing and talking, some sadly, like wraiths in wistful search.

Mary turned the car to the left and they were moving up the broad glistening main street, spangled on one side with shop windows that shone through the fog; on the other, glowing like burnished jewels, Parke saw the lamps of the campus, each ringed by a gleaming halo of luminous mist. On a side street the car came to a stop at the curb and Parke held his wrist watch close to the dash light.

"Can you eat all you want in nineteen minutes?"

"You bet!" said Mary, snapping off the ignition. "We don't want the freshmen to get all the best seats."

At the Teapot, amid a cheerful blending of subdued voices and clattering dishes, they hurried through the early supper; and soon, having once more parked the roadster, they were part of the current surging in through the double doors for the first show—the show belonging by tradition to the undergraduates. Towing Mary by one hand, Parke forced his way through the crowd going up the balcony stairs; out of breath, they settled triumphantly into two of the roomy wicker chairs in the first row.

The lights snapped out. As darkness, like a thrown cloak, fell upon the audience, the customary howl rose and smote the ceiling. It was a howl of joy and derision, a howl accompanied by the usual barrage of torn paper and hurled pop corn—a howl caused only by a temporary absence of care and an opportunity to holler in public. The play was on.

"It's a darn shame," Amos Parke said indignantly, "that they cut out smoking at the movies."

He thought regretfully of the ancient days of his freshman year; then it had been possible of an evening to sit in one of these comfortable chairs with your feet stuck out on the balcony railing while, without fear of bringing down sophomoric reprimand, you smoked and occasionally contributed a bon mot to the stream of acidulous dramatic criticism. The authorities, on some trumped-up pretense about state fire laws, had prohibited the smoking; but no legislation denied Amos Parke the luxury of audible, raking comment.

"Look at that Laplander!" he said of the silent lover. "Remove the hat, Cuthbert!" Others made known their opinions, especially at the first appearance of the heroine.

"Look at that face!"

"You look—I can't bear it."

"Money back, money back!"

Halfway through the picture, Mary, at one of Parke's comments, abruptly let loose a burst of contralto mirth which, even in those surroundings, attracted attention. With both hands she squeezed a handkerchief to her mouth and held it in readiness during the rest of the picture; for thereafter Parke's lightest word could double her into hysterical agony.

Amos Parke was delighted; he had never dreamed he could be so funny. A pleasant, vagrant thought engaged him. Had he been wasting his time at poetry? Perhaps he should turn his pen to humorous sketches, something light and exceptionally funny. This question continued to entertain him after the lights came on; but as he and Mary descended the stairs he saw, down among the chattering audience, the figure of his roommate.

Ed McMaster, moving with a circle of friends toward an exit, fulfilled the ideal of the romantic 90's. Instead of peg-top trousers and a turtleneck sweater, however, he wore a knickerbocker suit of light gray, a fashionable suit made for him and presented to him by a leading campus tailor who thus acquired something of the profitable prestige an English tailor acquires through an appointment to His Majesty. Instead of hanging in shaggy locks, McMaster's yellow hair was closely shorn. The people near by regulated their steps that they might exchange a greeting with him, just as professors, and even the young and austere instructors, would wait on campus paths in order to walk beside him and use his nickname. And Mr. Amos Parke, seeing once more the evidences of his roommate's preëminence, was sharply depressed by a familiar feeling of personal unimportance.

While he and Mary drove away from the crowded sidewalk, his thoughts, as if seeking reassurance, turned to his own triumph. Several times that afternoon he had definitely put aside the temptation to tell Mary about the sonnet, but now he again considered the plan. He considered it, however, only for a moment; without having reached a decision, he was in the midst of his news. Mary's eyes opened wide; for an instant they almost turned from the road ahead.

"Really, Parkey?" she cried. "Why, how perfectly splen-did! Good for you!"

The sonnet remained the one topic of conversation while they toasted soda crackers for cheese sandwiches in the kitchen at Mary's house. Presently, after another losing battle with himself, Parke told her the more precious half of his secret—she herself was the person described in the poem.

With a half-toasted cracker balanced on a fork, Mary turned and faced him. Her black eyes opened wide, and into her face came the awe, the incredulous delight, the unspeakable gratification of the woman who learns that her lover is about to woo her in public print where other women may read and envy.

"About me?" cried the dark lady of his sonnet. "Oh, Parkey, I'll simply die!"

III

AS AMOS PARKE joined the students in front of the bulletin board he caught some of their excitement. He elbowed his way among the others, each man eagerly scanning the posted lists to discover his own mark. On all sides Parke heard the inevitable exclamations of relief, unrestrained celebration, blasphemous protest.

"A second group for me!"

"I got a fourth!"

"Look! Tom Allen drew another flunk!"

"He's out."

"Yay! A fifth—hurray for me!"

"What the hell? Say, Lee, I was gypped!"

"Make 'em reread your paper, Undy!"

When Amos Parke, across the shoulder of the man in front, saw the number typed opposite his name he made no exclamation. Instead, he turned, pushed his way through the crowd and went straight to his room. Here, for a long time, he sat by the window and looked out at the sky. He was still there at the entrance of Ed McMaster, who, upon noticing Parke's expression, abruptly stopped.

"What's the matter, Parkey?" he asked quickly. "Anything wrong?"

"I got a fourth group in that history test," said Parke slowly, bitterly.

"A fourth?" repeated McMaster.

Parke nodded. "There goes my chance for Phi Beta Kappa."

"Can't you make up for it?"

"No; I'd have to get first groups from now till June."

"Oh, well," said McMaster, "the darn thing's off your mind, anyhow. Now you can have a little fun during these last few months."

For a time neither spoke; then Parke, still staring out at the sky, broke the silence.

"Say, Ed," he began, "I've been thinking about what you said."

"You have?"

"I mean about Phi Beta Kappa."

"Oh, I see."

"I believe you were right about it."

"Why, sure I was!"

"I don't want to holler sour grapes," added Parke, "but I've been thinking the thing over, and to tell the truth I'm glad I'm out of it."

"You're too good a fellow, anyway," said McMaster, "to waste your time studying."

Again a silence settled over the room while they smoked; again Parke ended it:

"Say, Ed."

"Yeah?"

"I never told you the real reason why I went out for the key."

"You mean on account of Mary?"

"No," said Parke quietly. "It was because I wanted to have something I could write down on my record in the Herald. I didn't want to graduate from this place without having done something—at least some little thing to prove I was in the class."

"That so?" asked McMaster uncomfortably.

"Almost everybody has done something except me," Parke went on. "I've never made any of the teams, I've never been elected to any office, I've never even been on a committee."

McMaster leaned forward from the edge of his chair. "That doesn't matter, Parkey," he argued. "All the fellows like you, and that's what ——"

"Yes, it does matter," Parke insisted. "I won't even be able to say that I was as much as assistant manager of the freshman chess team. All I'll ever be known for—I'm not blaming you—is that I was your roommate. Amos Parke? Was he in '27? Oh, yes! He was the guy that roomed with Ed McMaster." Parke broke off abruptly, then faced his roommate. "Ed," he asked in a changed voice, "did I ever tell you I have a poem that's coming out in the Lit?"

McMaster sat up. "You have?" he exclaimed with surprise and admiration. "Well, what better do you ask than that?" he added aggressively. "There are darn few fellows in each class that get stuff in the Lit—a darn sight fewer than the gang that gets the varsity letter!"

The enthusiasm in the voice brought a measure of solace to Parke's mood. He was surprised by the value McMaster set on his success with the sonnet; he was cheered by McMaster's praise and by his prediction that the poem could not help but attract a lot of favorable attention.

The atmosphere of the room became exceptionally mellow, afternoon shadows stealing into the corners while they talked and smoked, until presently a knock sounded on their door.

"Come in!" McMaster called, and into the dim room came an unidentified sophomore.

"Does Parke live here?" he asked diffidently.

"Right here," said Parke, retaining his comfortable position. "What've you got there for me?"

"Roy Telfair told me to give you this," replied the messenger, handing Parke a folded paper. "He said to say they got a full-page ad at the last minute, and he said to say that he's very sorry and otherwise he said he would've been very glad to use your poem."

Amos Parke, holding the rejected manuscript, watched Ed McMaster rise majestically to his feet. The football captain, concentrating upon the messenger, delivered a brief, forcible opinion of Roy Telfair.

"And what's more," McMaster concluded, "you tell him this: I'm not the only one on the campus who says the Lit's never been as rotten as it has since he's been running it."

The messenger, still nodding rapidly in eager, frightened acquiescence, moved sidewise to the door and disappeared. McMaster snapped on the yellow reading lamp. Holding the manuscript beneath the light, he again raised his head.

"What I want to know," he said viciously, "is this: Who gave Roy Telfair the authority to set himself up as a judge of what's the best poetry?"

(Continued on Page 79)

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Choosin'-up sides

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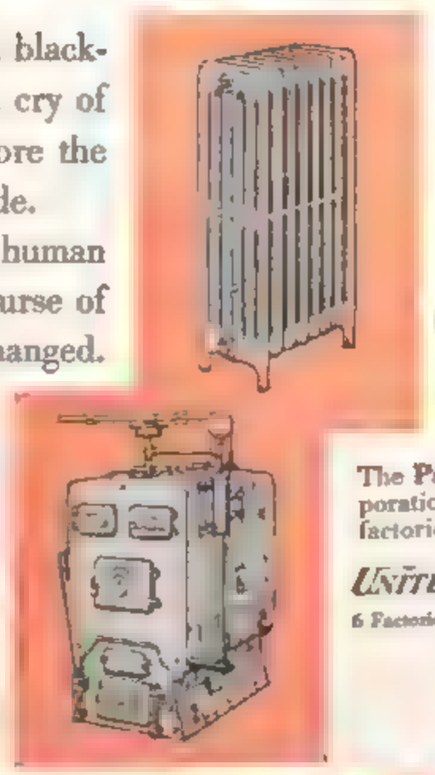

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AND RADIATORS

Continued from Page 77

Still breathing wrathfully, he turned to the white sheet, read in silence, then looked up with a solemn expression.

"I don't claim to be any great authority," he stated soberly, tapping the manuscript with the back of his right hand, "but I know that's real poetry. It's interesting, it's a nice length, it rimes perfectly and a fellow can understand the meaning of it. And that's something nobody can say for that stuff of Milton's about Samson they made us wade through in sophomore year."

Amos Parke did not turn toward the lighted lamp; instead, standing at the window, he stared down upon the vanishing campus. And the evening shadows out there, falling like a final curtain, marked the end of something in his heart.

IV

THERE followed dreary days in which melancholy marked him for her own. Everything had lost its interest. He found human companionship an irritation and avoided all who could be avoided. For long hours he brooded upon his drab record. His lack of distinction sourly whispered that he must be repugnant to the classmates among whom he had lived so long and who had withheld from him even the slightest honor. Because he had lost his desire for high marks, even his favorite courses became distasteful. He cut many lectures; in preceptorials he sat so steeped in morose meditation that for minutes on end he was unconscious of the surroundings.

His preceptor in dramatic technic, one morning at the end of the hour, pointed out that his work had dropped far below his usual standard, that he took no interest now in the discussions.

"I don't want to meddle, Mr. Parke," concluded the preceptor, buckling his brief case, "but if I can help you in any way I would be very glad to have you come out some evening and talk things over."

Parke, after vague mumblings about his health, wearily withdrew, and encountered, that same evening, solicitude from another source.

"You're so different lately," remarked Mary. "I hope I haven't done anything to make you mad."

Ed McMaster, too, commented upon his glumness, exhorted him to mend his ways.

"I'll bet I've had a dozen fellows ask me what's come over you," said McMaster. "They notice it more in your case because you always had a wise-crack ready for everything. That's why the fellows used to like you."

Because his head felt feverish, the opinion of his fellows mattered less that evening than usual. He resisted McMaster's urgent invitation to the moving pictures; and later, lying on his bed, he turned the well-thumbed pages of the class Herald compiled by the seniors who had graduated the previous June.

To each senior a page was devoted, his photograph at the top, his record printed below. Every one of them, it seemed, had won some distinction to add to such bare facts as name, dates and future address. Some had taken part in so many activities that a smaller type was used to restrict the record to one page; others had wooed fame less successfully. But almost all, Amos Parke enviously realized, had gleaned some measure of renown.

He turned, as he had done many times, to the back of the Herald, where the traditional senior statistics were printed. Here, each June, the departing seniors recorded for all time a few favorites selected by vote from the ranks of the class. Pictured here were the seniors upon whom had been conferred the titles of the Best All-Round Man, the Biggest Bluffer, the Most Entertaining, the Handsomest, and a dozen others. Parke regarded all these with real envy, for he knew that every title, even those which to the uninformed implied derision, was bestowed in high compliment and admiration—whether it was the Most Thorough Gentleman or the Most Frequent Week-Ender, whether it was the Class Sport or the Most Popular.

Because the pictures of this score of class celebrities woke defeated longings in him, Parke derived a bitter pleasure from scanning them until, after nodding many times, he fell asleep over the book.

When he opened his eyes, late in the night, his clothes were damp from the driving rain that splashed in through his casement. He shivered while he undressed, shivered more violently at dawn when he sat up in bed and tried to swallow. He felt better after a shower, but a new chill struck through him when he stepped out of the entry. Halfway to his club, he suddenly abandoned the idea of breakfast, turned toward the infirmary. His forehead was wet and cold by the time he stood in a corridor smelling of medicine and watched a uniformed nurse draw near. There was something wrong about her; she approached with curving swoops, with eccentric retreats, and at times she vanished completely. But when he saw that she had at last reached him, was looking up with an inquiring expression, he clung to the back of a chair and said "I think I'm sick."

For weeks he was sick—weary weeks during which he was at first forbidden to visitors. Later, Ed McMaster called; flowers and a book came from Mary. On a Monday morning he was discharged, and upon legs inclined to wabble he went slowly toward his room. When he arrived there he learned that he had become a marked man on the campus.

"Look!" cried Ed McMaster, striking that morning's copy of the weekly rotogravure section of the campus daily. And Amos Parke looked.

The paper was given over to pictures of the seniors who had been selected as the class favorites in the recently tabulated balloting. At the upper right, on the first page, Parke saw a large photograph of the smiling president of the class, a man of unsurpassed popularity who was also a letter man in football and captain of the track team. This latest picture of him had been printed because he, from among all the seniors, had been voted the Best-Natured.

In an equally important position, at the upper left, was a picture, equally large, of Amos Parke. Beneath it a caption, equally prominent, explained that his classmates had by vote bestowed upon him the title, equally celebrated in tradition, of the Biggest Gloom.

"When they couldn't get in the infirmary to take your picture," McMaster was explaining, "I gave 'em that snapshot that was stuck in your mirror. You look kind of sour in it—don't you?—but I thought that'd be all the more appropriate."

Sunset on the Bering Sea

Amos Parke paid no attention whatever. He was staring, with exclusive concentration, at the most interesting photograph it had ever been his delight to gaze upon.

At the club, during luncheon hour, a dozen men spoke of the picture, some shouting their congratulations the length of the dining room.

A great number paid continual tribute to his new fame while he walked back toward his room; one man, across the avenue, gayly waved a copy of the current rotogravure section. Amos Parke's painful embarrassment gradually passed; in its place came a feeling of delicious intoxication. He walked less rapidly. He wished that more of his classmates would come along.

One more did come along when he was just outside his entry. This was Whoops Taylor, the tall bespectacled javelin thrower and friend of McMaster.

Taylor, in his frequent visits to the room, had always displayed an amiable indifference for Amos Parke's presence. But the magic of publicity had been powerfully at work.

"Well, well!" said Taylor, pausing on his way past. "If it isn't old Parkey, the Schopenhauer kid!" And before he walked on he smote Parke's back with a large, powerful hand.

It was a stinging blow, a blow emblematic of class approval, hearty admission to the brotherhood—to the group around which he had hovered for so many years with envious eyes.

And because the blow sent a strange, distressing emotion rejoicing through his weakened body, he stepped hastily into the entry. He paused, breathless, at the bottom of the dim stairway. For an instant his head dropped against his hand on the wooden rail, and when he straightened he was blinking disapprovingly. Then, in that quiet, sleepy old entry, came a murmur that was all sincerity, thankfulness, reverence

"It's great to feel that you stand for something on the campus!" he whispered brokenly.

V

THE beautiful elm tree under which Amos Parke waited, two hours later, lifted graceful branches to the warm May sunshine.

Its great expanse of young green leaves hung perfectly still. Presently, however, those leaves broke into a clamor of excited stirrings, of appropriately expectant whispers; for, close to the tree trunk, a blue roadster, with top down, was coming to a stop.

"Well!" cried Mary gladly. "And how is Mr. Biggest Gloom today?"

His return to health and especially his elevation to the peerage were discussed as the car rolled quietly along familiar roads.

Above them curved a sky of pure, clean blue; the air mumuring past their ears was faintly fragrant with the mystical odors of spring, and the sun laid mild golden rays upon green fields and shining trees. It was a clear, glorified day, a flawless day appropriate only in senior spring; and during a silence Mary, keeping her eyes on the road, tilted back her head and breathed with depth and luxury.

"Oh!" she exclaimed rapturously. "Isn't it a heav-en-ly day?"

On the point of agreement, Amos Parke caught himself, whipped his impulse back into place. He was a personage now, it came to him, a man from whom definite things could be rightly expected. He was a public character; he would keep faith with his public.

"You can't tell," he said warningly, looking gloomily to right and left. "It might rain yet."

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DEFY WATER AND WEAR

RUSSIAN VIGNETTES

Continued from Page 19

Being curious about Russia and all its ways, I even take it up with the management—the one English-speaking clerk. But he himself is at a loss, since he does not understand plumbing.

"But this is a government hotel, you see," he attempts to explain. "Such matters as plumbing and engineering and electrical work come under different department heads, I suppose. We only telephone to the komissar concerning trouble of any kind and he notifies the different departments, I suppose. Sometimes it goes slowly. I suppose they have a great deal to do."

"But it's not necessary for eight men, or three either, to confer about a job like that, is it?"

"I shouldn't think so, but I can look into it if you wish."

"Do, please."

But he never did. It was never straightened out. I asked him and others. And finally one American wiser than some others volunteered the information that such group visits were merely an expression of the Russian collectivist temperament.

"Believe it or not," he said, "but that's the way they are. They like to work in groups. No one individual under this form of government is willing to take the responsibility for anything. They prefer to go together in squads, confer by companies. It is easier, safer. They avoid personal responsibility and sleep better. And the government, since it, too, is collectivist in mood, does not mind. It really carries out its communistic notion, gives employment to many, and so long as there is enough to go round, makes everybody more comfortable. You may think I am crazy, but that is so."

And before I left Russia I had reached the conclusion that he had told me one of the truest and most illuminating things that was to be learned about the Russian system and the national temperament behind it.

V

IT IS one of those cold Russian days—snow and a damp cold wind. The place is Sebastopol, on the Black Sea, and now—in January—a decidedly colorless and commercially lifeless world. In summer as a resort, I was told, it was more interesting. I pray so. But what arrested me this day was the number of vacant stores, the poor displays in the shop windows, the slow and not very intent gait of the pedestrians. And of a Saturday morning too.

Looking for that almost nonexistent thing—an even tolerable restaurant—I am accosted by six men and two women of varying ages, but seemingly one economic level—a very poor one—each of whom in turn desired to know if I did not wish to rent a room. Being a passenger on a steamer in port but for a few hours, I decline. But not without some preliminary inquiries—always interesting here in Russia at this time.

For instance: "How large is the room?"

"Oh, a large room, fully fifteen feet square; plenty large enough for four people, if you wish."

"But I do not wish. How much for one person?"

"No more than two rubles by the day for one. Ten by the week, if you please."

"But I thought there were no spare rooms to be had in Russia at this time, that the housing situation was bad; not enough room for anybody, really."

"In some cities, yes, but not here. Here trade has decreased, and at this time of year. In summer most of the rooms are rented to summer boarders."

"How is that? I thought each person or family was allowed only so much space—some thirty cubic feet to a person—not enough to rent to another?"

"That is true of most places. Even here in summer at times. Then one must pay a tax. But when I took this my brother was with me." Or: "My son has gone to Odessa."

"No bath, I presume."

"No bath, but a washstand with water."

"And how many other roomers have you?"

"One, but he lives with us. Just myself and wife." Or daughter, or son.

"You have another room, I suppose."

"Yes, we live in the other room."

Needless to say, this conversation varied some with each person. The number of persons in the other single room varied. The cost to me, for mine, was less, never more. But never, by any chance, a bath, and nearly always only a general toilet on the same floor. And the look and the clothes of those offering the rooms told the rest—a troubled, depleted, not too clean look. Through my interpreter I always made a satisfactory explanation and wished each one luck. But I could not help wondering how long the principal thoroughfare of this once flourishing seaport of 35,000 would wear this dreary and hopeless look. And I could not help carrying away a part of the extreme depression prevailing. And as it proved here, so it was in some other cities included in my single tour—Simferopol, Odessa, Batum.

VI

IT IS one of those brilliant, cold, winter days in Kieff, when the sun shining on the snow heightens and glorifies everything. Positively, at moments in the winter season in Russia it would seem as though one were experiencing a new kind of season or climate—not winter, not spring, not summer, not autumn, but snow in sunlight, one might call it—spotless snow in diamond light. And coming after a succession of gray days with no sunlight, I cannot convey the feeling in words, I know. But to see a Russian church, with five or six or seven pineapple-shaped domes, all green or brown or blue or gold, and the sun above—and the snow below!

Well, anyhow, we are jogging along in a droshky, a Russian *isvoschik* as wide as a segment of a wall sitting soberly and protectively before us on his little perch between us and the wind and the view. But no matter. What a glorious thing is sunshine in winter in Russia! How it does sharpen things up! By George, this is really a beautiful city—wide streets, pleasing apartment houses, handsome buildings—not a bad city at all. These Russians are certain to come through yet. Wait and see. It is the expansive, liberalizing effect of sunshine on snow, you see.

And then down this wide bright thoroughfare, lined on either side by fairly respectable-looking shops, a sizable procession of sorts. You see it coming. Two or three people in front who look like priests, now that you are straining your eyes. Those queer, flat-topped, round hats, like segments of stovepipe. And are they carrying censers? There is something gleaming like brass or gold. And behind, a long company on foot. And in the center, borne aloft, a narrow wagon with a high platform, a—not really; that can't be a coffin with a—a—not really someone in it. No lid on it, even! Good Lord, how gruesome! How depressing!

For now that the procession comes nearer you truly see that your worst suspicions are correct. These are priests—three of them—the middle one holding an open book from which he is reading or chanting. And behind them, black-coated figures chanting or singing with the priests a most funereal air. It is most depressing—most depressing, sunshine or no sunshine. And that black, gruesome thing on that elevated platform, high above the heads of all so that everybody—the passing public—may see, and not in an inclosed deep coffin as is our custom in the West, but in something that can only be described as half a coffin, the

(Continued on Page 82)

Why wait 4 years?

Illustrious New Chrysler "72" Sport Roadster (with rumble seat) $1595

- - - for the performance

CHRYSLER "72"

gives you *today*

Today, there is nothing like Chrysler "72" performance in other cars at its price or even for $1000 more.

Four years from today, perhaps, you will be able to get in other cars the performance you get right now in the Chrysler "72."

Even with Chrysler to show the way, emulation and imitation have barely caught up with the performance of the original Chrysler—the car that obsoleted the cumbersome, bulky vehicles of four years ago.

And during these four years, Chrysler's progressive engineering has constantly increased the long margin of Chrysler superiority.

That is why the "72" today gives you performance that sets the pace for the entire industry for the next four years. 72 miles and more per hour. 75 brake horse power. Acceleration that leaves every other car behind. Vibrationless smoothness that only a Chrysler counterweighted 7-bearing crankshaft can give.

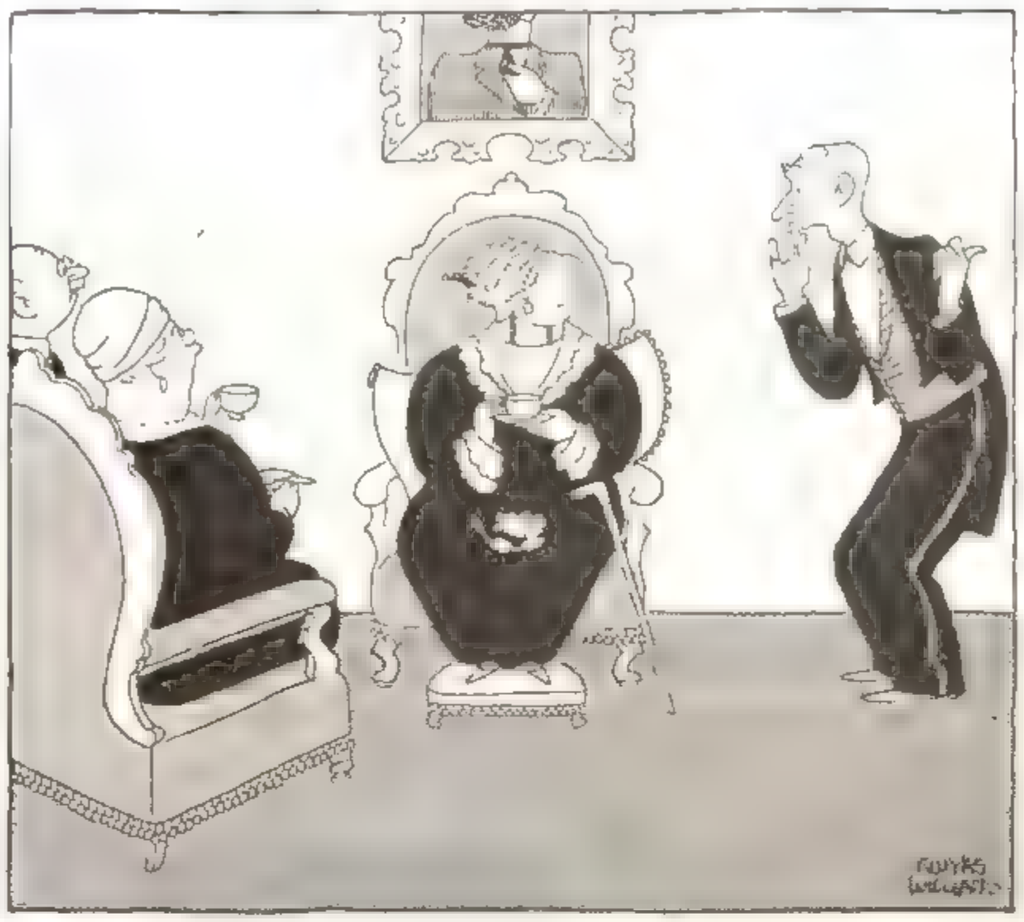
Why should you wait four years and pay far more money for the performance you can have this very day and for so much less in the Illustrious New Chrysler "72"?

Illustrious New Chrysler "72"—Two-passenger Coupe (with rumble seat), $1545; Royal Sedan, $1595; Sport Roadster (with rumble seat), $1595; Four-passenger Coupe, $1595; Town Sedan, $1695; Convertible Coupe (with rumble seat), $1745; Crown Sedan, $1795. *All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments.*

New Chrysler "Red-Head" Engine—*designed to take full advantage of high-compression gas, giving 12% greater torque with greater speed, power and hill-climbing ability; standard equipment on all body models of the 112 h. p. Imperial "80," also standard on the roadsters, and available at slight extra cost for other body types, of the "62" and "72."*

THE WALLOPS

[No. 17 of a series. No. 18 will appear May 12]



Expert Advice

"I don't believe two people ever agree on building a house," remarked Clara Wallop to Mrs. Puckersby.

They were paying a formal call on that stately dowager, who ruled the town with an iron hand. A lady who thought first before bowing to you, and who was treated with respect or knew the reason why. Lily Wallop thought she looked like Queen Victoria. Lily was right.

"George and I do nothing but argue over what kind of materials to use and what not to use for our new house. Take brass pipe for instance—"

"Brass pipe!" snorted Queen Victoria, "what rot! People now-a-days get notions that nothing but the most expensive* materials can be used. Different in my day, I can assure you, Mrs. Wallop. Folks never used brass pipe and they were none the worse off either. My late husband built this house and put in good water pipes. They weren't brass either, let me tell you! And never a complaint have I had! Not a leak, not a bit of rust, not one bit of trouble in all the years—"

"Beg pardon, Madam," cried Rivers, suddenly appearing at the door. "That old leaky pipe has busted again and it's just pouring water all over the kitchen! Worse than last time, too, ma'am!!"

" ! " said Mrs. Puckersby.

But all brass pipes are not the same. Alpha Brass Pipe is better because it contains more copper and lead. Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads, making leak-proof joints. It positively *cannot rust*, and the Alpha trade-mark, stamped every 12 inches, guarantees it for soundness and satisfaction.

*Not so expensive either. For a $20,000 home Alpha Brass Pipe costs only $76 more than the cheapest iron or steel pipe.

ALPHA BRASS PIPE

made from a special kind of

Chase Brass

CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO., Incorporated, Waterbury, Conn.

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(Continued from Page 80

other half being carried immediately behind by six black-garbed men—yes, it is the body of a large, bearded—really an obese—Russian man, his bushy black beard sticking out and up, sidewise and down over his chest, and his large feet fully in evidence, toes up. Not a handsome man, really; rather gross and animal looking. But all done for now, and being borne along in this funereal, eerie, reducing way. And some weeping women and children following on behind.

But, Lord, Lord, why this sort of thing, anyway? Why will they? How can they? That ghastly figure! Those big hands and feet and that beard! What has become of the beautiful day, anyhow? All gone—the glitter, the thrill, the kick. For all you can think of now is why not a box of sufficient depth, in an inclosed hearse? And reticence? Seclusion? Evasion of this sort of gruesome theme, even though it must be?

But no, this is Russia, and this is the way they do things here. No use kicking. No use being depressed. These Slavs are different, that's all, and you might just as well accommodate yourself to their ways now as later. It is grim. It is morbid. Not a doubt of it. Useless, uncalled for, distressing, almost disgusting. But—oh, well——

And yet, the glorious quality of this day only a little while back. And now it is all—all gone. You will never, never forget the strangeness of this sight as long as you live.

VII

THE Peste, a Black Sea steamer plying between Batum and Odessa, has stopped at Novorossiisk English: New Russia—a city of 35,000. Much freight is to go off, much to come on; also a number of passengers. Always in Russia an amazing mixture of peoples, reminding one most of a fantastic chorus in some fantastic Oriental opera. The headgear! The sheetlike windings of the women. The mixture of furs—cut in what strange ways—on the men. Truly, here are always Arabs, Cossacks, Armenians, Persians, and who not else. You gaze in astonishment at what is being taken off. Rag bags and bundles—bedding, clothing, and some food, maybe. But where to? And why should they be moving west instead of east? Oh, well, why bother? It is Russia and you will never know.

But now from within the forward hold—a most odorous and pestiferous place—where scores of others like those just leaving are still huddled on the floor—no rooms or beds third class—a most disconcerting yelling and moaning; the voice, obviously, of a girl child. What an uproar! And presently, half pulled and half pushed by two thickly clothed and booted sailors, a smeary-faced and ragged girl urchin of, say, nine years, messy-haired, bleary-eyed from weeping, dirty, disheveled and obviously neglected, yet stocky and, after her fashion, pretty. But though unkempt and tortured, yet defiant; a veritable little spitfire whom you sense at once to be one of those numerous homeless children for whom Russia is always going to do something and never does. Money for poor, starving American miners in Illinois, say, or Sweden. Two million rubles for striking miners in Wales. Money for propaganda in China, Turkey, Germany, Poland, France, but no money for ragged, cold, homeless babies on the streets or in the vacant cellars.

But what now? What is being done? Always a secretary to the right and left to inform me. It is a stowaway. Among the bundled and huddled horde at Batum she came on as one of the children, slyly holding to some Asiatic mother's skirt, very likely. But now that the crowd is thinning—only four more stops till Odessa—they have found her.

As they carry her down the gangplank, screaming always, I ask other questions: "All right, now that they have found her, what are they going to do with her? Just put her off? She's an orphan child, isn't she? Where does she want to go?"

"Well, wait, I will find out."

Meanwhile the mêlée has been transferred to the dock. The little thing is fighting to get to the gangplank and so on again. But regularly one of the large, genial sailors is picking her up and carrying her a little way down the dock; shooing her off, as it were. But always as he releases her she eludes him and runs screaming toward the plank. And now the other sailor repeats the process. Only, like so much of all that one comes upon in Russia, it is all so casual. No real excitement in so far as anyone else is concerned, passengers or sailors or officers all going their several ways. Some soldiers conversing indifferently on the dock. Stevedores taking up hay, crates of geese, boxes of canned goods. Altogether quite a brisk industrial scene. But here is the child, still screaming and kicking. And the sailors always heading her off or carrying her away again, her ragged little skirts far above her waist, her naked legs exposed to the cold. And one sailor carrying her far down the dock to a gate guarded by soldiers.

Secretary Number One has returned. "It appears she wants to go to Odessa."

"And why? Is there anyone there to receive her?"

"No, I asked him that. She just wants to go there."

"She is a little beggar, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"And now that she is put off here, what now?" I grow a little irritable and I cannot tell you how sad.

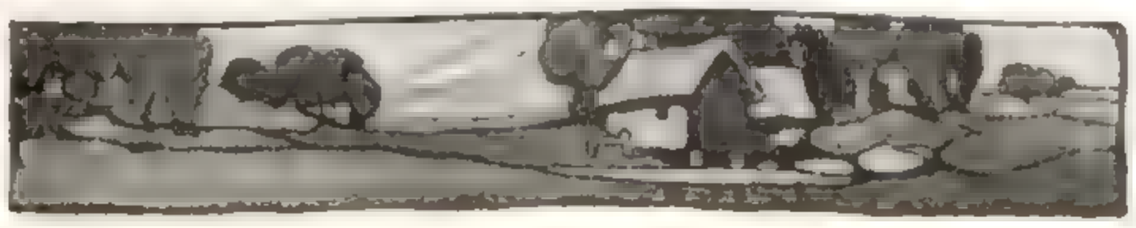
Secretary Number One continues: "It seems that no one will take charge of her. The captain says he is not allowed to carry her. The company will not allow him. And the different cities do not want him to bring any more in. The government does not want them transferred from place to place. They are trying to take them up as fast as they can. The captain is sorry—everybody is—but he says that she can beg as well here as in Odessa—that wherever they are they aren't allowed to starve. You see, she isn't exactly thin."

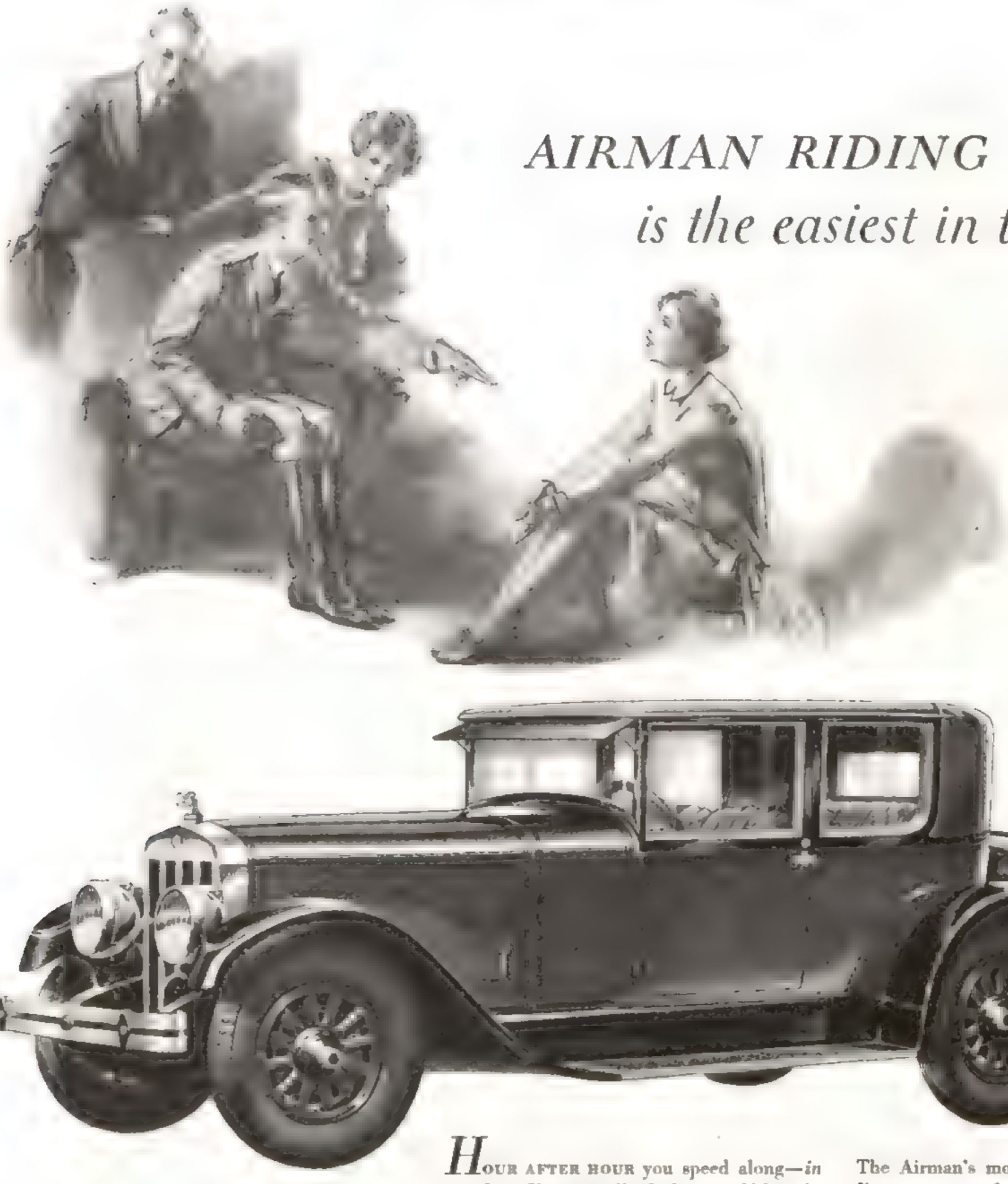
"But her life, her health, her outlook, her training! What will she be like when she grows up? You mean to say that not even the police—no society of any kind—will take her up and care for her?"

"But this is such a problem in Russia. There are so many of them, and they are being taken up. It is due to the war."

"Oh, the war be damned! The war was ten years ago. And this child is nine, no more. And what about all the money for propaganda that is being spent everywhere but here for these children?"

After that, a sudden, social, political and secretarial chill, as it were. A somewhat disconcerting type of guest I am. Am I going to end up now by criticizing communism, the Russian Soviet Government—my host, no less? Why, the very idea! And so no answer. A few sniffs, rather. And when I suggest paying for the four stations to Odessa—say, six rubles—I am informed that that is not the answer. Why Odessa any more than Novorossiisk? The government must have its way. It will attend to these things after its own fashion in its own good time. And so, the incident, as it were, closed. And yet, in the distance—outside the gate now—the cries of the child. And the Russian cold. And the Russian mood, not too tortured or disturbed by anything, not even this. But, of course, she will not starve. Some will feed her. She is not thin.





AIRMAN RIDING
is the easiest in the world

VICTORIA BROUGHAM

Hour after hour you speed along—*in comfort.* You actually find yourself less fatigued after an *all-day* Airman drive, than after a three-hour stretch in most other cars.

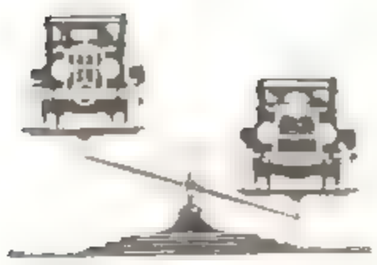
Immediately you ask, "Why have no other cars achieved such riding ease, such engine smoothness, such supreme roadability?"

The answer goes back to air-cooling, which requires no rigid radiator and permits the chassis to be built with yielding flexibility—a quality that is absolutely imperative for restful riding and driving.

Road shocks are minimized through scientific light weight construction and the use of soft-acting, full-elliptic springs—a feature offered by no other car.

The Airman's motor is a constant delight. Even at top speed you have no sense of engine strain, no desire to let up on the throttle. From the fully-balanced, seven-bearing crankshaft to the double flywheels, every factor known to engineering has been employed toward the reduction of vibration.

Quiet, powerful—the motor is capable of a new, long-sustained, high speed—with rocket acceleration. If you do not know the joys of Airman-comfort and Airman-motoring, arrange this week for a drive in *the most comfortable mile-a-minute car ever built.* There is a complete selection of 2 to 7 passenger models from which to choose. Franklin terms of payment are convenient.



THE FRANKLIN SEDAN

weighs 10% to 20% less than other sedans of equal size—10% to 20% less weight to handle—to move about—to use up gasoline and tires.

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Airman Series

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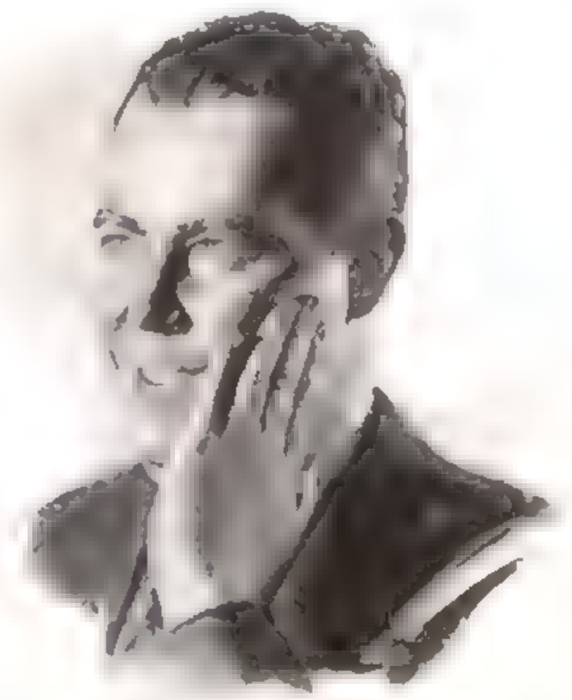


1,000 Men Told Us

What men wanted in shaving cream. Now, before you buy, try what we've made for you —at our expense—for 10 days

GENTLEMEN:

Politicians know what to expect nationally when an election goes one way or another in the comparatively small state of Maine. And so, in merchandising, experience teaches that the opinion of 1000 men reflects the average viewpoint of millions.

So, when we decided to create a shaving cream, we asked 1000 men what they sought in shaving comfort and efficiency. Then we set out to meet their requirements.

They told us four things. We gave them five. Now we ask the courtesy of a test—based solely on merit—to prove *to yourself* the shaving delights we have discovered for you.

Just mail the coupon for a free 10-day test

Our laboratories for 65 years have specialized in fine soap products. One of our toilet soaps is a leader of the world. Others are used in countless homes and institutions everywhere

With the four objectives we had set, we started our experiments. Time after time we got a fine shaving cream result, yet one or another of the things we sought was missing.

Finally, after the 129th experiment, success came. It was enthusiastically received by men everywhere. Today it is outstandingly the fastest selling shaving cream on the market.

These 5 important factors

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now make the trial, please

No doubt your present shaving preparation suits you, yet there may be a better way. We've tried to find one for you, and will thank you to give it a test. Just send the coupon now

THE PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Mail the coupon now

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1487, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

(Please print your name and address)

3972

CORAL

(Continued from Page 23)

and hit into the turf and her ball strongly and firmly. The result, very privately, delighted her. Immediately after, Benjamin Fisher missed a putt and Henry Samp methodically made a four. "We were fives," Mrs. Randall said to Coral. "You won two ways and you played well." Returning to Palm Beach, Coral said to Samp, "Were you certain of your four?" He waited before answering her. "I didn't think about that," he finally replied.

In her room at the Breakers, Coral's reasonable attitude toward Alva Parsons evaporated; she had a vague feeling that she was being badly treated. Alva, she concluded, was rather ridiculous. If she, Coral Mery, approved of Henry Samp, Alva had no reason to be difficult. She hadn't, quite out of temper, made an engagement for dinner, but now she wanted to do something. Rather—it was slightly different—she did not want to do nothing. She was sick of thinking. "I'll never think again," Coral told herself. Henry Samp had practically decided everything for her. The discomfort he had created in her being, together with a great deal else, was leaving her. His philosophy, if it was rather inhuman, she felt was the only one that would work. Her effort to change into something more admirable was entirely useless.

That failure, of course, lay with her idea of what was admirable, possible. She had been wrong. She had been, after all, what she particularly hated—sentimental. Samp had cured her. His mind, his understanding, like his eyes, were incredible. He was not bothered by illusions or impossible hopes. Of course, Coral realized, he would be hated. He was hated because he was strong and free and successful. He wasn't spoiled by a nonsense of morality supported, he had shown her, by the weak in the interest of the weak. It began to occur to Coral that she might, as well, have been wrong about Mildred Randall. She, too, was a very vigorous and independent person. Milly plainly didn't care what people thought or said. She lived the way she chose; that, Coral acknowledged to herself, was exactly what she most admired.

Mildred Randall was staying at the Breakers, and Coral, moved by her new attitude, telephoned to her room. She was in and asked Coral to have a cigarette with her. "Benjamin Fisher," Mildred said, "is like something in a bad dream. He thinks I'm going to be overcome by him. It's an expensive delusion. My dear, if he wants to give me money, I'm not going to make him unhappy—at the same time—at the same time! I assure you no. Why don't you have some Scotch? You can't actually be serious about not drinking." Coral paused. After all, she thought, why not? Her determination to stop drinking had been part of the silliness she had ended. "Thank you," she replied. "I'd like it very much." It was, she said, perfect Scotch. "Benjamin Fisher," Milly told her. "I have a case and a half in bags under the bed. But that is nothing. The thing is you are having a success with Henry Samp. You can't imagine what a sensation that's turning out to be. I know Henry as well as anyone. It isn't better than not at all, but I can assure you he isn't ambitious. He isn't Benjamin, for example. No woman has the edge of her handkerchief on him. It's very extraordinary and unusual in a man like that. The good ones are mostly bad. He isn't. So you see, my dear Coral, it must be marriage. It really must."

That, Coral replied, was ridiculous. "I amuse him." Mildred Randall studied her. "I've seen so little of you," she admitted. "You never liked me. Everybody insists I'm mad, but I've always said you were rather puritanical. I said your disagreeableness wasn't simply vanity. You seem to be getting over it and I'm glad. I'd like to like you. You can play golf. I wish you'd motor over to the west coast with me. We could make money. You are good at match play—absolutely good—and I can be consistent."

Coral thanked her. "I'm afraid I haven't time. I have to be in Aiken." Mildred Randall proceeded: "Why don't you come to the Fays' with me tonight? We needn't be there until eleven. It will be contract. That I do know you can play. The Fays would practically die with joy."

She didn't, Coral objected, know the Fays. What she meant was she hadn't wanted to know them. The Fays were frightful. "Henry Samp is going," Mildred told her. "He's stopping for me. He likes it because the Fays will play for anything. Alton Fay thinks he's good—good with bad cards. As a matter of fact, he's bad with good cards. All I hope is he doesn't come to. I've had four or five thousand out of him now."

She was, Coral supposed, puritanical. For example, she would not, at least in the past, have let Benjamin Fisher send her whisky. She wouldn't have dreamed of taking Alton Fay's money—in the past. Perhaps, then, she had been only ridiculous. Life was like that. It was idiotic, probably, not to take advantage of it. She went to the Fays', in Henry Samp's car, an English Phantom, and it was evident the Fays were delighted to have her. Mrs. Fay introduced her to everyone—she introduced her twice to the same individual. There were at least twenty people present, and, with the exception of Mildred and Henry Samp, Coral hadn't met one of them before. Some, in the most surprising bathing suits, she had seen at the Casino. Later she found herself at a table with a Mrs. Cormer, Alton Fay and Henry Samp. Contract bridge at fifty cents a point. She would simply have to win. Coral played with Samp; there was no pivoting, and she did win—nineteen hundred dollars. Alton Fay gave her a check covering both his and Mrs. Cormer's losses. Elida, he explained, could pay him in the morning. There was a continuous buffet supper in a patio. Henry Samp, with his inevitable long cigar, sat beside her. He never ate, it developed, so late at night.

"I was asking myself," he said to Coral, "if you did everything well. Probably you do. The thing about you is your correct reasoning. I'm not referring to intuition. I don't know what intuition means. I understand correct reasoning. Everyone worth a damn has it. Have you got twenty thousand dollars where you can reach it?" Coral Mery gazed at him long and thoughtfully. Why not? "Yes," she said. That, he told her, was fine—fine! "I'll wire to New York and a man named Pfeiffer will see you. You can do what he tells you." Henry Samp fell silent. "That Von Moldt"—he spoke again—"is the son of silver—silver mines. I am going back to Argentine with him. I'm supposed to be resting. That's just bilge. I was never tired in my life. It's business, of course; business and a party too. Von Moldt's sister and Mrs. Randall. I wondered—will you come and bring anyone else you like? We have most of a steamer."

"I couldn't tell you like this," Coral replied. "Would it be all right later?" Within a week, Henry Samp informed her. "The Von Moldts, naturally, are everything you'd like. Perhaps I ought to explain that. Scandal is always a mistake. I am a very proper man." She was sure of that, Coral assured him. Mrs. Fay came up to them. She was a small woman with an enormous star sapphire and an atrocious haircut. "It was sweet of you to come so informally," she said to Coral. "We are devoted to Henry Samp. Do you think you could manage lunch and golf tomorrow? We'd love it. I often see you on the beach with your friends. You are staying with Alva

(Continued on Page 86)

Selz GALLOWAY
Spring brogue - in the new brown or black
Some models with Goodyear Rubber Heels

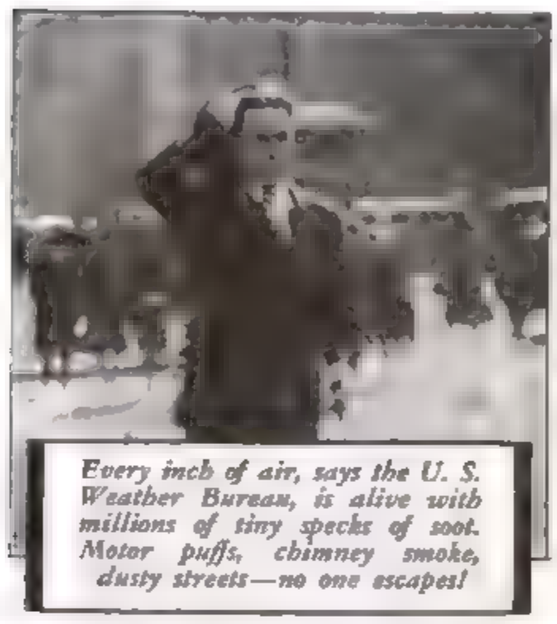
Selz CAMBRIDGE
Conservative design - a tried and true last
The new Spring Style Book sent on request

THE AMERICAN MEN ARE THE BEST SHOD MEN IN THE WORLD MILLIONS WEAR SELZ SHOES

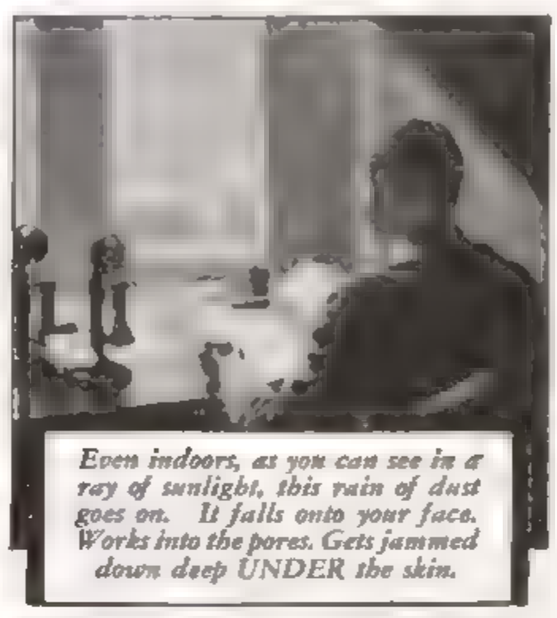
MANY MODELS RETAILING FROM $6 *to* $12 THE SELZ ORGANIZATION - CHICAGO

"Good-bye" now --- to Half-Clean Faces

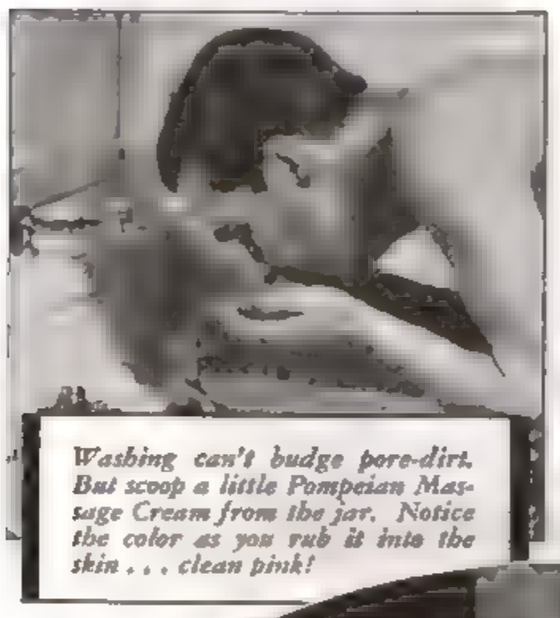
There's pore-dirt deep in EVERY face— but watch this pink cream roll it free!



Every inch of air, says the U. S. Weather Bureau, is alive with millions of tiny specks of soot. Motor puffs, chimney smoke, dusty streets—no one escapes!



Even indoors, as you can see in a ray of sunlight, this rain of dust goes on. It falls onto your face. Works into the pores. Gets jammed down deep UNDER the skin.



Washing can't budge pore-dirt. But scoop a little Pompeian Massage Cream from the jar. Notice the color as you rub it into the skin . . . clean pink!

A two-minute massage. Out rolls the dried cream gray with pore-dirt that hid in your face! Boy how fine that massage feels!

Photograph taken under lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.

Electric lights, the close-up of a woman's searching eyes . . . yet he need not worry. You step out tonight with a face really CLEAN! Pompeian is 60 cents at any drug counter—but you're welcome to test it FREE!

Photomicrograph of skin after using Pompeian. Note dried pellets of cream, dark with pore-dirt it has rolled free.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

FREE TRIAL OFFER

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 903-D
595 Fifth Avenue, New York.
In Canada: 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal.

Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for two cleansing, invigorating facial massages.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 84)

Parsons, aren't you? You went to Cuba on Ambler Dering's yacht. My brother knows Ambler Dering. I've seen Mr. Bent with you too. He looks very amusing. Can't you bring Miss Parsons and Mr. Bent tomorrow?" Coral was sorry but she couldn't. Anyhow, she was at the Breakers. "Well, any of your friends," Mrs. Fay said. She put her hand on Coral's shoulder. "My dear," she exclaimed, "it's ridiculous for you to pay at a hotel! Why don't you stay here? I'll take you up and show you the rooms." She couldn't, Coral informed her, move again. She felt asphyxiated. Henry Samp watched her and said nothing. Once more at the Breakers, Coral gazed curiously at Alton Fay's check for nineteen hundred dollars.

She hadn't, she discovered, changed her attitude toward people like the Fays and Benjamin Fisher. They were, of course, bad news; it was simply that she felt differently about the others—those who were supposed to be better. Very good news, indeed. They weren't. Everyone was more or less alike, tiresome and selfish and futile. She did not, however, include Henry Samp. He was plainly different. There were a few—a very few—men like him who understood what it was all about. In the end, as he had explained, they too were beaten; but that didn't matter; in the end, everyone was beaten. She would have to decide about the trip to the Argentine. But she had, Coral told herself, already decided—she would not think of going. However, it was very interesting. It had so many sides. First, why had Henry Samp asked her? What, in other words, did he think of her? Coral was certain she could answer that—Samp liked her. To the extent of his knowledge, his limited interest in her, he approved of her. He had invited her for practical and pleasant and unelaborate reasons. They might, she admitted, change. It was quite possible Henry Samp would ask her to marry him. Milly was right that far. Why, she wondered, did she keep on thinking about Henry Samp? She had decided against the Argentine; in effect, she had decided against him; that was the end of that.

Coral, by way of answer, repeated the obvious fact that she liked him. It wouldn't do. It wasn't an answer. It didn't actually concern Henry Samp; something was happening within herself. Either she was losing a great deal or, at last, becoming really wise. If it were a loss, it was not too late to get everything back; if the second were true, she was an idiot not to go to South America. The point was that a year ago she wouldn't have considered any of it.

Quite by herself, for the moment, Coral was engaged with a tall glass. It was late afternoon and, in Freda Roland's house boat, the light was at once bright and thin. The house boat, for the best of reasons, was as steady as a rock; it was both anchored at every point and permanently fastened to land. It was held by a gas pipe for cooking and wires for electric lights; in addition, a solid wooden walk bound it to the rest of the Roland property. It was exactly the sort of house boat Coral preferred. There was a large room with a number of pleasant and confidential places to sit, a piano, a small kitchen and pantry; and what Freda called the promenade deck, a dusty expanse ornamented with geraniums in pots. Her drink was practically ready when there were footsteps on the walk. It was Zinc Bent.

"There is Scotch in the pantry," Coral informed him; "the ice as usual is in the refrigerator, and there is plain water everywhere."

Instead of going to the pantry, Bent sat down and pointed to her glass. "What is that?" he demanded. "It's a Planter's punch," she informed him. He picked it up and inspected it. "So it is," Bent said softly. He went to a window and threw the glass and its contents into Lake Worth Then he returned and regarded Coral moodily. "That's why I was looking for you," he said presently. "I heard you were drinking again. Stephen Pleyot insisted he saw you and a champagne bottle at Henry Samp's dinner last night. How long have you known this Samp too?" Not as long, she admitted, as she had known him. "Perhaps that is why he is more interesting. The truth is, Zinc, we have known each other too long. We haven't any surprises left."

"I suppose so," he said. Bent, Coral thought, seemed very tired. Probably, in addition to not being sober once, he hadn't really slept for a week. That was not uncommon in Palm Beach. "I have never met Henry Samp," Bent admitted; "if I have any luck at all, I won't. I don't need him in my simple existence. And he wouldn't care for me—not so you'd notice it. Samp wouldn't approve of my ideas, my prejudices. They would limit him too much. He couldn't be himself with them around. The trouble is I'd have to tell him about them. I'd have to admit that where I was concerned he was just a dirty thief. A cheap criminal, if you see what I mean." Coral Mery admitted she saw what he meant.

"A lot of people have told me that," Coral proceeded calmly; "specially today. Mostly women who were not asked to his party and men who hadn't been very successful. Five men, as a matter of fact, warned me about him." Bent spoke slowly and coldly: "Certainly I haven't been successful. But then—you'll be amazed—I never wanted to be. I don't happen to care about it. That's idiotic, I know, but I can't help it. I don't think success is worth much. Like a lot, like love, it costs too much. You lose everything, if you're not careful. Your decency first." Coral demanded, "Is it decent to stay drunk for years?" He was coming to that, Zinc Bent said.

"I'm coming to that; it will be useless, but I have to tell you. It's about a long while ago—before you; yes, even before that—when I was a child. I've always been crazy about my family, my name. You'd never think it, would you? I have. It began with an enormous admiration for my father. His integrity was celebrated all over the East. I was his son. I wanted to have sons like him. He was very happy with my mother. She died too soon to know, but I think it would have lasted. Yes, she was like that too. Very beautiful and very Kentucky. Like Virginia, only better. More fire. A lot more gunpowder. They were marvelous together. Two tall, splendid people. I wasn't so tall, but I wanted to be like them. Sons like them. I had it planned and it didn't seem so hard. Not at first. All I had to do was find someone I could love and love her—love her—if you can understand that. Probably you can't."

"Do you have to be nasty?" Coral asked. "Do you have to? Because if you're not, it's so miraculous." Zinc Bent laughed unexpectedly, wretchedly, and instinctively she put out a hand toward him—a gesture of protest.

"And then look what happened to me," he continued. "It is funny when you think about it. I fell in love with you. Can you imagine it? Ten—fifteen years ago I fell in love with you. Understand, I didn't like anything about you. I didn't approve of anything you were. I wouldn't have you. Not when I remembered my father and my sons. You were hard and dissatisfied and selfish. You did nothing but spend your life on yourself. You couldn't be in love with anyone. It wasn't in you. You couldn't be a thing but amused. You had lost all the rest, if you ever had it.

"I made up my mind I wouldn't marry you. I wouldn't have you in my house. I wouldn't have a house with you. I didn't want that kind of a house, if any of this is clear to you. I wouldn't if it killed me. It nearly did. Perhaps it has. I would not ask you to marry me, and look what happened to me. I tried to ask Anne Stevens, nine years ago. I couldn't! I tried to

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marry Mary Levering two years later. No one could be lovelier. She had every quality I admired, every one I wanted. Mary might have loved me. I hoped you would get married, kill yourself—anything. I hoped you would go to hell and then I could stop worrying about it. I thought if you'd only get worse I would forget it." His voice was flat and bitter. "You did get worse."

"After all," Coral told him, "you spoiled it." She rose and went to the pantry, coming back with a small glass. She half filled it with rum, poured in a little charged water and drank it. "Have you finished?" Coral asked. He stared at her. "Almost. It was Henry Samp. In a day he changed you. He exaggerated all that was bad in you, what had always been bad. In a small way, you were like Henry Samp. Your ideas sounded like his—as wrong as that. And then you began to be vulgar." That was quite enough, she told him. "I got worse, vulgar really, and so you are free. This is all, if you want to know, nothing but your conceit. How do you know what I am like inside? What made you think you knew what I wanted? Yes, it was just your rotten vanity and stubbornness. I used to wonder what was going on inside of you; everyone does; and if I had known, if I'd found out, you would have been surprised. I wouldn't have had your sons for you."

"I couldn't help hearing that," Freda Roland said in the doorway. "I'll go back and pretend I didn't. Practically, that will be just as good." No, Zinc Bent told her, she must stay. He was going. Bent bowed shortly to Coral and left. She listened intently to the fall of his feet on the wooden walk.

"My dear!" Freda said, sinking into a chair. Coral spoke in a mechanical surprise, to no one: "I love him very much." If she did, Freda Roland pointed out, and she wanted Zinc to know it, perhaps she had better express it differently. Perhaps, Coral agreed. She couldn't, for a moment, move; there wasn't an atom of strength in her body. She poured out some rum and then put the glass sharply down. "No, thank you," she said idiotically. "Zinc will go North tonight," she added. That, Freda replied, would not surprise her. Coral rose. "Thank you, Freda. Zinc was explaining exactly why he wouldn't think of marrying me. It seems that we are rather poisonous. Zinc thinks nothing can be done about it." She smiled very brightly. But, once more at the Breakers, her expression was hard, her eyes narrow with determination. Coral's face, like Bent's, showed no youth.

Henry Samp telephoned and Coral told him that, after all, she could not go to Mildred Randall's dinner at Bradley's. The hardness of her expression was not relaxed. The truth was, Coral realized, that her situation was serious—worse. The simple admission that she loved Zinc Bent brought to her an enormously increased realization of—of everything. She stopped for a little, amazed by the strangeness of that one overwhelming fact. It seemed to her now she had always loved him. But why, if that were true, hadn't she known it? Her heart, she had been led to believe, would ring like an alarm when that occurred. Or else sound like a golden chime of bells—Episcopalian bells. It had, however, been completely quiet. It hadn't warned her of a thing. All that Zinc told her was surprising and true. She had recognized the truth in it at once. On the other hand, what she said to Zinc was a complete lie. She wanted nothing in the world so much as to have sons for him—fine sons like his father, sons like all the best things she had ever thought of. She simply couldn't tell him that. Not then. Not like that. It would have been fatal at once.

That, too, troubled her—the fact that at the most important moment of her life she had been forced to hide the truth. That must be wrong. Coral returned mentally to what Henry Samp had said, to his cold philosophy; and suddenly it didn't satisfy her. It, too, was wrong. She couldn't quite think why. Perhaps it simply came to the fact that the rules appropriate for Henry Samp were useless for her. They were showing themselves now to be completely useless. Countless instincts and feelings and desires contradicted them, brought them, in her, to nothing. Very well, then, she would have to forget Henry Samp. It had turned out that all his wisdom and experience were worthless for her. She had discovered that you couldn't live alone. That didn't, however, change the fact that you were almost always lonely. Life, Coral had an idea, was principally trying to escape from loneliness. Sometimes, it seemed to her, that might be possible. For example, she wouldn't be lonely living with Zinc Bent—not altogether. For one thing, she would be so busy with Zinc's sons and with Zinc. Their sons, she thought irrelevantly, might be daughters. The telephone rang again; it was Mildred Randall.

Her first feeling about Mildred Randall, Coral discovered, was the one which belonged to her. That was a very important fact. You had the opinions that were part of you, for people and acts and places, and the others weren't any good at all. They were worse than no good. She didn't like the Fays or Benjamin Fisher, and she'd have to go through life not liking them. Or else where would she be? Simply nowhere. A truthful prejudice was far better than an assumed virtue. Very well then, she could not depend on Henry Samp; she couldn't even count on herself at present. What could she do? What could she find that was dependable? She went back to the moment of her original discontentment with her life—that, anyhow, was real.

She had suddenly grown sick of a stupidity hidden in champagne, in gin. For that reason, and for no other, she had stopped drinking. She had begun drinking again, it now seemed to her, for precisely the same cause. She hadn't found enough in life to support her, to keep her going. She recalled her grandfather, Thomas Mery, a prudent and sober and hard, a successful, old man. She had a strange feeling of his presence near her, his presence in her. It was exactly as though Thomas Mery were

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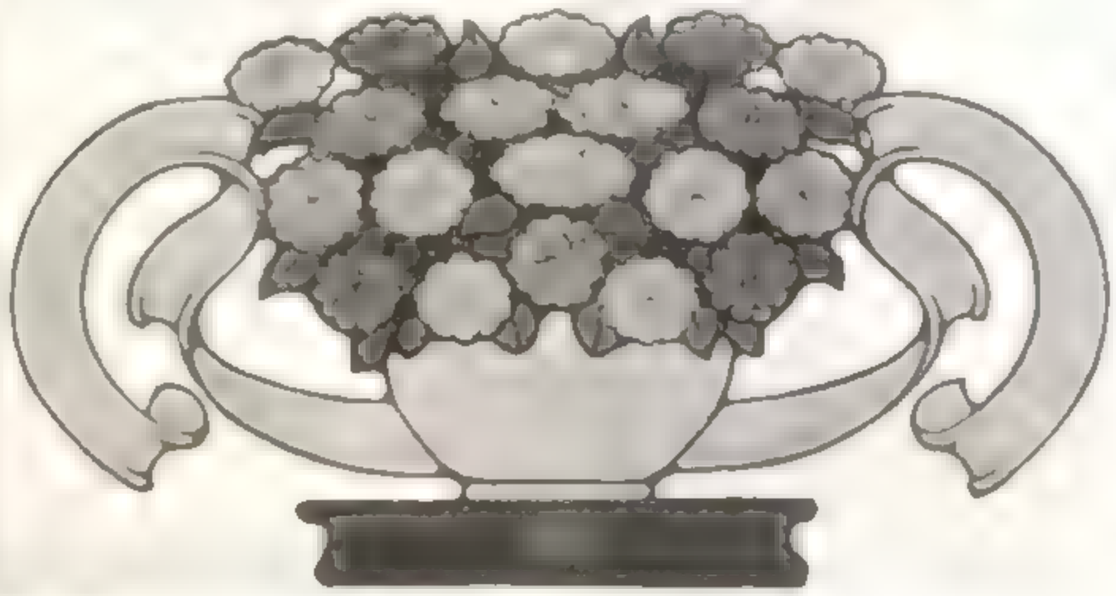

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Swan
PENS

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alive in her and bitterly protesting against all the rest. She wanted enormously to listen to him, to be him. Then, she recognized, she would be safe. She didn't know what she'd be safe from; but there were nameless dangers, fatalities, all around her.

She tried to think of religion as a reality, but it evaded her; and, recognizing the fatality, for her, of that effort, she gave it up. At the lowest, she was not hypocritical. Her necessity was at once simple and horribly difficult. Her necessity was Zinc Bent. Coral wondered if that realization had come to her too late. It might be that now she would never, never have him. It was, she told herself again, Zinc's fault. He knew long ago that he loved her and he should have helped her with his love. How could he measure what that would do for her? How it would change her? Her world, her life, had been empty, that was all. Her body had been empty. Yet she understood him—oh, completely. There was, Coral told herself, every excuse for his attitude. It had just been wrong. The fact was that she liked him, she loved him, for it. Zinc couldn't hope to see into her heart and mind. You simply didn't know what was hidden by clothes and habits—yes, and by words. Zinc hadn't known any of her feelings when he explained how sobbing she was.

Her image of him, her memory of exactly how he looked, exactly how he sounded, was suddenly blurred by tenderness. The sense of weakness returned and she sank, degenerated, into tears. She didn't know why she was crying. She never cried. Early memories of Zinc Bent came back to her—Zinc no more than a boy in duck trousers. She remembered things he had said, humorous things, always a little sharp. He'd had a habit of appearing unexpectedly where she was. He came in negligently; the only notice he took of her was a light continuous complaint. Zinc never was satisfied with what she said or did. But then—she was so blind—she had practically always been annoyed at him. Sharp. He was, she realized, nearly forty and she would soon be thirty—thirty very soon. Already they had lost ten years. If she hadn't been such a fool, they would now have been married ten years. Sons. Anyhow, she had stopped crying. A dry pain, the feeling of determination, took its place. The lost years were tragic, but they were no longer important. All her thoughts turned toward the future. Coral didn't see how, but something might yet be done.

She wanted, above all, to go to Zinc and tell him exactly what she did want, all that she was, the simple truth. She couldn't. Coral recognized that. Life wasn't so easy, so perfect. She couldn't beg him for happiness. No, he would have to come to her. If he didn't do that they'd never be happy; he would never actually love her. She could, Coral realized, make him marry her. He didn't know that, but she could. Zinc had, that much, put himself in her hands. It would be no good. It wouldn't work for a week. Yes, he would have to come to her. He would have to say that he had been wrong. It wasn't easy. Perhaps it was impossible.

The sense of the closeness of Thomas Mery returned; actually, she felt that she was an old man with a stiff gray beard and steel-rimmed spectacles. That was how he looked in the photographs she had seen. There were, of course, other influences in her—her beautiful and questionable mother; her charming and indolent father. It was all very mixed up. Perhaps it was impossible. If it was, if Zinc didn't return —— She couldn't, Coral found, face that. It was too utterly meaningless. Life couldn't be so rotten. After all, why couldn't it? For one reason, she wouldn't put up with such a horrible mistake. She would not have it. She settled into an intense frowning thought and then telephoned to Bradley's. She asked for Henry Samp. She would, Coral said, be free at eleven. Samp at once replied that he'd send for her. Coral examined her face at length; she made it up with a minute patience and more color than was usual for her.

At three o'clock in the morning, Coral, with Henry Samp, arrived at Austin Blain's. A tremendous party was in progress in Austin's tremendous house. There were tables of contract, a game of hearts at a ridiculous stake, and *chemin de fer*. Evelyn, Zinc Bent's sister, was playing contract; and Coral, with a tall glass of champagne—champagne, ice and vivid sprig of mint—stopped at her shoulder. Evelyn, characteristically, was dummy. "Zinc left," she said; "you won't believe it—he was sober. It was simply frightful. I think it's a scream your drinking again. You know it's screaming, Coral, after all you said about rum." Coral saw Alva Parsons in a corner with Austin, and Alva waved at her. "I must see you later," she called. Henry Samp made a place for her at *chemin de fer*. Coral played and lost; she lost when the bank was hers and she lost when it wasn't. When the game was over, and it was completely bright outside, she drew a check for thirty-one hundred dollars.

Henry Samp, it developed, had won seventeen thousand. He made her sick, Coral said.

Alva Parsons, with Freda Roland, dragged her into a green and private angle of the courtyard. "We have to know," Alva said; "I've heard it a lot of places. Of course it's a lie. Coral, are you going to South America with Henry Samp and that Randall woman?" Not entirely, Coral told her. Mr. Von Moldt's sister would be with them. Alva said she was crazy. "Plain crazy. It simply doesn't make sense. I wouldn't know why, in a week, you'd be democratic—in your old age. You simply can't do it. It's not that I'm a snob; or I am, if you'd rather, I don't mind which; you can't do it. If you are going to marry Henry Samp, you can't do it. It isn't decent. It would be impossible for you to live out of your world. It may be poisonous—Freda says you think it is—but it's only poisonous in its own way. The other ways are just as bad in theirs."

"Perhaps," Coral answered, "you may be right. You are, of course. But what can be done about it? I'm—I'm sick of what I've been, what I am, what you are. The other may be worse, but it will be different. At least it will be exciting." Alva said there was more. "You seem to have had a battle with Zinc. Freda was quite frank about it. I never thought of it, but Zinc would be perfect for you. You would be perfect for Zinc. You understand each other. You know the same things. You may hate Zinc sometimes, but he is a part of our lives. He's always been. If you did fight with him, you must have had some feeling about it. Freda said what you were discussing was quite unmentionable. If you went that far —— Now don't you see, you are absolutely ruining everything if you go to South America with this Samp? He simply won't do. I don't know any more and that's enough. Coral, no one has been more disagreeable about things like that than you. You're known to be frightful."

"I don't doubt I was frightful," Coral admitted. "I'm tired of it. I'm tired of so much that Argentine sounds miraculous. Milly and I will get some golf and bring back mills of dollars." A servant stopped before them. Mr. Samp wished to know when Miss Mery desired to drive back to the hotel. In his car, Henry Samp was remote, coldly impersonal. "I am bothered about you," he said. "You are very unhappy. In addition to that, you have been lying to me. You have no intention of going to South America. I wouldn't say any of this, naturally, if I weren't extremely interested. I asked you to go to Argentine. What I meant was, then, would you marry me. You needn't answer. I can see that you would not. At the same time I'm sorry you were not honest."

"I'm sorry too," Coral admitted. "I wasn't. I haven't much talent explaining what goes on inside of me. I won't now, if you don't mind. I had to be pretty desperate. Probably I've failed." No, he said positively, she hadn't failed. "You may not get what you want, but you won't fail." What, she wondered, did he mean by that? She couldn't make any sense out of it. He said further that it seemed to be a part of her plan, her desperation, to pretend to drink. Coral turned and squarely faced him. "I'm not going to marry you," she said, "but I could. I would except for one thing." That, he admitted, he was afraid didn't greatly interest him. "If I can be of any more use to you," Henry Samp added, "you won't, of course, hesitate." Instead of replying to that, Coral repeated that she liked him. "I hope you won't forget we are playing golf tomorrow. Yes, and next year—the year after." That, he assured her, it wasn't in him to forget. "After tomorrow, though, you will forget it." She began warmly to deny that, but she was stopped by the coldness of his face.

After all, Coral told herself the following week, she had failed. She decided that she'd go at once to her mother's villa at Antibes. She'd go quietly. She was seated on the beach by the Casino, wrapped in her varnished black cloak. Then she looked up, startled. "Where is your bathing suit?" she asked.

Zinc Bent replied that he wouldn't think of going into the ocean. He was too mad. The whole thing would turn into steam. He sat beside her and put a newspaper notice into her hand. It was an announcement that Miss Coral Mery was leaving with Henry Samp's party early in March for the Argentine Republic. "Well," she asked, "what about it?" "Nothing at all," he replied satirically. "Only that you are entirely mad—at last. Drink and the devil are doing for you what they did for the rest. Now," Zinc Bent said—"now I've got to marry you, whether I want to or not. I'll have to forget my early hopes!"

"That is impossible," Coral told him; "I am going to South America with Henry Samp."

"Think of another one," he advised her. "That one is worn out. South America and Samp would be bad enough, but when I think of what is going to happen to you —— I just can't think of it. I've got a ring somewhere." He fished about in his pockets and finally produced a deep and brilliant emerald in an old-fashioned setting. "It was one we had," he said casually, "in the family. It would be so expensive to buy another." Coral suppressed a sharp gasp. "It's very pretty," she admitted. "If you're not careful you will lose it in the sand." Already, he said, he had lost it. He gazed away from her into the blue distance of sea and sky. Coral was conscious of the flying, the faint harsh cries, of sea gulls. There was a low regular monotone of advancing and retreating waves.

"How gray his hair is," she thought. The brown skin on his face was tight over its bones. Coral gave him back the emerald. "You must find someone who would be proper for your sons." The struggle between them, she realized, had reached its acutest point. Benjamin Fisher stopped before them. "I don't know you," Bent said at once, "and you can be annoyed if you like. The truth is I'd be obliged if you'd go away. Come back some other time." Coral and Zinc Bent watched Fisher's rapidly retreating back. "I've already admitted I've loved you for years," Bent half cried. "What do you expect? I've loved you forever and want to marry you. Perhaps we could do it—splendidly." He was thinking, she saw, about his father. "Of course we can," Coral told him calmly. "Where is the family ring?" She put it on her finger and gazed into the dark brilliant mystery of the emerald. Her life, she thought, would be like that—marvelous and hidden, a secret and constant and purifying fire.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth and last of a series of short stories by Mr. Hergesheimer.

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FUR BRIGADE

Continued from Page 25

So engrossed were they with the chase that for some time they failed to observe the four white hunters in the depressed basin on the opposite shore. More Mandans were arriving at frequent intervals.

Then a half-grown boy, cruising midway of the stream in his canoe, noticed the hunters. He put in toward them, but refused to land, holding his tiny craft steady in the current abreast of their camp and some thirty yards out in the stream. Presently he gathered sufficient confidence to land. Hunter presented him with a long knife that he had taken from one of the dead Brûlé Sioux. He related the details of the fight on the prairie during the night. The boy eyed the scalps with manifest eagerness, then put off in his little craft in high excitement. Presently there was a general cessation of the slaughter on the opposite shore. Tepees were hastily struck. Effects were lashed on ponies or stowed in the tiny canoes. One and all, the Mandans took to the river, a churning throng of swimming ponies. They surrounded the four hunters with vast evidence of admiration and extravagant expression of friendship.

The Mandans were a harassed people. Once a great nation, it was now going into swift decline. The Assiniboins swept down from the Canadian prairies to slaughter and rob among the Mandans. The Brûlé Sioux—known as Burnt-thighs from the fact that, being horse Indians, they rode with bare thighs, which were darkened to a deeper tint than the rest of their bodies by the action of the sun—harried the Mandans from the east.

The Indians hailed the four hunters as deliverers, declaring that the Brûlés undoubtedly had been planning a raid on a Mandan village and that their defeat at the hands of the hunters had saved many a Mandan scalp. A sizable village sprang up round the camp of the whites, the Indians very much excited at the prospect of meeting the brigade.

V

OCCASIONAL scouting parties were sent out from the brigade to penetrate the country well to either flank of the river. One such expedition returned with the news that a large war party of Brûlé Sioux had headed upriver some two or three days before. The trappers, accustomed to reading Indian signs with great accuracy, estimated that there were probably a thousand warriors in the band.

The lack of travois marks and the fact that there were no feminine trinkets along the trail were evidence that it was a war party that had passed, not the removal of a village to some new hunting country. Insignia on discarded bits of equipment and the nature of cast-off moccasins identified the marauders as Brûlé Sioux. A dog that had accompanied the party, but which had strayed and dropped behind on account of sore feet, had been captured. The animal bore a light pack of extra moccasins of Burnt-thigh make, and it was customary for war parties to be accompanied by fleet dogs thus lightly packed with extra equipment. The fact that the war party was heading into Mandan territory, and keeping a dozen miles back from the river, furnished conclusive evidence that its purpose was to surprise some Mandan village on the Missouri, swooping upon it from the rear, while the river would effectively cut off the victims' retreat.

All this the trail revealed to the eyes of the experienced mountain men as unerringly as the city dweller interprets the printed page. Also, being intimately acquainted with Indian nature, the trappers entertained grave fears for the lives of the four hunters. If the Sioux spotted them, which seemed certain in that open prairie country, they would be slain in the belief that the brigade would blame the deed upon the Mandans. Should the four hunters attain to the first Mandan village, they would be in no better shape. The Sioux would surprise the village and cut down every soul in it.

For two nights Ann McKenzie slept but little, and by day, as she sat in her father's bateau, her anxious eyes were trained upon the foremost riders of the land contingent. Round noon of the third day after the discovery of the war party's trail, the riders in the vanguard came upon the scene of the fight.

The fact that the hunters had scalped their slain foes and despoiled them of equipment was evidence that they had beaten off their assailants in this first brush with the Sioux and had effected a retreat upriver, but there was no indication of the ultimate termination of the affair.

A swarm of tiny dark specks was seen swooping down river toward the brigade. These specks resolved themselves into an excited array of Mandans, riding furiously and discharging their muskets in the air. They brought the news that the four hunters had inflicted a crushing defeat upon the Brûlés and were safe in the Mandan camp.

Mandan scouts, dispatched by Hunter for the purpose earlier in the day, had returned with reports which verified his suspicion that a large force of Sioux had invaded the neighborhood. The scouts also reported that the big war party had turned back the day before. Such unaccountable changes of front and the abandonment of well-laid plans on account of some trivial mishap were typical of savage warfare. No doubt Sioux scouts had reported the rapid advance of the brigade and the leaders of the war party had feared that the white trappers would arrive in time to lend their support to the Mandans. It was evident that the attack on the four hunters had been launched by an offshoot band of young bucks, overeager for scalps, that had remained behind for the purpose.

The Mandans, declaring that the presence of the brigade on the Missouri had saved them from annihilation, proclaimed Hunter the mightiest of all warriors and Little Bull next in order. Huge fires were built and round them gathered the combined personnels of brigade and Mandan village. Hunter was called upon for a recital of his victories.

"I am a mighty warrior," he recited with approved Indian boastfulness. "My enemies tremble in their lodges. My arm is strong. Two year ago I fought the Blackfeet and took many scalps."

He launched into a recital of a hand-to-hand encounter with a big Blackfoot warrior during one of the fights he and Brady had had with marauding parties of that tribe.

He related graphically every move in the struggle, until, at the end, he split the foeman's crown with his war ax.

"I remember!" Brady shouted at the appropriate point, according to approved Indian custom of corroboration. "I myself was there. I saw the blow struck."

"Ay-e-e-e!" Dubois interjected some minutes later, as Hunter related the taking of Sac scalps in his youth. "I remember! I myself saw him wearing Sac scalps at his belt when he was a mere infant."

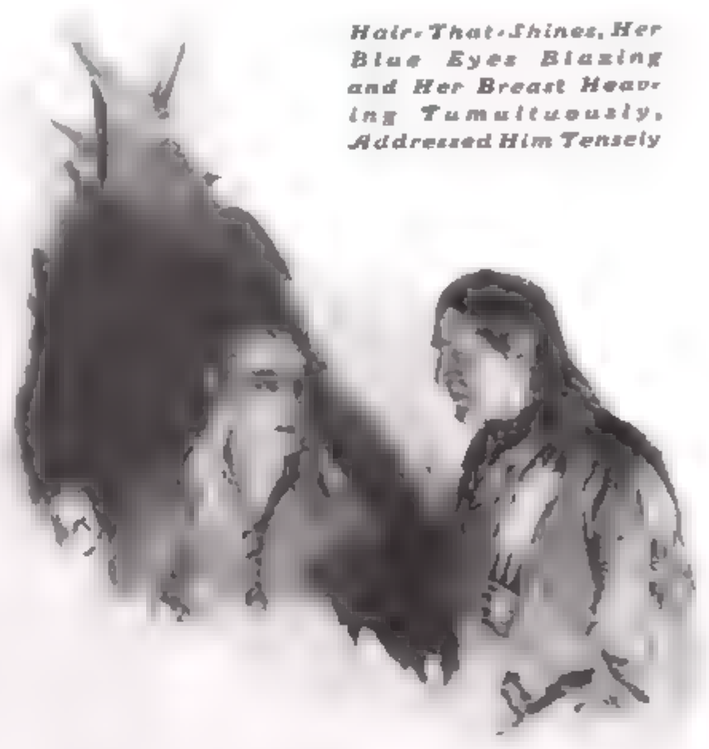
"Hol-a-a-a-ee-yah!" Little Bull chanted as Hunter described the vanquishing of the Brûlé warrior with his knife the night before. "I remember! His strength was great! I saw the knife fall!"

"I am a great warrior and the Mandans are my brothers," Hunter concluded his oration. "My hand is against all enemies of the Mandans. All such are my enemies also and I will strike them until my lodge is black with their scalps."

Little Bull then recited his own victories, while his companions corroborated at appropriate intervals.

The Mandans greeted these speeches with mighty grunts of approval. Preparations had been made for an all-night scalp dance. The fresh scalps, all save one each to dangle at the belts of Breckenridge and Little Bull, were attached to the tip of a pole erected for the purpose. Huge fires were kindled. The night air pulsated with the tee-dum, tee-dum, tee-dum of skin drums that throbbed in barbaric rhythm, the triumphant chant of half a hundred trappers and double the number of Mandan bucks and squaws as they danced endlessly in a weaving throng.

Breckenridge, as he danced near the outer edge of the shifting crowd after a period of performing on its inner circle, was suddenly seized by the arm and drawn to one side. Hair-that-shines, her blue eyes blazing and her breast heaving tumultuously, addressed him tensely.



Hair-That-Shines, Her Blue Eyes Blazing and Her Breast Heaving Tumultuously, Addressed Him Tensely

"What devil's business are you at now?" she demanded, pointing to the fresh scalp that dangled at his belt. "Do you have to make a savage of yourself?"

"Every man takes scalps," he answered stiffly, bewildered by this unexpected outburst. "You know it. A white man stands that much higher in the estimation of the Indians. It is always done."

The girl knew this. The taking of scalps by mountain men was almost universal, sanctioned by custom, and it was destined to be so sanctioned for more than half a century to come.

"Anyway, if you're expecting to come north to see me you needn't come dragging gory flesh scalps with you," she flared. As abruptly as she had accosted him, she left, disappearing into the night. Hunter returned to the dance, but his former enthusiasm waned. It would not return, and presently he deserted the revelry and sought his bed. The throbbing of the tom-toms, the shuffling thud of feet and the frenzied chants of the revelers beat up against his ears till sunrise. He was at a loss to account for Nepanamo's sudden outburst over so commonplace a thing. Why should she have singled him out from among half a hundred others as the object of her displeasure? The girl herself was no less mystified at her own unpremeditated and impulsive outburst.

VI

THIS chance affray of the four hunters and the Brûlés reacted very favorably to the interests of the Rocky Mountain Company. The Mandans were wont to trade almost exclusively at a post maintained half a hundred miles upriver by the Great American, chief rival in the West of Ashley's company. The Mandans now evidenced a willingness to trade with the men of the Rocky Mountain brigade if the latter so desired.

On several occasions the Great American had set up rival posts in regions that had been opened up to trade by the Rocky Mountain. Ashley was too shrewd an adventurer to overlook so golden an opportunity. This fortunate break afforded a chance to procure a portion of the Mandan trade. He ordered a move to the next stand of timber upriver. What had been intended as an overnight stop for the brigade now lengthened into a stay of considerable duration. All hands were engaged in the work of felling trees and erecting log quarters for a post.

Hunter's sanguinary encounter with the Brûlés had endeared him to the Mandans. He was therefore detailed by Ashley to open trade with the tribe. Breckenridge advised a high trade schedule to the end that the Rocky Mountain should earn the reputation of liberal dealing and solidify itself in the Mandan trade. It was popularly believed that the Mandans had traded off their furs almost to the last pelt to the Great American, so the opening of negotiations was not expected to be immediately profitable, but was to be conducted as the entering wedge designed to draw all possible future trade of the Mandans from the rival company.

Competition among traders had roused a canniness among the savages of the West. They no longer traded a beaver pelt for a fishhook. No longer would they pile beaver pelts flat, one upon another, until the pile equaled in height the length of the smooth-bore trade gun they received in exchange.

The beaver was the chief item of the fur trade of the period and upon the pelt of that animal all prices were based. The accepted range of trade prices now called for two beaver skins in return for one iron war ax, lance head or long-bladed scalping knife. Other pelts were rated at so many to the beaver pelt.

Breckenridge opened shop in a large oval lodge of buffalo hides erected for him by the Mandans. There was no rush to trade as had once been the case whenever a white trader displayed his wares in an Indian encampment. The Mandans looked over Hunter's merchandise. It made a goodly showing, as Ashley had opened the entire contents of two of the bateaus to impress the Mandans with the wealth of the Rocky Mountain Company.

A big warrior, a subchief, was first to trade. He strode in, followed by his squaws, who carried a fairly large assortment of furs and spread them for Hunter's inspection. The white man nodded.

He first took out the five beaver pelts that graced the collection. Before him was the bullet dish. By means of the bullet count the simple, unmathematical mind of the redskin was enabled to check all transactions while his friends looked on. Breckenridge deposited five pieces of lead, molded in a certain design. The Mandan nodded that all was well as he carefully counted the bullets with his forefinger.

Hunter next selected three otter pelts. The accepted trade ratio was that three otter pelts equaled two beaver pelts. The white man was now expected to deposit two more leaden counters in the bullet dish. Instead, he deposited three. The Indian grunted his surprise.

"The Rocky Mountain men are rich. They have many goods," Hunter orated by way of explanation. "We look upon the Mandans as brothers and would share our riches with them. We are generous with those we esteem. To the Mandans, but to no other tribe, our eyes are closed when

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Pennsylvania locomotives take water on the fly, from tanks set between the tracks. An air-driven scoop, operated from the engine cab, plunges down as the train roars over the tank. The water, speed-driven, is funneled upward into the tank of the tender. Such track tanks were first installed in this country by the Pennsylvania Railroad. In the course of a year they save, for industry and for travelers, an enormous amount of time.

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YOU can drink water that would kill the Iron Horse. Those snorting giants that drive with such relentless power along the rails have stomachs more delicate, in some respects, than a baby's. The wrong kind of water gives them, so to speak, acute indigestion.

In the mining districts, for example, sulphur water from the mines flows into nearly all streams. When a stream polluted with it becomes slightly acid, it may still be used without apparent harm as a source of drinking water, but it would be very destructive to locomotive boilers, rendering their practical operation impossible.

In other districts the water is "hard"—contains calcium and other salts. When converted into steam it leaves a residue which coats tubes and boiler lining. Before long the locomotive loses power; if the coating continues, there may be an explosion which will mean loss of life and the finish of 500,000 pounds of expensive machinery.

Water free from calcium salts and from sulphur compounds must often be piped from long distances to the railroad. Great reservoirs in the mountains, treating stations west of Pittsburgh, wells near Washington, all form a part of the huge water system of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Properties valued at $50,000,000 are included in this system. Twelve water companies are operated by the railroad under the general direction of a separate organization, employing engineers and chemists whose sole duty is to look after the water supply. One alone in the Pittsburgh district operates a large plant with 145 miles of piping.

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It gets it—in all about 100 million gallons a day!

And the water is pure—fit for a locomotive to drink. In no other way can the trains go through swiftly, safely and on time.

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Don't be "talked out" of

GOOD

THE GREATEST

"the world's greatest tire"

SOME dealers will try to sell you something else. Offer you alluring inducements. Make imaginary advantages sound almost like realities.

But don't be "talked out" of the new Goodyear balloon with the All-Weather Tread unless you are offered some adequate offset for Goodyear's specific advantages. Ask yourself:

1 *Has this other balloon tire tested and proved anti-skid protection in the center of the tread where it belongs?*

2 *Does it embody patented* SUPERTWIST *fabric, the elastic and indefatigable material which has reduced casing failure in Goodyear Tires almost to the vanishing point?*

3 *Is it armored with the All-Weather Tread of special tough Goodyear rubber developed in millions of miles of testing on the obsidian roads of volcanic glass in Yellowstone Park?*

4 *Does it combine pronounced road safety and long tread wear with the smoothness and quietness of travel required for the modern closed car?*

These are the qualities you surrender when you let yourself be "talked out" of the new Goodyear balloon.

These are the reasons behind the accurate and deserved title the new Goodyear has earned as "the world's greatest tire."

GOODYEAR

NAME IN RUBBER

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(Continued from Page 92)

they bring in otter pelts. We mistake them for beaver." By way of illustration, he closed his eyes and stroked the three otter skins. "Yes, coming from our Mandan brothers, they are beavers," he proclaimed.

A murmur ran through the throng of savages that looked on. Each Mandan was struggling with a mental revision in terms of otter pelts and trade goods. Several slipped out of the lodge. Ashley smiled. This young Kentuckian knew savage nature. His pronouncement would be productive of more otter pelts if the tribe possessed them—not merely because the price was better than the customary rate of exchange but for the reason that it was to Mandans only that the rate was offered. They were favored above other people.

The Mandan then offered six finely dressed buffalo robes. These rated two robes for one beaver pelt. Hunter paid the regular schedule for these, depositing three counters in the bullet dish.

A pack of beaver consisted of one hundred skins and brought an even thousand dollars in St. Louis. At a later date—when the beaver had almost disappeared from the streams of the West and the fur trade had nearly perished from its own insatiable greed for pelts—beaver skins were destined to shrink in value to a third that price. Indian-tanned buffalo robes now brought five dollars each in St. Louis. A half century later the hide hunters of the plains were to ship millions of the dried and undressed hides of these animals for a dollar apiece and less.

The Mandan displayed three wolf pelts. Three wolves equaled one beaver. Hunter deposited another counter. Next the chief offered three mink skins. Three mink also equaled one beaver and another leaden counter changed hands. The Indian, knowing the ratio, had brought quantities of each fur that would work out in even beavers. He was taking no chances of becoming confused with fractional beavers.

This end of the transaction completed, it was now time for the Indian to make his selections and pay back to the white man the counters which he had just received. The Mandan fingered the long iron lance heads, selected one that pleased his fancy and nodded. Two beavers was the price he expected to pay. Hunter casually extracted a single bullet from the dish.

The Indian gave vent to a vast grunt of astonishment as he waited for the white man to observe his error.

"We are rich and we view the Mandans as brothers," Hunter proclaimed in ringing tones. "Have the Rocky Mountain men not fought the Sioux and slain their warriors, the enemies of the Mandans, so that the Mandan women have washed their faces for the first time in months and are now healing the wounds of mourning? One lance head for one beaver is the way we trade with our Mandan friends."

There were various ejaculations of astonishment and pleasure at this unexampled liberality. Those assembled watched eagerly as the warrior selected a forged iron tomahawk head. Again Hunter extracted but a single counter. Suppressed excitement, now relieved, was expressed in grunts that bordered on the explosive. Various onlookers hastened out.

The day had been when traders offered better prices to first comers in order to hasten trade, but this had produced so much ill feeling on the part of the later arrivals, resulting in the killing of numerous traders by incensed tardy ones who felt themselves cheated, that the practice had been abandoned. Perhaps this white man was opening trade in the old way. Why else should he pay such prices at the start? Was his tongue straight and did he pay so liberally merely from his admiration for the Mandans, as he claimed? In any event, everyone present wished to trade early against the probable contingency of a later slump in prices.

Furs and robes were produced in considerable quantities. Prices were maintained. Even the pelt of a prairie skunk brought a small looking-glass and a large fishhook. Youngsters who had slain and skinned such creatures and had been permitted to retain them by indulgent parents hastened in to barter them off for such small prizes, taking an actual part in trade for the first time in their lives. The pelts of skunk, kit fox, mink and others appeared as if by magic.

Hunter complimented various of his patrons, not in broadcast fashion, as was practiced by many traders, which the savages recognized for what it was—a manner assumed for trade purposes—but wisely, as one who knew Indian nature to the core. He gave compliments where compliments were due. To one subchief he said:

"You are a great warrior and have counted many coos upon your enemies. I greet you as one great warrior to another and would have you fill your pipe from my private plug of tobacco. You will inhale my friendship with the smoke."

To a winsome young squaw, considered the beauty of the Mandans, he presented a small looking-glass:

"So that your own eyes may behold the beauty that the eyes of all men see in you. Man-takes-no-woman is not blind. He can see beauty where it is, even though he desires it not for himself. Your father will receive many fine horses and other valuable presents from the warrior who is so fortunate as to take you from the lodge of your parents."

This compliment, coming from the lips of one notorious for his avoidance of Indian women, was considered very good. The Mandans were delighted with him. News of his generous dealings seemed to spread with the wind throughout the Mandan nation. A huge assortment of lodges, destined to become the largest permanent village of the Mandans, had sprung up round the new post before its completion. At the expiration of the second week of trade Hunter had collected five packs of beaver pelts, more than nine hundred finely dressed buffalo robes and a goodly quantity of the pelts of otter, wolf, fox, wildcat, mink, skunk, cougar and other animals. All told, there was more than twelve thousand dollars' worth of fur in the assortment.

Ashley was delighted at uncovering this unexpected vein of wealth in a tribe that was supposed to have bartered away the greater part of its furs to a rival concern.

The new post was well stocked. Ashley prepared to return down the Missouri with three bateaus, taking with him the furs collected and picking up en route the relatively small quantities previously traded for among the Ogallala Sioux, the Iowas and the Kansas Indians on the way upriver. The brigade was to proceed on up the Yellowstone and scatter on the tributaries of the Powder, Big Horn and Wind rivers, assembling at the appointed rendezvous on the Sweetwater the following spring. Ashley himself would return upriver with all dispatch, winter somewhere on its course and proceed to the rendezvous by horse in the spring.

Preparations were under way for this separation when Ashley made the announcement which he had reserved for a final surprise for Hunter Breckenridge. General Ashley was always very formal in his speech. His every utterance seemed in the nature of an oration.

"Young fellow, you will make a great trader," he predicted. "Your talents in that direction are wasted when you go out for a year alone to trap beaver, dodging savages to save your scalp and living like a lone wolf. Leave that to the men who know trapping and Indian fighting only. There are hundreds of that sort. Men who understand Indian psychology and can live among them and gain both their admiration and their trade are rare. I am putting you in charge of this post to represent the interests of the Rocky Mountain Company. Pick any two men you desire from the brigade to act as your assistants. Your salary will be one thousand dollars a year and that of your assistants three hundred dollars each."

A thousand-dollar salary was considered almost in the big-money class in that day. Strangely enough, the offer failed to rouse any elation in the breast of Hunt Breckenridge. On the contrary, it came as somewhat of a shock. Money was a scarce commodity in the frontier settlements. Throughout his life Hunter had seen practically all business conducted by means of barter and exchange. If one was possessed of a sufficient quantity of almost any one commodity—a surplus of corn, liquor, pork or fur—he was in a position to barter his surplus for such necessities as he might desire. If one was generously supplied with the necessities of life he had small need for more. Except for the one overwhelming impulse to own land that would produce the basic necessities of life—the one seemingly almost instinctive urge that drove successive waves of settlers into the wilderness—acquisitiveness, so far as that term signified the hoarding of possessions beyond logical requirements, was not a highly developed trait among the frontier families of America.

Breckenridge was accustomed to think in terms of necessities—food, clothing, powder, lead, guns, traps, horses; for those who were permanently located on the land, as were his parents, he recognized the desirability of possessing livestock—sheep, swine, cows and poultry. He was familiar, of course, with the value of money as a medium of exchange, but the idea of hoarding such a medium far in excess of his requirements was foreign to his viewpoint. When the time came he would settle upon a piece of rich land which, combined with his own labor, would supply him with all that he needed in life.

In common with the great majority of the fur brigaders of the West, he took the trail in search of adventure to an even greater extent than he did from any prospect of large gain. Many a mountain man risked his life hourly throughout the year, dodged savages and encountered incredible hardship, turning up at the yearly rendezvous with a small fortune in furs that he had trapped for some big company for an annual wage amounting to but a mere fraction of the value of his catch. He might as easily have trapped for himself.

Most of the mountain men, however, were each perfectly willing to bring in from three to five thousand dollars' worth of beaver pelts, turn them over to the company for which they trapped, be credited on the company's books for a few hundred dollars and set forth again to pit their wits against savages and the elements for another year.

That, also, was Hunter Breckenridge's philosophy of life. He wanted to ascend the Yellowstone and trap alone or, with a few companions, on its tributaries, later to cross the Great Divide of a continent and to view its western slope. The prospect of living among the Mandans, remaining stationary when there was so much of the world that he had yet to see, engaging in the humdrum routine of trade when stirring adventure called, was not an alluring picture.

Ashley insisted, however, arguing at some length, and Breckenridge at last gave in. This decision was destined to alter greatly the trend of his career.

Leroux, who had been waiting at the Great American post upriver, came down before the brigade departed. He seemed to urge haste in the departure of the McKenzie party.

Big Mack traded for horses and prepared to set off at once toward the north to where an escort of Assiniboins waited to conduct them to the new post. Six Assiniboin warriors accompanied Leroux. The Mandans viewed these newcomers with thinly veiled hostility. They had suffered much at the hands of the Assiniboins, but now the two tribes were presumably at peace, even though indulging in an occasional interchange of raids.

Leroux was surlily unfriendly to the Americans. That he possessed great courage was unquestionable, but fearlessness was merely a quality common to all *voyageurs* of the West. A man lacking in unflinching courage could not brave for a day the savage wilderness in which these men had elected to spend their lives. The Americans resented his insolence, but through respect for Big Mack they tolerated Leroux.

Hunter approached Nepanamo the day following the arrival of Leroux in the Mandan village.

"Hair-that-shines, on what stream is this new post of Big Mack's?" he asked. "I aim to stay here. It cannot be more than three hundred miles, a forced march of six days, to where you will be. Sometime during the summer, when trade is dull and the Mandans are out hunting buffalo, I will make the trip and see you."

"I do not know the name of the stream where the new post is located," she said. "If my father knows, he will not say." Leroux neared them and the girl turned to him. "To what stream do we go?" she asked. "And how many sleeps is it from here? I wish to know so that Hunter will be able to find us when he comes north this summer."

"So you're coming north this summer?" Leroux queried insolently. "It is many sleeps from here and the stream is not named. We do not tell trade secrets. It is ordered that no American should know its location. Find it if you can."

"I will find her," Breckenridge stated quietly.

Leroux strode away through the village, and Hunter, not wishing to become embroiled with Big Mack's henchman, endeavored to bottle his wrath.

An hour later Leroux approached a group composed of a score of mixed Mandans and trappers that loitered before the trading post. His wolfish features were grim and unsmiling. He took occasion to object to some remark that Breckenridge contributed to the conversation.

"That's of a piece with all American boastfulness," he said. "They're all big-mouthed and windy when it comes to words. They're poltroons and cowards when it comes to deeds."

He had no fear. Neither had any *voyageur* present. Any of them would have fought the man in a second—bare-handed or with war ax, knife or gun. But every man held his peace. It was evident to all of them that Leroux had come for the deliberate purpose of picking a quarrel with Breckenridge and that he was wasting no time about it. One of the trappers translated Leroux's words into Mandan for the benefit of the Indians. The Mandans turned their eyes expectantly upon Breckenridge as he stood silently regarding Leroux. They had adopted Hunter into their tribe. In their eyes he was a Mandan: he was a great warrior. Technically the visiting Assiniboins, and through them this white man who had come in their company, were enemies. Now this man had flung an insult in the face of Breckenridge. Was it to go unavenged?

Breckenridge understood all this. If he failed to take up the challenge thus cast down by Leroux, he would lose standing in the eyes of the Mandans. It would be bad for the trade of the Rocky Mountain Company, from which he drew his pay. If he went through with it and killed Leroux it would bar him from all hope of winning Big Mack's permission for him to visit Hair-that-shines. The old man depended greatly upon this chief aid of his and he would not look with kindliness upon the one who deprived him of such an able prop just prior to his launching a new venture. But after all, Breckenridge owed his allegiance to the Rocky Mountain and this man was a henchman of the rival Northwest.

Into the silence that had become tense and almost breathless was projected Leroux's wolfish grin of derision, intended to convey to those assembled the impression that Breckenridge feared to take up his challenge.

"Get your horse," Breckenridge said evenly to Leroux.

(Continued on Page 100)

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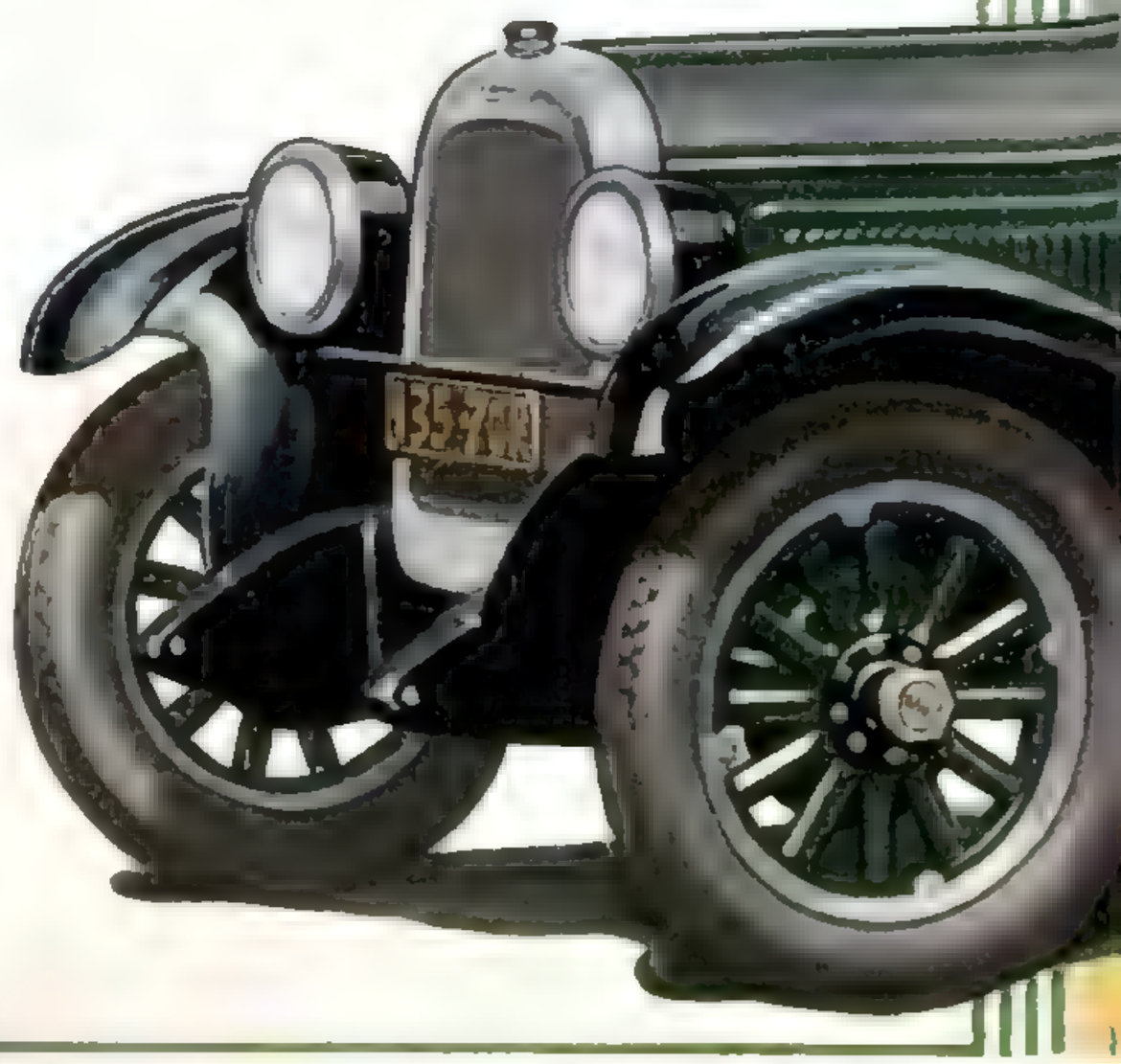
REVOLUTIONIZING all standards of six-cylinder motor car value—establishing a trend of design as advanced as that created by the Whippet in the four-cylinder field—the new Whippet Six is, in many respects, the most amazing car of the year. It offers, at a hitherto unheard of price, an array of mechanical features worthy of a Six costing two to three times as much. It is powered by a high compression poppet-valve motor that through many months of test has proved what great strides have been made in automotive engineering by Willys-Overland. The new Whippet Six is smooth and silent; it is exceptionally powerful; it is flexible; it is exhilaratingly lively. Long, low-swung bodies in harmonious lacquers, and smart interiors, give a distinction and an air of custom car luxury that will evoke your admiration. Willys-Overland Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.



The new Whippet Six has a heavy, rigid crankshaft perfectly balanced and supported on *seven* bronze-backed, babbitt main bearings—giving the utmost smoothness of power delivery. The crankshaft is drilled for full force-feed lubrication.

The new Whippet

5 PASSENGER COACH

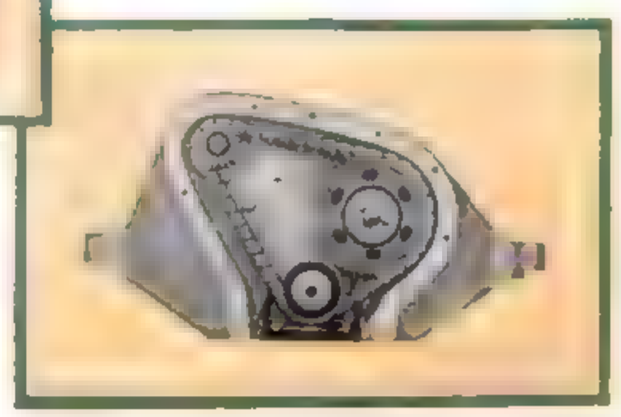
$695

Touring $615; Roadster $685; Coupe $695; Sedan $745. *Prices (f. o. b. factory) and specifications subject to change without notice.*

t Six

The new Whippet Six has 4-wheel brakes of the superior mechanical type. Front brakes are 11 inches in diameter and the rear brakes, 12 inches in diameter—giving a total braking area of 220 square inches.

Pistons of the new Whippet Six are of the Nelson type—made of a special aluminum alloy, with invar steel strut. This design prevents piston distortion and assures faster pickup, greater speed and power, smoother operation and longer life.



A silent timing chain drives the camshaft and auxiliary shaft, assuring quiet, smooth operation. You will find this a feature of the highest priced cars on the market.

(Continued from Page 99)

"And what will I do with my horse?" Leroux demanded.

"I figure to shoot you off it," Breckenridge told him.

"Guns, then, is it?" Leroux inquired. "You made a bad choice. I can put your eye out from a running horse."

"I would have chosen knives," said Breckenridge, "except that I would not foul my blade with your filthy blood. The metal would rot away."

Leroux's boastfulness was sincere. Breckenridge indulged in his bravado for the purpose of further establishing himself in the eyes of the Mandans. It was Indian custom to revile the enemy with whom one was about to engage in mortal combat.

"Bring my horse," Hunter instructed Haddock, and Little Bull set off promptly to get the trained war horse which Hunter had obtained in trade with a Mandan chief.

"I spared your life once as a boy," Leroux asserted. "Now that you have grown up and are known as the Big Mandan, you are big enough to kill. I have waited patiently."

The name by which he had just addressed Hunter was one recently bestowed upon him. He had been formally adopted into the tribe. He stood six-feet-three in his moccasins and towered above the Mandan warriors as he moved among them. The trappers, almost as ready at apt nomenclature as were the Indians, had bestowed upon him the name of Big Mandan.

Both General Ashley and Big Mack sought to intervene. One or the other stood to lose a valuable henchman through the encounter and neither was willing to chance it if the combatants could be pacified.

"I'd be useless to you here if I didn't go through with it now," Breckenridge told his chief. "It might even result in the loss of most of the Mandan trade."

The entire village turned out in a state of high excitement. Many a venomous glance was directed upon the six Assiniboins. Hunter, observing this, addressed the headmen of the Mandans, informing them that in case he should fall, the Assiniboins of the McKenzie party were under no circumstances to be molested.

An Assiniboin called boastfully to a Mandan that Leroux could shoot the eye from a running antelope when riding at full gallop. A Mandan jeered back that Breckrenridge could shoot into the air and bring down an eagle that soared beyond the vision of ordinary men. All manner of such extravagant claims were advanced on either side.

When Breckenridge mounted there was a gasp of dismay as it was observed that he carried only a pistol. All Indians and most white men considered the pistol inferior even to the bow and arrow. The combatants were to ride in opposite directions until the signal was given that they were a hundred yards apart. They were then to wheel their mounts and charge across the prairie, choosing their own gait and their own moment to shoot.

There was mounting excitement as the two horses neared the appointed distance, an increasing rustle of eagerness that froze to deathlike quiet as the signal was given and the two riders wheeled their horses. The ponies stretched out into a furious run. Breckenridge leaned forward on the neck of his mount, as if to present a smaller target. Leroux crouched not quite so low. As the distance narrowed to forty yards he brought his rifle to shoulder.

At the instant that the muzzle covered Breckenridge the Kentuckian dropped, Indian fashion, upon the right side of his mount, only his left hand and left moccasin remaining within view. From beneath his pony's neck he fired point-blank at Leroux's heart at a distance of six yards just as that worthy depressed the muzzle of his piece to fire at the head of his adversary.

Leroux's left arm intervened and saved his life. The heavy pistol ball struck his elbow and shattered it, ranging into the upper arm to the shoulder. His rifle, harmlessly discharged, was knocked from his grasp and he was almost unhorsed by the shock of the blow. A great shout of joy rose from the Mandans and the ranks of the trappers as Breckenridge, rising in the saddle, rode at a trot to the door of the trading post and dismounted without according his disabled antagonist so much as a glance. His manner intimated that this was but an ordinary affair upon which he could expend no more time, and the Mandans were greatly impressed.

The following morning the McKenzie party and the Assiniboins departed, riding in a northwesterly direction across the prairies.

Little Bull had first intended to travel with the brigade only to the mouth of the Platte, then to ascend that stream. Then he had decided to go on to the Niobrara and ascend that stream to its head, crossing over to the North Fork of the Platte. Later he had decided to hold on to the Cheyenne River and ascend that stream instead, but the mouth of the Cheyenne had now been passed. This repeated change of plan had been occasioned by the little man's vast friendship and admiration for Hunt Breckenridge and he was disconsolate at the prospective separation. He would turn back now and journey to the country of the Loup Pawnees. Accustomed throughout his life to traversing hostile wilderness alone, the journey held forth no terrors for Little Bull.

Breckenridge chose Little Bull and the old trapper, Brady, as his two assistants. Little Bull was overjoyed, whereas Hunter had feared that the two men might consider it a deprivation to remain behind the brigade.

"My legs ain't so spry at outrunning savages as they once was, and it's only a question of time till my scalp would dangle in some Blackfoot's lodge if I persist in trapping the creeks," Brady said. "Don't know but what I've had my fill o' that and am willing to settle down and 'tend post. All right, son, I'll sign on."

The three of them stood and watched Ashley's contingent drop off down the Missouri while the brigade disappeared on its course up the river. Ashley was well aware of the incredible speed with which news spread throughout the tribes of the West. The Mandan boastfulness of the liberality and square dealing of their new trader and of his mighty prowess in battle would travel far. It would be an asset to the Rocky Mountain Company. Other tribes would be curious to see this character, and Big Mandan might be enabled to open trade with tribes that had proved refractory. Ashley had promised Breckenridge that he would be relieved at the post in time to journey to the point of rendezvous on the Sweetwater in the spring with a view to crossing the divide and opening trade negotiations with some of the Southwestern tribes.

The chance discovery of Hunter's flair for trading, coupled with the fact that his reputation as a great warrior and one whose tongue was not forked, was destined to exert its influence upon the rest of his career. But he could not know that as he watched the brigade disappear, nor would he have viewed the knowledge with unalloyed satisfaction.

VII

THE brigade left in mid-April. During the last week in May, Breckenridge, leaving Brady and Little Bull in charge of the post, struck out alone to cross the prairies to the Saskatchewan country for the purpose of locating McKenzie's post. New spring flowers painted the green prairies. Game ranged upon them in unbelievable profusion. Buffalo and antelope appeared in vast herds in every direction upon the plains; deer and elk abounded along the streams. The waters were swarming with geese, ducks, shore birds and other wild fowl. Prairie hens, upland plovers and curlews nested in the open prairies, and great white whooping cranes, sand-hills and whistling swans nested in every strip of marshland.

It was a land of plenty through which he rode. He took two horses, riding one and leading the other, changing mounts at frequent intervals, as was the Indian custom when making forced marches. He covered fifty miles a day for the first three days; then, to rest his mounts, traveled but a dozen miles on the fourth day out. His only equipment aside from his weapons consisted of a soft-tanned buffalo robe that was used as saddle blanket by day and bedding by night. He shot his food as he required it, subsisting on a diet of straight meat.

Lest his scalp should prove too great a temptation to some prowling band of Assiniboins, he followed his usual custom of cooking his meat early, then putting out his fire and moving on to some other spot to sleep. In this fashion he covered three hundred miles in seven days. The creeks now drained north to the Saskatchewan. On the seventh night he made camp on a timbered stream along the course of which was a broad Indian trail that showed signs of recent and frequent travel. It would lead either to a big Assiniboin village or to a post of the Northwest Company.

It proved to be the latter. The factor, a French Canadian, greeted him cordially enough. His identity as the Big Mandan from the post on the Missouri was circulated among the Assiniboins that were present at the post. The host was geniality itself, but decidedly noncommittal regarding company affairs. The McKenzies? Oh, yes—Big Mack. He couldn't say where Big Mack was. Way off to the east, though—a thousand—two thousand miles perhaps; who could say?

"East!" Hunter exclaimed. "But he was intending to open up as a free trader, or perhaps to take a post in the prairies for the Northwest Company."

"Yes," the French Canadian agreed. "But free traders cannot operate in the territory of the Northwest Company. It has been given a monopoly by the government in return for establishing its forts and advancing Canadian civilization and territorial rights across the mountains to the Pacific. Big Mack was an old-time employe of the company and was taken back by it. At least I heard talk to that effect. He was old, unfit for the strenuous job of factor in some prairie fort. He and his daughter were to go to some eastern fort—perhaps even to Montreal in an office job—who knows?"

"And Leroux?" Hunter queried.

"He was sent northwest, perhaps to the Athabasca country," the factor informed; "or so I heard."

Hunter headed back toward the Mandan country, his plans all gone awry. He must some day find Hair-that-shines—that much was certain. But Montreal seemed very far away. One could not travel those thickly settled eastern districts and live off the country as he journeyed, as one could in the West, and the search for her might be long.

A new significance of his present employment came to him as he rode. He would require money to facilitate his travels in searching for Nepanamo through the provinces of Eastern Canada. For the first time he was conscious of a desire for money. Fortunately he was also situated for the first time so that he could acquire money. He would work for two years with the Rocky Mountain Company. That would provide the necessary funds. But the time seemed long and his heart was heavy. He was half tempted to turn his horses' heads to the east and begin his search at once. Strangely enough, it did not occur to him that the factor of the Northwest post had deliberately lied to him, and it would be many a moon before he was to discover that fact.

Upon his return it was to find the Mandan village in the first throes of mourning. Two lodges, numbering some twenty-odd souls, had set out on a short expedition to trap beaver and had been annihilated by the Sioux. Every face was daubed black with a mixture of soot and bear grease. Lamentations made the night hideous. The Indians lacerated their bodies so that the blood might run in sympathy with that spilled by the departed ones. Several bereaved relatives lopped off fingers. Some squaws split their ear lobes. Others inflicted wounds in their scalps so that the blood might run down across their blackened faces.

Brady and Little Bull were inured to such mourning from long experience, but the continuous screeching disturbed Hunter's slumber and added to the restlessness that had come to him with the knowledge that Hair-that-shines had gone to parts unknown. Inactivity added to his depression. The appalling volume of the wailing decreased as the days passed, but at the expiration of the second week there were still sporadic outbursts of screeching that punctuated the nights. Faces were still blackened and would remain so until enemy scalps were brought in without loss of Mandan life.

The lamentations had almost ceased when a party of a half dozen squaws and children, journeying from a hunting camp to the village, were waylaid and killed by a band of Assiniboins.

Wailing and self-laceration broke out afresh. In vain Hunter urged the Indians to go out and trap beaver, the squaws to dress buffalo hides. But the Mandan nation was given over to mourning. Brady and Little Bull endured it stoically, no more concerned than if the uproar had been merely the chattering of blackbirds; but Hunter, his mind seething with disappointment at the unexpected disappearance of Ann McKenzie and his uncertainty as to her whereabouts, was nearing the limit of his endurance. There was but one remedy for such mental tension known to his breed—activity! The Mandans held frequent councils and planned revenge upon their foes, but talked in circles and arrived nowhere. Then Breckenridge rose one night in council:

"Hear me, warriors! Big Mandan, the slayer of Sioux, speaks to you. The Mandans are my brothers and I cry to hear them wail in mourning for the brave warriors and the women that were slain by cowardly foes. Give me fifty of the best warriors and Big Mandan will ride forth at their head to avenge these wrongs. We will not return until we come with many horses that we have stolen and bring fresh scalps so that my people may wash their faces and rejoice. The village will ring with the glad cry of the scalp dance. Big Mandan pledges it. I have spoken."

Eventually it was so arranged. The somely young squaw who had been complimented by Breckenridge during the first days of his stay among the Mandans presented him with a shield fashioned and decorated by her own hand. It was made of double thickness of the back hide of bull buffalo, shrunk by heat while still green. It was incredibly tough and would turn arrow or lance thrust, and if struck at the slightest angle, would even deflect a ball fired from the inferior smoothbore trade guns of the Indians.

The war party set off in high spirits and at its head rode Big Mandan and Little Bull Buffalo of the Loup Pawnees.

There was one vital weakness in the fighting tactics of all mounted Indians of the West. Every white trapper was aware of it. A war party invariably charged the enemy at a furious run, frequently advancing to within a few feet, but not one charge in a thousand was pressed home. After dashing down and firing arrows or musket shots at close range, the custom was to veer off, wheel and retreat, form and charge again. This afforded the enemy time to reload. On literally thousands of occasions a mere handful of white trappers, caught on the open prairies and with no more than a coulee bank or the bodies of their slain horses behind which to take shelter, were thus able to sell their lives at dear cost to the Indians. In such a battle it was the custom of the whites to hold their fire until the furious charge was fairly upon them, then each pick a foe and shoot him from

(Continued on Page 104)

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Silvertowns

BEST IN THE LONG RUN

(Continued from Page 100)

his horse. At that instant, with their flint-locks uncharged, they were at the mercy of the Indians if only the latter should press the charge home, which was seldom done.

It was not lack of bravery that prevented the Indians from charging home upon inferior numbers. It was merely habit. The overwhelming charge had not appealed to the horse Indians as good tactics and it was destined to be many a year before they adopted it from the whites.

As they rode into Sioux territory Hunter harangued the warriors on this fatal defect.

"When we charge the Sioux they will fire upon us too soon," he said. "We will hold our own fire until right upon them and shoot in their very faces. Their guns will be empty. Instead of wheeling to reload, we will hurl ourselves upon them and cut them down like blades of grass."

Almost hourly he repeated the formula so that his words would be implanted in their minds.

On the eighth day they were apprised of the location of an encampment by a thin film of smoke. Scouts, signaling with looking-glasses, flashed the report of a Sioux hunting party of twenty-odd lodges. That would mean probably a hundred warriors. Hunter led his band into camp on another creek ten miles distant. They camped without fires. The returning scouts reported that the Sioux had made camp at the head of a shallow valley earlier in the afternoon. A few miles down its course the valley was alive with buffalo and it was evident that the Sioux intended to stage a surround, their favorite method of hunting those animals. Five or six hundred head of horses accompanied the party.

The consensus of opinion was to the effect that the Sioux were in too great numbers to attack and that the best plan was to swoop down under cover of darkness and steal the horses, shooting into the encampment as they charged past.

"We came to give battle and to take scalps," Breckenridge declared. "If you follow me and do as I do, we will cut them down as ripe plums fall with the first frost."

They were on the march two hours before dawn, riding slowly in order that their war horses might be fresh when they went into battle. Breckenridge and Little Bull reconnoitered from the rims of the valley at sunrise. The camp was a mile above them. The buffalo herds had moved some three or four miles farther down the bottoms. Breckenridge marshaled his party in the mouth of a tributary valley that opened into the main bottoms something over a mile below the camp. A fringe of brush just within its mouth concealed the Mandan war party from the view of any who might ride down the main valley.

A lookout, peering from behind a bush on the banks above, signaled that the Sioux were leaving the village to ride down and stage the surround. He slid down from his post and mounted his horse.

"Remember!" Breckenridge said in final admonition. "The Sioux will be startled and will shoot too soon. Their guns will be empty. Every man hold his fire until I shoot. Then every man of you fire. Do not so much as swerve from your course. Hurl yourselves upon them while their guns are empty. They go forth to hunt, not to war, and will carry no shields. They will be meat for our lances and our war axes. Let no man slacken speed until his lance or war ax drips red with the blood of a Sioux."

The Sioux hunters, ninety-odd strong, rode down the bottoms. Behind Breckenridge and Little Bull, the war horses of the Mandans stamped eagerly, quivering to be off. The Sioux, riding a hundred and fifty yards out in the open bottoms, came abreast of the Mandan ambush. The first were allowed to pass. When the center of the party drew abreast of him Hunter gave the signal to charge and jumped his horse through the fringe of brush. His voice rang out in the high-pitched Missouri yell and from the throat of Little Bull sounded the war whoop of the Loup Pawnees, followed by that of half a hundred Mandans.

The startled Sioux whirled to see this array of mounted warriors charging down upon their flank at a furious run. As Breckenridge had predicted, in the first confusion half the Sioux discharged their guns at once, the others following suit raggedly. They wavered and many of them turned to flee, but a great chief among them, observing the inferior numbers of the attacking party, shouted swift orders and they rallied into battle line to face the on-coming foe.

An arrow thudded home in Hunter's bull-hide shield, another zipped nastily past his ear. At a distance of twenty yards, he fired, shooting an Indian through the body and toppling him from his horse. Then he thrust his rifle into the slanting buckskin scabbard and transferred his grip to the handle of a heavy war ax that was suspended from his right wrist by a thong. He rode straight at the Sioux chief. The Indian met him with leveled lance. With his left hand Breckenridge executed an upward sweep of his shield at the instant of contact, carrying the point of the lance aloft to glance harmlessly off the tough bull hide and pass above his head. At the same instant his right hand swept under it with a mighty swing of his war ax. Its blade caught the Sioux chief on the chin and split his head in half.

Instantly Hunter shifted his shield to interpose it between his body and the blow of a tomahawk aimed at him by the Sioux on his left, deflected it, and with an overhand cross swing brought the blade of his own war ax down across the base of the savage's skull. Three more Sioux tilted at him. He met the central one and cut him down. Little Bull split the skull of the one on the right and a Mandan drove his lance through the body of the third. The center of the Sioux line wavered, broke and fled.

Breckenridge had chosen a dozen Mandan warriors to ride on either side of himself and Little Bull, selecting those most likely to obey his instructions and press home the charge. They had hit the line to a man. Those on the flanks, however, after delivering their fire at close range, forgetting instructions in the excitement of battle, had wavered. Some of them had wheeled their horses to the rear, and several, thus exposing their unprotected backs, had been transfixed by Sioux arrows.

It was no lack of bravery that had occasioned this failure to press home, but merely an instinctive reversion to established tactics in the excitement of battle. The extremities of the Sioux line, appalled by the unexampled ferocity of the charge that had dispersed their center, whirled and joined the flight. No Mandan was now in doubt. They had now but to follow custom without puzzling over strange instructions. Every man knew his job, which was to overhaul and cut down as many as possible of the scattered and routed foe.

The Sioux would have been killed to the last man except for the Indian custom of dismounting to strike a fallen enemy and thus count coos. As it was, more than fifty Sioux were slain, scalped and hastily despoiled of guns, war axes, knives and other treasures. The survivors were not pursued beyond the high headlands that constituted the far rims of the valley. Scouts that Breckenridge dispatched to those heights immediately signaled the presence of a huge encampment of Sioux in another shallow valley some five miles distant. It would be but a matter of minutes until the fugitives would signal the news to the big village and hundreds of Sioux warriors would be dashing down upon the Mandans.

The squaws and children of the smaller village whose men had just suffered defeat were already in flight, some of them having mounted hastily, others departing on foot. The Mandans rallied swiftly to Breckenridge as the scouts signaled the news of the big village. They were in favor of departing at once without taking time to run off the five hundred or more head of horses that grazed near the head of the valley. Breckenridge held up his hand.

"There is time. We must have those horses. Without them we are lost. Our ponies are tired, those of the Sioux are fresh. We are in the heart of the Sioux country, with three hundred miles to ride. Big Mandan has spoken. Follow me, warriors!"

He put his horse at the run and headed up the valley. Already a few of the hardier young spirits of the demoralized village were endeavoring to attain the far side of the horses for the purpose of heading them back across the valley toward the main Sioux encampment. They abandoned the purpose and fled when it became apparent that the racing Mandan war party would arrive in time to cut them off.

Several Mandan warriors darted aside to capture fleeing young women, forcing the captives to mount behind them. Breckenridge veered aside to capture a Sioux lad in his early teens and the boy mounted behind him. The Mandans were expert horse thieves. Little Bull and a half dozen warriors had angled to reach the far edge of the grazing herd. The main body of Mandans, fanning out in a wide crescent, bore down upon the rear of the drove. The horses moved away from them and instinctively followed the little cluster of riders out ahead of them as Little Bull and his companions led the way toward the distant Mandan village on the Missouri. The rearmost Mandans hazed the horses forward. Others rode at close intervals along either flank to prevent sporadic attempts to cut out to the side. Within half a mile from the start the entire outfit was flying across the prairies at a smooth run, long manes and tails streaming in the wind.

Hunter's war horse was tiring under his double load. He urged the animal forward until he was riding among the rearmost of the herd of loose horses. He snared one with his rawhide cord and the animal halted instantly.

"Mount him," Breckenridge instructed his youthful captive. "You shall be treated well and returned to your people. If you try to escape you will be slain. Ride!"

The young Sioux leaped to the bare back of the horse and rode on. Here and there Mandans were similarly disposing of their captive young women. The war horse, thus relieved of a part of his burden, forged gallantly on until Hunter was once more riding among the rearmost Sioux horses. He selected a big pinto that gave promise of speed and endurance, looped a noose round the animal's neck and brought it to a halt. Dismounting, he effected a quick change of equipment. Several Mandan warriors were similarly engaged. Mounting his fresh steed, Breckenridge drove his own horse ahead of him until it joined the main band.

Looking back, he saw the first of the Sioux pursuers top out on a swell of the prairie some four or five miles behind. These foremost riders were followed by others, an ominous dark cloud sweeping down upon the audacious handful of Mandans. There were not less than five hundred warriors in that crew, Hunter estimated—probably more.

"They will never overtake us now," he shouted to the nearest warriors. The Mandans grinned acknowledgment. Turning upon the backs of their running ponies, they leveled derisive and insulting gestures at the Sioux, who were too distant to observe them. However, the gestures were no less sincere and triumphant for that.

Instead of a large band of stolen horses being a handicap to the pursued thieves, they constituted the greatest possible asset. The tough little prairie steeds could run endlessly at a smooth flowing gait if unburdened, and for considerable distances when carrying a man. The horse herd afforded frequent changes of mounts for the pursued while the pursuers must ride the same horses throughout the chase. The loose horses also could be viewed as a traveling commissary in addition to furnishing means of locomotion.

Hour after hour the Mandans held their charges at a run. Whenever a steed showed evidence of weariness the rider effected a quick change of mounts. Some few of the pursuing Sioux, up on particularly fleet and staunch horses, gained slightly at first. None drew nearer than two miles and those were but a handful. Then even these foremost ones began to lose ground; imperceptibly at first, then noticeably. The gap gradually widened. After a run of perhaps five hours, a group of Mandans selected a fat yearling colt and shot it. It was but the work of a very few minutes to cut off the best of the meat, mount and ride on after their comrades, among whom the meat was distributed and devoured as they rode. Another two hours and the whole cavalcade was slowed to a trot, then urged on at a run after an hour's travel at the restful slower gait.

Two miles out ahead rode Little Bull and three Mandans. The danger from behind was now negligible, the chief danger consisting of the possibility that they might ride unexpectedly upon some big Sioux encampment, and it was to guard against this contingency that Little Bull and three experienced Mandan warriors rode in advance. A swift alteration of route could be effected on the instant that the peak riders should signal the direction of danger. Smoke columns had long since apprised the Mandans of the fact that the news had been signaled far and wide and that the whole Brûlé nation was on the lookout for a chance to intercept the audacious little party of Mandan raiders.

At nightfall they were still holding on, a flying cloud on the prairies, riding hard and fast toward the distant Mandan village on the Missouri. Two hours after sundown Breckenridge called a halt. The horses were rested for an hour and given a chance to graze. Then the flight was resumed. Again, three hours before dawn, a similar stop was made. At sunup they were still traveling, splashing across streams that were fordable, swimming those that were too deep. When the sun was two hours high they forded a wide shallow stream and ascended a high prairie headland that flanked the valley through which it flowed. These heights afforded an unobstructed view for miles to the rear.

Here Breckenridge halted the outfit for some three hours. Scouts sent on ahead relayed back the message that all was clear in that direction. It was evident that the Sioux behind had abandoned the pursuit. The tired ponies grazed, rolled and kicked their heels and some bedded down.

Breckenridge summoned his young captive:

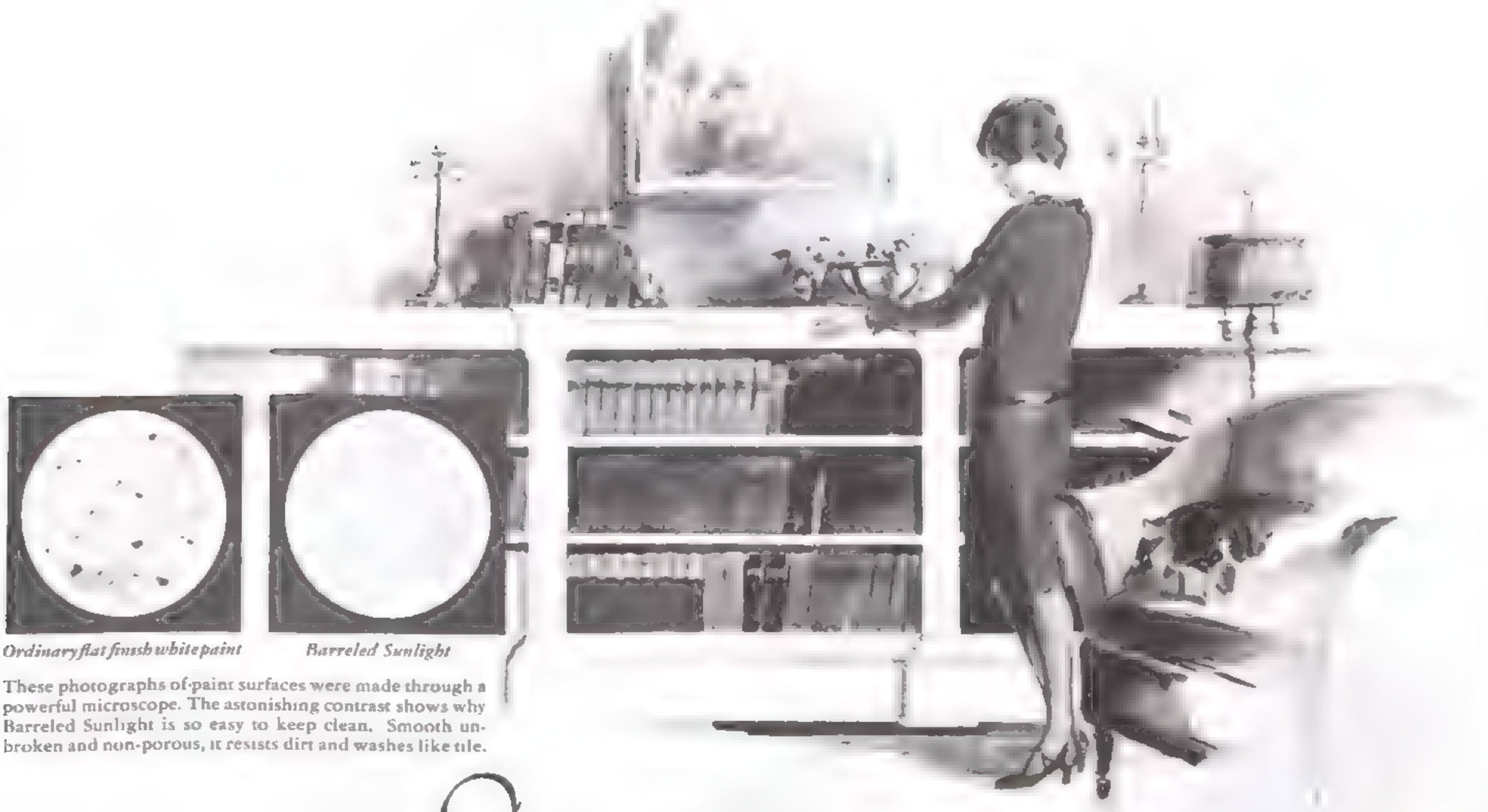
"The Brûlés sent a thousand warriors to raid the Mandan villages. Some of their young men crept upon four sleeping whites with intent to kill them in their beds. But among the white men were Big Mandan and Little Bull Buffalo, who sleep with their eyes open and their ears wide. Big Mandan took four Sioux scalps and Little Bull took three. The whole Sioux war party turned back without a scalp, leaving seven of their dead. But Big Mandan and Little Bull were not content with seven scalps of the dogs who sought to creep upon them in their sleep. Their rage was great."

He thumped his chest impressively. The Mandans were not too tired to listen with vast relish to this imposing and boastful oratory so dear to the savage heart. They grunted approval, punctuating the Big Mandan's speech.

"Then the Sioux killed the women and children of the Mandans. Our rage increased. Big Mandan and Little Bull led, not a thousand warriors, but only fifty, into the heart of the Sioux country. Big Mandan counted five coos in the battle, Little Bull five more. The scalps hang at our saddles. It is thus that we repay enemies that would kill us in our sleep. Fifty Sioux scalps were taken and there will be wailing in the villages of the Burnt-thighs for months to come.

"More than five hundred horses we have captured. Sioux hunters will go afoot. Your captive young women are overjoyed at the prospect of being adopted into the lodges of the Mandans, who are well known

(Continued on Page 109)



Ordinary flat finish white paint *Barreled Sunlight*

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Smooth unbroken and non-porous, it resists dirt and washes like tile.

Seals itself against dirt!

This paint enamel is so satin-smooth its surface can't hold dirt embedded · · ·

Clouds of sticky road-dust . . . Black soot from soft coal smoke . . . Oily particles thrown out by countless motor exhausts.

Broadcast by the winds . . . Filtering indoors . . . Insidious, clinging, *paint-soiling* dirt. There is more of it every day!

* * *

Ordinary paint on walls and woodwork has no defense. It is soon grey with ingrained grime, impossible to remove without also removing some of the paint.

But the satin-smooth, flawless surface of Barreled Sunlight *defies* dirt. It has no "pores" for dirt to get into—and mere surface smudges can be quickly washed off.

Modern protection against modern conditions. A triumph of lasting cleanliness and beauty!

Barreled Sunlight has a rich enamel finish with a depth peculiar to itself. It is easy to apply and has unusual opacity.

Guaranteed to remain white longest.

Readily tinted with oil colors. Quantities of 5 gallons or more tinted to order at the factory, without extra charge.

Made in Semi-Gloss and Flat as well as the full Gloss. Cans of all sizes, and drums. For priming, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat. See coupon.

Also ask your dealer about the new product, Outside Barreled Sunlight.

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co., 25-B Dudley Street, Providence, R. I. Branches: New York—Chicago—Philadelphia—San Francisco. Distributors in all principal cities. Retailed by more than 7,000 dealers.

Easy to Tint Any Desired Shade—For tinting small quantities dealers carry handy tubes of Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
25 Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.

Please send me information on the use of Interior Barreled Sunlight in (Check) Homes ☐ Commercial Buildings ☐ Industrial Plants ☐
If you wish a sample can, enclose 10c.

Please send me full information on Outside Barreled Sunlight ☐

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THAT DISTINCTIVELY

Beauty consists of a certain composition of color and design causing delight in the beholder.
—JOHN LOCKE

new distinctive Eights

Series 75, 85 and 95
15 body styles - 50 color combinations

Four years ago we pioneered and built our first Eight-in-Line, and its success determined us to concentrate on this type of motor car. With such singleness of purpose we developed and perfected a line of distinctively different cars, affording today an unequaled opportunity for personal selection in size, type, color and price.

We have lowered Eight prices, until now any potential six-cylinder owner can have all the advantages of Gardner's Eight-in-Line performance, comfort and durability at prices as low as, and in many cases lower than, Sixes.

You will find included in the three new series not only America's most powerful stock car—115 horsepower—but the world's lowest-priced Eight as well —each designed to serve a definite need.

Think of the freedom of choice Gardner gives you! Think of the opportunity to gratify your own personal preferences in every detail! Think of owning and driving a car that is distinctively different in every phase of appearance, appointments and performance! Visit the nearest Gardner dealer's show rooms. There you may see and compare appearance and values—on the road you can drive and experience a new motoring sensation—Gardner owners say, "There's nothing like it!"

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$1195 to $2495

Three Series of Eights-in-Line
75 — 76 h.p., 122" w.b.—$1195 to $1595
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GARDNER
Eight-in-Line

DIFFERENT MOTOR CAR

Office heat . . . chilly street . . . sore throat!

From over-heated offices into chilly streets . . . out in the cold waiting for transportation . . . into germ-laden cars crowded with coughers . . . is it any wonder thousands are laid up with colds or sore throats—or worse?

Don't be one of them. After exposure of this kind, gargle with Listerine when you get home.

Better yet, use it systematically night and morning during nasty weather. It may be the means of sparing you a long, painful and costly siege of illness. Many a cold weather complaint has been checked by Listerine before it had a chance to become serious.

Being antiseptic, it immediately attacks the countless disease-producing germs that lodge in mouth, nose and throat.

Again, we counsel you for your own protection to use this safe antiseptic twice a day, at least, during inclement weather. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Gargle when you get home

In the THROAT *and nose more than*

50 diseases

have their beginning or development. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician

Watch your throat!

ITS NAME ALONE. The name Listerine Tooth Paste is a guarantee that it is the best paste that scientific knowledge could achieve. Large tube—25¢

LISTERINE

-the safe antiseptic

(Continued from Page 104)

to treat their women better than do the Brûlés. It is Big Mandan who speaks." Again he thumped his chest. "It is not good to rouse the wrath of Big Mandan, as the Sioux scalps at my saddle testify. My lodge will be black with Burnt-thigh scalps if they anger us again. You expected to be killed, but Big Mandan does not make war upon half-grown lads. Mount your pony and return to your people. Give them the message that Big Mandan has spoken."

A chorus of approving grunts testified to the admiration with which this speech had been received. Big Mandan rose even higher in the estimation of the warriors. The liberated youth would deliver the message word for word and thus would the famous exploit of the war party spread.

Three hours of rest had refreshed the horses and Breckenridge ordered a resumption of the march. Night and day, with brief and infrequent halts, the tough prairie horses and the tireless iron-hard riders sped across the plains. On the morning of the fifth day, having camped some miles away in order to make a spectacular daylight entry, they rode full tilt up to the village. They were greeted with wild enthusiasm for their great victory and the richness of their spoils.

Nevertheless, preparations were made for a fresh outburst of wailing for the three Mandan warriors—shot in the back by arrows when they had wavered and wheeled back instead of driving home the charge—who had been brought home lashed upon the backs of ponies. Not one dead Mandan had been left upon the field of battle, not one scalp had been lost. According to any military reckoning save that of the early-day Western Indian, a loss of fifty inflicted upon the enemy with but a loss of three men on the victorious side would have been deemed a crushing victory. Mandan reasoning, however, had upheld for centuries the conclusion that a single scalp brought in by a party with no loss of Mandan life was a more complete victory than when a thousand enemy scalps were taken and one Mandan lost. There would be no scalp dance. Not yet could the women wash their faces. Wailing was resumed.

Breckenridge fretted as the horrible screeching assailed his ears of nights. Action and adventure had operated as escape valves for bottled emotions and had left not too much time for brooding introspection. The tense excitement of the raid into Sioux territory, the battle and flight with the stolen horses, had kept Hunter's mind tolerably free from futile dwelling upon the fact that Nepanamo had gone from the Northwest and that he knew not where she was. Now that he was again following the paths of inactivity, his restlessness returned afresh and he was inclined to chafe against the necessary delay before starting out in search of her. Trade was dull, and Brady, too, was tiring of inactivity, eager for at least a short trip afield.

"I've got to get away from this here screechin' or I'll go off my head," Hunter exploded as an outburst of wailing roused him three hours before dawn.

He prevailed upon Little Bull to remain in charge of the post for a brief period while he and Brady went out in search of beaver. Haddock, having just taken a Mandan maid to wife, assented. Hunter and Brady started out with eight traps apiece and headed toward the northern edge of the Mandan range. The Mandans had done but little trapping since the previous year. Hunter located promising beaver colonies strung out for several miles along the upper courses of one of the creeks.

A beaver frequently claws up a small pile of earth when emerging from a pond. This he castorizes. Trappers refer to these little piles of mud as sign heaps, because, to beaver noses, these heaps identify their makers.

They are by way of being calling cards when a strange beaver visits a colony. Invariably, on breaking the surface of the pond, if the wind carries to a beaver's nose the scent of a stranger he swims directly to the sign heap from which it emanates.

The two trappers carried beaver's castor in buffalo-gut containers. Fashioning an imitation sign heap at the point selected for a trap set, a few drops of the mixture were allowed to trickle from the container and the trap was placed under several inches of water where the inquisitive beaver would step in it as he came to investigate this supposed sign heap of a visitor that was strange to the colony.

The trappers met with great success. At the end of ten days they had taken more than sixty beaver pelts. It was their intention to swing back toward the post along the courses of other creeks, but they waked one night to the tune of drumming hoofs to discover that a few Assiniboins had slipped among their six horses, cut the hobbles and made off with the animals.

Caching traps and pelts, Brady and Breckenridge took up the trail of the thieves. At the end of two days it was lost among a maze of other horse tracks and they headed back for Mandan territory, shooting an occasional beaver, otter or wolf en route. The morning of the second day of the return, as they slipped quietly along a stream on the lookout for beaver or otter, Brady, who was in the lead, held up his hand for silence. As light splashing reached their ears from beyond a bend in the creek. The old trapper cautiously approached and peered over the bank, then lifted his rifle and fired.

"Got him right between the eyes," he grinned, turning to Hunter. "He had just waded the creek and was a-sunning himself on the bank."

Hunter saw not a dead beaver but a dead Assiniboin warrior. Brady deprived the Indian of scalp, buffalo robe, musket and knife. Then they made haste down the course of the creek, knowing that the warrior must be one of some prowling band of Assiniboins in the vicinity.

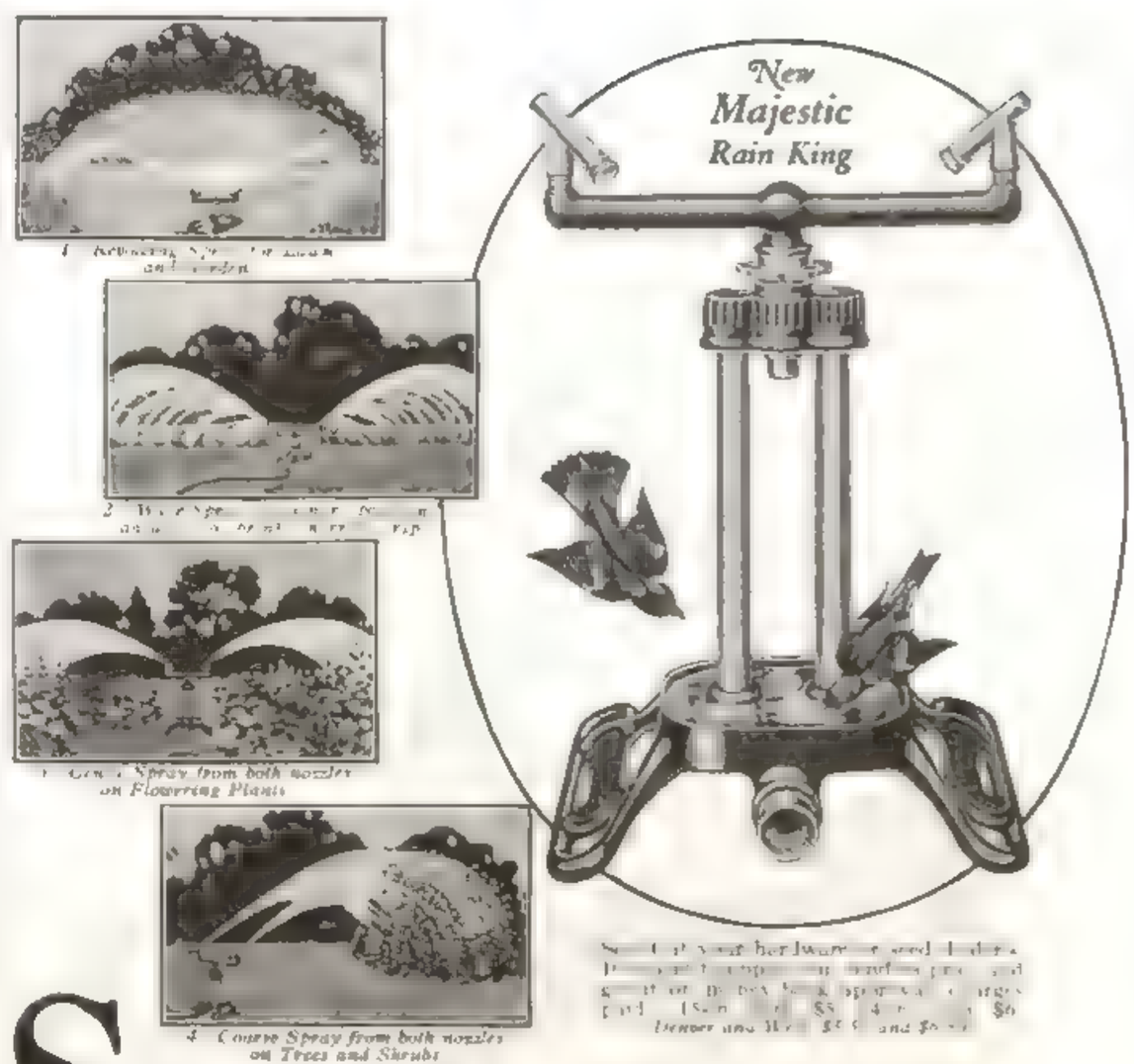
The Mandan village was tremendously aroused by this occurrence. An enemy scalp had been taken without the loss of a Mandan life in return. The victory was celebrated throughout the night and the women washed their faces for the first time in months.

The Indians were more observing than might be supposed upon many matters. Various comments made by the trappers, the fight between Leroux and Breckenridge, the latter's subsequent trip north to the post of the Northwest Company, his inquiries of the factor and among the Assiniboins as to the whereabouts of the McKenzies—all were pieced together with the fact that he would take to wife no Indian woman.

"Hair-that-shines lives in the heart of Big Mandan and blinds him to the graces of all other women," they said.

Wherever on the length of the river the name of Big Mandan was mentioned, there also, in connection with his exploits as a warrior and his reputation for fair dealing, was related the legend that he was blind to all other women because he carried the face of Hair-that-shines in his heart. The Indian wives of trappers related it in the tepees of distant tribes to whose habitat they accompanied their husbands. And so the tale was spread as the fame of Big Mandan increased.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Sprinkler Top . . . Bird Bath Base

Entirely New Idea for Winning Feathered Friends while Watering Lawn and Garden

This new MAJESTIC Rain King, like the famous STANDARD and GIANT Rain King Sprinklers, gives you complete control of Distance, Direction, Stream, Spray or Cloud-like mist—whirling or stationary.

In addition it has an ornamental bird bath at the base. Majestic's height enables you to stand it amid flowering plants or vegetables and play water well out over the tops.

Order early, while birds are yet choosing nesting places—this will help attract the little warblers to your place.

Rain King Sprinklers have a nation-wide preference because they can easily and quickly be adjusted to throw any kind of stream desired, gentle spray, rainbow mist, drenching downpour or solid jets—and throw it where wanted in large or small circles, narrow strips bordering walks, or on odd plots and angles hard to reach with ordinary sprinklers.

Indeed a Rain King can throw water farther than any other on the same pressure. Illustrations above picture four of the limitless variations, all easily, quickly made by adjusting the nozzles and the set wheel.

Ask your hardware or seed dealer to show you these splendid inventions. If he can't supply you, send us the price and we'll ship any model on money-back approval, prepaid.

Rain King Hose Nozzle

Rain King

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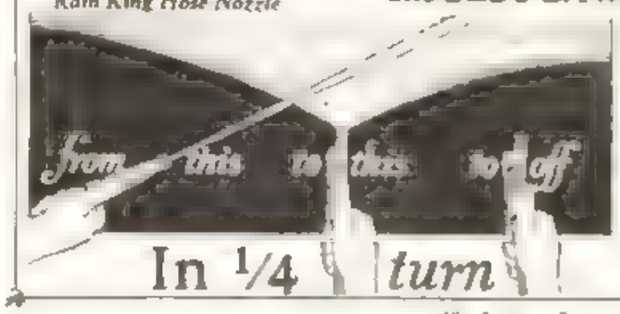

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Throws any stream from a Solid Jet, to Spray, to Complete Shut-off, by a quarter turn—that's the Rain King Hose Nozzle. A simple cross-cut bore does away with all packing, adjustments, and interior mechanism, hence it's wear-proof, leak-proof, guaranteed forever. Throws more water farther than any other known, size for size. Solid brass, $1.50.

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When revolving, plays water in long sweeping spirals like a gorgeous fountain—any circle from 5 ft. to 75 ft. across, according to pressure. Easily adjusted to stationary position. Adjustable to height, fully extended, 4 ft., as well as to distance, direction, spray or stream. "Best sprinkler for golf greens we ever had," says John Crawford. Ideal for large grounds, parks, etc. $12.50. Denver and West, $14.50.

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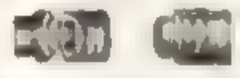
Snap your hose to the Faucet, Sprinkler, Nozzle or Hose Section in a flash! Will fit right into your present hose connections. An amazing invention. Saves twisting, kinking and wearing hose.

Solid brass, 60c each



STANDARD Rain King $3.50

(Denver and West, $3.75)

All sprinklers in one. Gives you quick and complete control of Stream, Spray, Distance and Direction. Each brass nozzle a complete Sprinkler, hence plays any two streams in one or two directions at once as well as in circles. Just the right range for average size lawn or garden.

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Wait 'til the Judge gets the facts!

AND there'll be plenty of 'em, soon's the cop gets his wind back. Don't you worry. He'll have the law on you for this. By the time you get sent up for 'sault and battery, manslaughter, disobeying traffic signals and all—you'll wish you'd had your brakes relined with RUSCO, and been able to stop quicker.

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Rusco Brake Lining is treated with a special RUSCO secret compound, so that water has no effect on its efficiency.

Rusco repair men pay more for RUSCO than for ordinary lining, but they do not charge you any more. They use special mechanical equipment that insures expert adjustment and application of RUSCO. Have your brakes inspected, adjusted or relined today at the nearest Rusco Brake Service Station. Send for free booklet. The Russell Mfg. Co., Middletown, Conn.

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Tire Straps and Towing Lines
Belting for Power Transmission, Elevating and Conveying
Tractor Belts

MACHINE PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 7)

The pure scientist, fishing in the absolute sea, may or may not be an inventor. The science of invention relates to a sense of human wanting and belongs to the field of application and use. Here is the practical science worker with a problem given. Something is wanted, such as a machine to tell time. He may have it all but the pendulum. If the law of the pendulum has not been discovered, he is stuck. It sometimes happens that he will then go fishing himself beyond the rim of knowledge with miraculous luck. Nevertheless, discovery for its own sake, above the plane of invention, has the use of increasing the stock and variety of pure fact knowledge, which is to increase the probability that the particular fact the inventor needs to solve his problem will exist when he wants it, like the law of the pendulum.

The modern idea of scientific method is that new facts and the theories that correlate them shall continually descend into the hands of the practical science workers. Their part is to make the crude, experimental models of things that must work; and on their benches you will see this wonder-idea in the anguish of trial reality, spirit commanding matter and endowing it with form, purpose and function. The work of these is handed down to the field of technology, where the technician, the engineer and at last the mechanic bring the economic reality to pass.

The whole sequence lies in the history of the dynamo. An Italian scientist named Galvani, in the year 1792, happened to get a piece of iron and a piece of copper into the leg of a dead frog, both at the same time. The leg jerked. Thereupon he announced excitedly to the scientific world that he had discovered the source of electricity in a frog's leg. Another scientist named Volta said that was ridiculous; it couldn't be in the frog's leg; it must be in the conjunction of frog's leg, iron and copper.

Another Accident

From this controversy came the true discovery that two metals immersed in acid produce an electric current. There, then, was the battery, which at once became the wonder toy of every scientific laboratory. By accident, it was discovered next that a wire charged with current from a battery had power to magnetize a near-by piece of iron. This meant that something jumped from the charged wire into the dead iron.

Thus scientific electrical knowledge stood until one day it occurred to Faraday to say, "If something jumps from a charged wire into a piece of iron to magnetize it, why won't something jump from a piece of magnetized iron into an uncharged wire?"

He made a coil of wire and attached the ends of it to a galvanometer, which was an instrument Galvani had invented to register electric current. The purpose of the galvanometer was to show if anything jumped from the magnetized piece of iron into the wire. Then he stuck the magnet inside the coil and looked at the galvanometer. Nothing was jumping. "No good," he said, but as he took the magnet away he happened to notice that the galvanometer needle moved slightly. So he put the magnet inside the coil again. As it was going in, the galvanometer needle moved; then again it stood still. "So," said Faraday, "maybe the magnet wants to be wiggled." He wiggled it, and as he did the galvanometer needle moved; if he stopped wiggling it the needle stopped. This proved that something did jump from a magnetized piece of iron into a coil of wire, provided the iron magnet was kept moving.

Adding the Economic Link

Well, there is the complete principle of the dynamo. That is all a dynamo is—a revolving magnet within a coil of wire. Yet Faraday, having made this discovery, did not invent a dynamo. He was not an inventor, to begin with; and besides, before anybody could work with his facts they had to be formulated. A mathematician did that. Years elapsed before there was any practical application of the formulated scientific facts to the everyday work of mankind. It was necessary for someone to have the idea that to be able to carry power farther from its source than the reach of a shaft or a belt would be a great convenience; and it was still necessary for that idea of a thing wanted to connect with the idea of means. At last the thought came. If it was true that electric current was energy, and true that you could produce it by revolving a piece of magnetized iron inside a coil of wire, then why couldn't that energy be led away by wire from where it was produced to any distant point at which you wished to use it?

Thus was added the economic link to complete a chain of events by which now all

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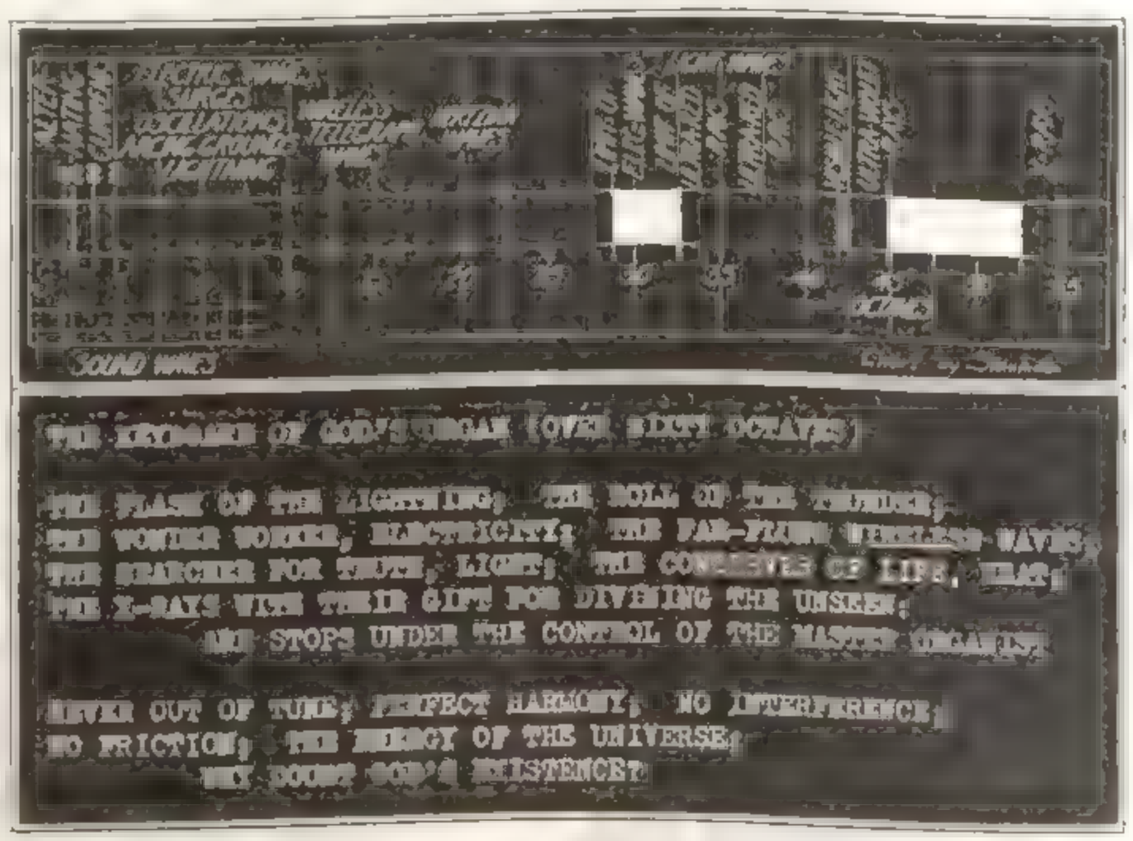

This Chart, Showing the Sequence of Wave Phenomena, Was Drawn by the Scientist Steinmetz as an Image for His Mind, and Happened to Represent the Keyboard of an Organ. Another Scientist Added the Reverent Text. The White Spaces on the Keyboard are the Unexplored Regions. The Very Small Space Indicated Between 40 and 45 as Visible Light, Represents the Whole Range of Our Eyes

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It is this kind of approval which has helped to increase the country-wide acceptance of Lupton Steel Casements as the most desirable windows for modern homes. Experienced builders and home owners will tell you that a house or apartment is greatly improved by these charming steel windows—in comfort, in appearance and in convenience.

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Proved in service for 38 years, McCray refrigerators keep food better, longer, at less operating expense. Ask any McCray user to verify this.

In the hidden details of McCray construction are the points of extra value which have made "McCray" the sterling mark on refrigerators. Pure corkboard, sealed with hydrolene cement, provides air-tight insulation. ALL MCCRAY MODELS MAY BE USED WITH ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION OF ANY TYPE, or ice.

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(Continued from Page 110

the electric power in the world may be traced back to the jerk of a dead frog's leg under the eye of naïve scientific curiosity.

All this is science in its own case. And if it were a body with a mechanism where the feelings ought to be, it might rest its case on the evidence and say no more. But it belongs to life; therefore it is controversial and has a spirit of retort. Reason can no more let faith lie than faith can let reason lie.

Science boasts of having delivered man from darkness and superstition. Only ten generations ago faith burned a man for saying the earth revolved around the sun. Galileo, who founded experimental science with a thud by dropping two bodies of unequal weight from the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa to prove that the sacred Aristotle had blundered—he was imprisoned in his old age, not precisely for that impious act but because, besides, he held with Bruno that the sun was the center of the universe; and although he recanted, still he was imprisoned lest he should say it again.

Even long after this the pioneers of modern science wrote down their discoveries in cipher, backward, upside down and mirror-wise, fearing the fate of heretics. Some of these writings, notably those of Leonardo da Vinci, perhaps the most gifted experimental scientist since Archimedes, are not wholly deciphered to this day. The literature of science current -the latest book or notable speech—will still recite the roll of martyrs.

Lacking the Lever

Then there are those, not themselves scientists, who lisp the language of science with literary skill and say such stupid things as that philosophy is the pursuit of infantile minds and cannot survive the facts. This makes only a sense of scandal. What is a fact? The simplest fact, if pursued, leads science to what it calls an explanatory crisis, as every scientist will admit.

That science has moods of intolerance and sometimes forgets the distinction between dogma and hypothesis is merely a weakness that keeps it kin. But of all its reactions, the one most human is to the taunt that in this scientific age human progress, if it may be called progress, is forward, not upward. To this science answers it is not a scientific age. Witness the fact that in thirteen states people have tried to pass laws forbidding the evolution of man to be taught in public schools over the idea of special creation.

As it regards the material universe, the scientific mind conceives order—complete, perfect and sublime order—and is moved thereby to awe and reverence, often to a state of deep religious feeling, with or without a specific god image. Then it turns to regard human society and conceives it to be a bedlam, a muddle, torn by disharmonies and uproar. And this it accounts for, saying the material universe is the work of Nature and therefore scientific. Man made society and society is artificial and unscientific.

As to the conclusion, it is probably wrong. Society and everything belonging to it must have existed from the beginning as a potential within Nature. Society is therefore a natural thing. If not—if society is an artificiality and a disorder—then Nature contained the potentiality of artificiality and disorder, wherefore her own order is not perfect. But in any case, here are certain interesting implications.

Does the theory of evolution hold for the species man only up to the point at which he became a social animal and began to make society? If so, the law of evolution is not absolute, since it breaks; if not, and the law of evolution holds for society, how is it that a law of Nature has produced a result—namely, society—which the scientific mind calls unscientific?

If at this point the question were moved it would be this: Shall man go back to an age of faith that he remembers or shall he move on through doubt and uproar toward the idea of a scientific commonwealth?

The mystic who says back has the advantage of being positive. Science says forward in knowledge and all will be well, provided the problem of man himself can be solved. He may destroy himself with too much knowledge, wanting wisdom.

It seems a terrible dilemma; nevertheless it is supposed that man has this choice to make. The scientific mind supposes it. In a brilliant little book entitled Dædalus, or Science and the Future, J. B. S. Haldane, of Cambridge University, stops to consider whether the pursuit of scientific knowledge is likely to be abandoned.

"It is, after all," he says, "a very recent form of human activity, and a sufficiently universal protest of mankind would be able to arrest it even now."

He may have been thinking back to Archimedes, who, on discovering the law of the lever, exulted: "Give me whereon to stand and I will move the earth." Many years before Christ, the Greeks and Alexandrians imagined cogwheels, pinions, pulleys, steam power, pumps, pneumatic and hydraulic machines, and had enough sound knowledge of the physical and mechanical sciences among them to have begun at that time the true scientific age. What they lacked was the economic motive.

The Romans who succeeded them had no feeling for science; they had only military and political instinct. After the rule of Romans came the rule of faith. Man moved his whole treasure to heaven, and forbade himself on pain of torture and death to rediscover what the Greeks knew two thousand years before.

The possibility that this history may be repeated is a theatrical thought. The imagination delights to play with it. However, a crucial fact of difference is left out. Probably because it had no economic motive behind it, or for want of time, or for any reason that may be, the fact is that Greek science did not enter the scheme of life. They got no further with it than theory, description and model. Though the whole of it were lost or forgotten, life would go on as before and on the same scale as before. But if this knowledge had been used to multiply the means of life—steam power for engines, industrial machines and transportation instead of turning toys and swinging temple doors with it—then people had been no more likely to lose or forget it than to lose the rude art of agriculture by which they lived. Population would have increased enormously, the phenomena of industrial empire would have appeared in the Mediterranean part of the world more than twenty centuries ago and all modern history would be very different.

A Fine Old Ruin

There was never any absolute necessity for the machine. Life could exist without it, only, of course, on a much smaller tapestry. It is use creates the necessity for the machine. The scientific use of physical and mechanical knowledge to increase both the agricultural and the industrial means of life has made it possible in our time to sustain on the earth a population that could not otherwise exist, that would otherwise have perished before it was born. This is a fact we keep forgetting. It is the fact that links human life to science in a vital relation.

There is no way to go back.

A wish to live again in the past is very old. The future is unknown, the present is turmoil, but the past is anything we like to think it was—a fine old ruin in romantic perspective, perfected by the imagination, and we live in it as in our dreams. Man has always had in him the myth of a golden age, a time to go back to, a yearning for return.

All this revolt against science, this fear of the machine, this notion that knowledge may be leading civilization to an abyss, distrust of man by himself lest he shall not find the wisdom to justify his newly found command of force, even perhaps the rage for collecting antique objects—all this may be and probably is referable to that ancient infantile myth surviving unawares in the modern mentality.

No rational being would exchange the whole of the present for the whole of the past, only parts of one for the other. Well, that is impossible. Nor can any troublesome part of the present be got rid of by the alternative, sometimes suggested, of standing still. The science holiday again.

It is no more possible to stop than it is to go back. Why this is true is not so easily stated. A principle of acceleration acts. We know it and feel it, our everyday calculations include it, and yet it is difficult to say what it is. Progress, though it were progress forward only and not upward, must be at an accelerating rate. Knowledge increases in that manner; so does wanting.

Epochs and ages we speak of in a way to make believe we understand them. We know much more about the present than about any past age or epoch, and yet how little we understand the present!

A way to see his own works and interpret them to himself is one of man's great needs, and he is not sufficiently aware of it. When he is he will find the instruments. What they will be like we do not know, any more than it was known what the telescope or microscope would be like.

The History of the Human Mind

One of the classics of science is the story of Herschel, a musician whose interest in the heavens led him to become an astronomer. He had first to master mathematics. Then, as he could not afford to buy a telescope, he resolved to make one; and for this purpose he had to master the science of optics and the technology of instrument making. From a musical performance he would rush back to his lodgings to resume the labor of grinding and polishing reflecting mirrors by hand. After hundreds of failures, he produced a telescope equal to any in the world and discovered the planet Uranus.

Such zeal is common among workers in the tradition of science. Ways therefore have been found to search the remoteness of the heavens, to discover the past of many things, to apprehend the unknown and to see the invisible, each way with its method, tools and science.

But where is any science of the present? We know more about the movements of astronomical bodies than about the play of everyday economic forces. There is a way whereby man may contemplate his own thoughts and yet no proper or deeply considered way whereby he may contemplate his own works and refer their significance to his understanding. Philosophical contemplation of the universe as a mechanism is a grand activity of the mind; the machine that has appeared suddenly in the earth is an object of momentous meaning, and the philosophical mind is loath to perceive it; the æsthetic mind will not.

The machine will reward contemplation. Try it. Any machine will do—the small gasoline engine on one's own premises. There is much to be learned from bringing the mind to dwell upon it.

The history of the human mind is there. Circles, true angles and the revolving wheel first presented themselves to the intuition of man as symbols of mystery and supernatural power. That is to say, they were seized by acts of religious and æsthetic perception. Reality has also that way of disclosing itself, sometimes long before the facts are found out. Many years before it could be proved scientifically at all, the Greeks deduced the sphericity of the earth from their æsthetic sense. The sphere was the ideal form of a solid; therefore the earth was round.

The science of experimental mechanics, raising such forms as the circle, the angle and the two-dimensional wheel to the power of function, was an achievement of the reason working practically. Invisible in the machine are the laws of inertia, motion, heat and energy. Man did not invent these laws. They are inherent in the universe. But he had to discover the facts and then formulate them as laws, and this was the work of the speculative faculty, working in abstraction.

How strange that the machine you are looking at, acting by what is proved and proving that by which it acts, should be a form of truth the signs of which first appeared in superstitious rites of magic and had then to be pursued through millenniums of error! Even this may not yet be its whole reality. Very likely not. What perversity is error! Always the wrong way first and the right way last. In every case the right way, once we find it, is so direct and obvious that to have missed it seems the strangest fact of all.

So there may be many ways of arriving at truth. To the reality now acting in machine forms, religion, art, philosophy and science have all contributed by moving knowledge one step at a time, with no sense of direction, no goal in sight, and yet steadily hitherward. The spectacle of the human mind exerting itself blindly, erringly, victoriously, to bring about a condition it cannot foresee is utterly mysterious to the reason.

And why suppose there is or ever will be a period to that mystery? For all the knowledge we think we have, a child gazing at the machine may ask questions that will bring us at once to the end of it. Take them to be physical questions. What happens inside the cylinder of the engine? A gas mixture—air and gasoline—is first compressed, then receives a spark and explodes, driving the piston downward. But, why does it sometimes knock? That question exhausts our knowledge.

Searching for the answer, a physicist in the Bureau of Standards at Washington may be found at the beautiful play of exploding gases in a soap bubble. If you ask him what he is doing, he will say he is making thermodynamic studies of gaseous explosive reactions. That means he wants to know the answer to the child's question: Why does the gasoline engine sometimes knock?

From Another Angle

In the research laboratory of a great automobile corporation the approach is from a different angle. The reason for the knock is in the fuel—namely, gasoline. Well, then what is gasoline? They break gasoline down to its parts, burn each part separately, and know what that stuff is. Then they spread out before them the atomic table and begin to search for an organic compound which, added to gasoline, will produce a more favorable happening in the engine cylinder. They have no idea what it will be; they know only what they want it to do, and there is no certainty that it exists. Now the number of organic compounds that may be constructed from the atomic table, given an inch of type each for description, would fill millions of books. For all practical purposes, the number is infinite. Therefore when you go looking for a certain compound, character unknown, that must do a certain thing, you are looking for one grain of sand on the ocean beach. It is impossible to search the beach one grain at a time. You can only pick up a grain here and another there and examine it hopefully. So they explore the atomic table, trying this compound and then that one, and after four years they are discouraged. They have found compounds that are better than gasoline and compounds that are worse, and each one is marked on the table. So there is a point here and another there and one way up near the top—hundreds of them, in fact—but there is no drift to follow, and they are sick of just fumbling around.

Then one man with nothing else to do sticks pegs into those points on the flat atomic map—an inch peg for gasoline, a half-inch peg for a compound half as good as gasoline, a longer peg for one a little better, and so on. Still he discerns nothing. But

(Continued on Page 117)

Her own home...
the dream of every mother

. . . a dream that should come true, since homes are so easy to own nowadays

WHAT every mother visions . . . a home of her own . . . a home that is *kind* to her children. A home that is cheerful . . . that is generous in comfort. A home where the extremes of weather are effectively *shut out!*

For no one sees the need of a comfortable home, all her own, quite like a mother . . . no one else quite realizes how essential it is to the happiness and good health of her children.

It is not difficult to make mother's dream come true . . . to give her what she wants so badly. For nowadays it is so easy to own a home.

Society is not organized to *keep* you from getting a home. It is very well organized to make it easy for you.

Bankers and home loan associations have devised generous financial plans . . . employers are glad to give you support . . . architects have designed beautiful homes for *every* purse . . . lumber dealers, contractors and realtors are ready to give you every possible aid.

And to give your home *new* comfort, undreamed of by other generations, science has contributed an amazing insulating board . . . Celotex . . . made from the long, tough fibre of southern cane.

Celotex homes are *kind* homes . . . kind in the protection they give against winter's bitter cold, summer's stifling heat and penetrating dampness. Celotex homes are *quiet* homes, for Celotex deadens sound . . . *strong*, for Celotex reinforces walls . . *economical*, for Celotex replaces other materials and reduces fuel bills.

People everywhere are familiar with the many desirable qualities of Celotex, because it already has been used in nearly a quarter of a million American homes, in nearly all refrigerator cars and in many household refrigerators.

In your own community you may have seen the Celotex sign, which builders are proud to place before Celotex houses. This sign is your assurance of absolute home comfort free from the ravages of heat and cold.

Do not delay in getting *your* Celotex home. The help is there, and ready. The Celotex builder in your town can tell you about it. If you do not know him write to us. The Celotex Company, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada—Alexander Murray & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

CELOTEX
INSULATING LUMBER

The sign of a well-built house

You took the words right out of our mouth, Professor!

"There are three means of escape from drudgery—slaves, cheap labor and machines. Slaves and cheap labor relieve only the few fortunate ones . . . . . The machine is for the multitude; it will emancipate everyone from drudgery."

Professor Thomas N. Carver, Harvard University; in *Advertising & Selling*, January 11, 1928.

There's no drudgery—where there's a MONROE

WHAT causes all this tension and mental strain in the people who handle the figures of business?

It's *part* of the price paid for the futile attempt at human accuracy.

It's *part* of the price paid for putting on human minds a burden of drudgery too great for minds to bear.

Take that load off the minds of the figure workers in your organization. Give them the help of the Monroe Adding-Calculator, the mechanical mathematician.

Does all figuring — proves its answers!

You put the problem on the Monroe keyboard — watch the machine deliver the answer — and see visible proof — step by step — that the answer is correct.

Gone is the drudgery of rechecking. Gone is fear of the mistake that can't be avoided when the load is even partially mental! The Monroe does ALL the work—and proves that its work is correct.

100% of your figuring on this one simple machine

The new Series 3 Monroe combines with *all* previous Monroe advantages several notable advances in mechanical calculation.

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All types of figuring operations can now be handled on this single Monroe. For example:

In billing, it shows the quantity, price per unit and extension of each item or the total of all the items.

In figuring discounts, it shows gross, net, discount and proof of discount.

In payroll work, cost finding, estimating, quota figuring, etc., it shows all the factors of each problem and a final check on the whole problem.

Monroe checking is simplest because no refiguring is needed. The factors of the problem stay in the machine until you clear them for the next problem. The proof is before you.

Try your own figures on a Monroe—in your own office. Telephone the Monroe office in your city or write our home office.

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Continued from Page 113

the boss scientist happens to see this peg field at a certain angle of vision and says: "I think I see a warp across the tops of those pegs. Look! Don't you see they tend slightly to grow taller in that direction to the upper left?" The others look as he is looking. They see it too. There is a warp in this third dimension and it gives them for the first time a sense of direction. Following the warp, they come to something nobody had ever thought of—a lead compound which, added to gasoline, does create a more favorable happening in the engine cylinder.

The knock is the machine's own protest against error. The evil in itself is not serious. But the sound is one we hate to hear—sound of error. This is significant. We should probably find by going deep enough for it that man's passion to perfect the machine, even the sound of it, though the upper motive is rational or economic, is really from the essence of his nature. It is as if he were proving something to himself. What science continually and rationally seeks is the constant. What the restless spirit seeks is certitude. Belief in human perfectibility is a faith of which the evidence is weak and conflicting. But in the machine man finds the principle of perfectibility. To increase its precision, sweeten its rhythm and raise its power to any sign, he has only to discover the true laws of its being and bring them into a relation of harmony. Then logic is implicit in its behavior.

It may be the spirit will not change, but from perfecting, minding and living with machines the mentality will. Certainly a machine environment will induce new habits of thinking. To act upon a machine with passion, malice or impulsive ignorance is to wreck it, and the lesson is final. To command its power you are obliged to act upon it with knowledge, reflection and understanding. It is not obedient to you; it obeys laws you cannot alter or corrupt. And since you can neither alter nor corrupt them, you may trust them. They cannot fail.

The garage mechanic is not a scientist; yet he thinks scientifically. Observe him. There is trouble in the mechanism. The rhythm breaks, the power is lost, or it may be only that it is making a wrong sound. He takes your facts and entertains your opinion. Yet he does nothing overt at once. He listens, reflects, speeds up the engine and slows it down, cuts out one cylinder at a time by shorting the current across the top of the spark plug, drives the car around the block, then leans against his bench and lights a cigarette.

The Senses in Machines

"I think I know where the trouble is," he says. With that he enters the mechanism at a certain point, goes to the spot and there it is—what he thought it was.

Now consider what has occurred in this familiar instance. What was to be found was X—namely, the cause of trouble. There were many facts in several categories—historical facts of doubtful importance from you, facts of knowledge in his experience, facts of sensation in the particular case. How has he acted upon these? By methods of analysis, analogy, synthesis, as if, is as, induction, deduction, generalization and hypothesis. He may not know what a hypothesis is. If you should say to him that he has been thinking scientifically, or explain to him the process by which he arrived at his I-think, he would be surprised. He thinks scientifically without knowing that he does and calls himself a trouble shooter. The way of it comes from experience.

Sooner from observing machines than from observing ourselves, we may come to precise ways of thinking, to an understanding of the natural principles of equivalence and reciprocation, applicable also to human affairs, and to such generalization as that a thing is for what it is for. Each part of a machine is for what it is for. Each machine in the great scheme of machines is for what it is for. We make machines with organs and chemistries to simulate creature reactions to stimuli. All of them feel. Some of them see. There are now some to think mathematically, these substituting in drudgery for the mind as others substitute for the body. But how stupid it would be to expect them to think politically or philosophically.

Perhaps man shall never know what it is he is for. Nevertheless, he might very well know what his institutions and methods and specializations are for. He might know, for example, that physical science is neither for prophecy nor for handing down the social law. One would think the scientific mind as such would know this. But there has lately come over it a rage to prophesy, to say not only what is but what will be and should be in all things. Having said what ought to be believed, it goes so far as to resent in the popular mind a lively skepticism, forgetting that skepticism is its own first virtue.

Every Man a Miner

In the annual review of science events for 1927, issued by the auspices of the National Academy of Sciences at Washington, under biology, it was noted:

"The Tennessee state supreme court, in a decision on appeal in the famous Scopes case, held the anti-evolution law constitutional, but so worded its decision as virtually to nullify the law." Also, that efforts in other states "to pass anti-evolution laws were unsuccessful."

These were not science events any more than two others noted in another paragraph of the same review under anthropology, thus:

> The evolution of man as such began millions instead of thousands of years ago, and it was not from an ape-like ancestor, Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, declared; while Dr. William K. Gregory, of the American Museum of Natural History, held that the human race rose in Asia from a distinctly apelike creature.

The operation of mind by the fundamentalist, even him in Tennessee, is somewhat like this: "Is there any scientific theory of the origin of human beings that can be proved on such evidence as would hang a man in Tennessee?"

The answer is no. In that case he will believe what he likes. But believing in the theological doctrine of the special creation of man, he will not for that reason reject a scientific fact in plant or animal biology, say it is impossible to make a fuelless engine or impugn the science review as a whole. He prays for rain. Science, he reads, thinks it can find a way to make rain. He remembers with a smile that science not long ago classed the idea of rain making with ideas of magic. If science can make it rain, so much the better. The fundamentalist will buy his rain, but he will not stop praying, nor will he agree that fact knowledge is the only kind of knowledge there is.

We are eminently the machine people. We have more machines than all the rest of the people in the world. Here the authority of science, resting upon facts and upon the thing that works, is such that no absurdity can diminish it. Credulity for that which may be demonstrated is unlimited. For the new fact there is a kind of appetite. Here at the same time is a skepticism from which science is no more immune than phrenology. Science giving law to man's works is unchallenged; undertaking to give law to its spirit, it is challenged. Who shall say this is not a sound attitude toward science?

Knowledge, too, is for what it is for. A preference for the useful use of scientific knowledge lies deep in the American genius. It was the theme of Ben Franklin, who may be taken as the founder of science in this country. A text for it will be found in one of the forgotten Lyceum Lectures delivered by Abraham Lincoln before he was elected President.

"All creation," he said, "is a mine, and every man a miner. In the beginning the

You can easily have thick, strong hair

3 minutes a day will stop thinning hair!

THERE'S just this difference between the man who is going to become bald and the man who will keep thick, strong-growing hair—

three minutes a day of the right hair treatment!

Any man, even a young man, may have one or both of the two scalp troubles which lead to loss of hair and to baldness.

These two troubles—dandruff and poor scalp circulation—usually begin before the age of 30, dermatologists say, and they especially attack men of indoor occupations.

Without help, your hair *can't* combat these ills. Sick, starved, it will gradually grow thinner, finally fall out.

But with this three-minute daily treatment you can give your hair just the help it needs—destroy dandruff, stimulate scalp circulation.

Thousands of men use this treatment as regularly as they brush their teeth in the morning—

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

At once the Pinaud treatment starts up slow scalp circulation! Amazingly soon the pure antiseptic in Pinaud's Eau de Quinine ends dandruff!

Begin this Pinaud treatment tomorrow morning—keep it up—it will prevent and check loss of hair.

Buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store. Always look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S

Eau de *Quinine*

mine was unopened and the miner stood naked and knowledgeless upon it. . . . Man is not the only animal that labors, but he is the only one that improves his workmanship." And how strange, he added, that after the discovery of steam power it was two thousand years before the amazing thought occurred to anyone that it would move useful machines as well as toys.

This perfectly illustrates the difference between discovery and invention. Practical people will be very inventive in the application of scientific knowledge; it does not follow that they will make many new discoveries of their own. We are the most inventive people in the world; we excel in what is called applied science research—that is, in finding new ways to apply what is already known.

But we have no such record in the field of pure science; we have made few new discoveries. And that is why a national fund of twenty million dollars—called the Hoover Fund because it was his idea—now is being raised to support pure science research. Yet even here the end is practical. The first anxiety is not that we shall stand badly in the world's hall of pure fame; it is that our workers in the field of applied science will soon exhaust the stock of original knowledge unless we take steps to increase it on our own account.

When Abraham Lincoln was speaking of discovery and invention in that Lyceum Lecture, year 1860, there were only five kinds of power in the world—man power, animal power, water, wind and steam. Since then two new powers have been added—gas and electricity. At any instant another may be discovered. Where? There is no telling where or what or under what circumstances. The unknown is nowhere, meaning it is everywhere. It is in the common occurrence, in the familiar object, in the artless question, in the queer twist of a thought.

Man's passion to pursue it is a fact he can give no account of. Always he has been afraid. Does he go on notwithstanding, or is it because he is afraid that he goes on? In one case a lonely hero in the universe; in the other case a brave planetarian who would sooner meet the dangers of knowledge than bear the terrors of superstition. Once he gets used to the idea, it is much less appalling to live on a sphere whirling in space than on a flat world with edges sticking into the void. Life cannot fall off.

There is also the simple probability that he is a child in existence naturally growing up. Knowledge happens to him as he wants and needs it. That by taming wild energy he will imperil his soul more than he did by taming the wild grasses and beasts is absurd to suppose; and that it is any more likely he will destroy civilization with machines than it was that he would achieve that calamity with clubs cannot be proved as a scientific fact. As to that, your opinion or mine is as good as that of science. Whatever that is that runs ahead of us and beckons us on—it is not afraid.

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The man who knows good tools uses Kleins. Carpenters—plumbers—skilled workmen everywhere.

IN the hands of electrical workmen—repairmen—linemen—it is ten to one the pliers are Kleins. No quality for these companies but the best—that means better work—quicker work—safety!

Klein Pliers are used throughout industry—in the kit of the master workman—because he knows Klein Pliers have served his father and grandfather before him. *Distributed through jobbers.*

Here is a little book full of information on tools—valuable information for the electrician and mechanic. Every workman should have a copy—we will send you one without charge upon request.

Mathias KLEIN & Sons
Established 1857 Chicago, Ill. U.S.A.
3200 BELMONT AVE., CHICAGO

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28

II

The Burts in their turn a month later
Opined that a mild Sunday spree
Wouldn't do any harm to their friends
from the farm,
So they called up the Garths, who
said "Oui!"

They drove to the Golf Club for luncheon—
Soup, chicken, fruit salad and pie—
Played bridge until five and again took a
drive
To a roadhouse—the Romany Rye—

Where they supped—chicken salad, tobacco
And tincture of hip-pocket glue.
Back to Burts' they drove then and played
poker till ten,
When the Garths bade the Burts
"Toodle-oo!"

And they scarcely were out of the foyer
Ere Garth muttered low to his wife,
"What people can see in the city beats
me!
Gosh! What a monotonous life!"

—*Baron Ireland.*

Farthest Norths

The Club Car

HOLDER of ticket for Lower 4, Car 476, puts bags on Upper 4 seat and glares at middle-aged woman who is sitting in his place as though she had been there five years. Changes hat for checkered golf cap and starts forward, taking in other passengers.

Tries to see inside drawing-room, door of which is ajar, and collides with conductor. Satisfies him and passes through compartment car Orchard Hills, wondering how much these individual rooms cost.

Notes pretty girl in Mohawk View and suspects her of attracting his attention. Decides to walk more slowly coming back. Bumps into rear of porter making up berth in Nanticoke.

Gets tired in Glens Falls and thinks club car must be next. Sleeping car Nyantic is next. Compartment-car Miramar is next. Elyria next.

Doubts existence of club car, but dogged persistence and fact that club car is included with extra fare carry him through Oconomowoc, Blue Valley, Elmira and Ocean City.

Finally makes club car exhausted, only to find every chair taken, with three men standing in entrance looking annoyed, and women surrounding tables.

Looks at watch; finds it is 9:30. Decides it will be ten by time he gets back to Car 476. Returns through eleven cars. Glares at porter till berth is made up.

Goes to bed determined to get up early and be first in club car after breakfast.

Hurries through breakfast and walks half mile forward to find club car has been dropped during the night.

—*McCready Huston.*

Ballade of the Diner's Dilemma

WHY dub potatoes Pommes de Terre?
Why list Parfaits and Cheese Soufflé?
Let's Anglicize the bill of fare
And print the "specials for today"
In English so a diner may
Select a meal with fitting speed.
Oh, Oscar, take this card away.
Bring me a menu I can read.

The carte de jour's a deadly snare.
I choose Petit Poisson Filet
And wonder what delightful, rare
Concoction will be on the tray.
The food is served and I survey
A flabby fish flanked by a weed!
Say, garçon, dump this in the bay.
Bring me a menu I can read!

The epicure or millionaire
Who does not parley in Français
Oft finds that corned-beef hash may wear
A nom de plume quite distingué.
A stew's a stew! No sobriquet,
No lily painting does it need,
And I'll have some for déjeuner.
Bring me a menu I can read.

ENVOY

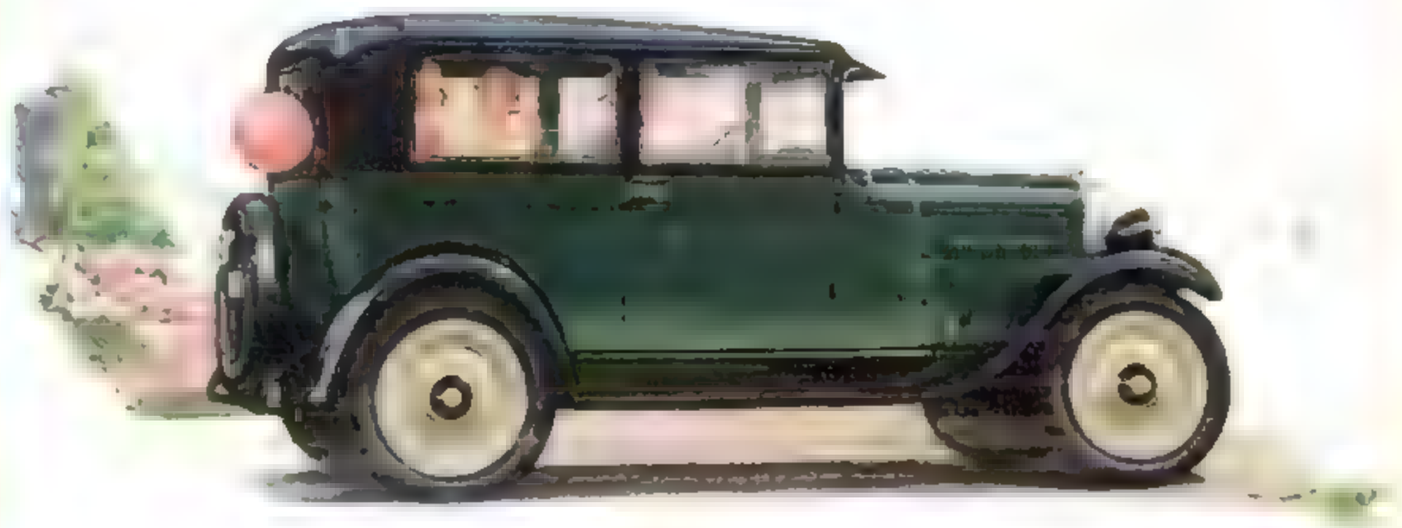
Ah, Prince of Waiters, I'll repay
Your kindness with a Golden Meed;
Le carte en Anglais, s'il vous plait—
Bring me a menu I can read!

—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

In the Limelight

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET



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How satisfying it is to own a car of such distinction, style and roominess! And these are qualities which have contributed vitally to the success of the Bigger and Better Chevrolet.

Its fashionable beauty reflects the mastery in coachwork for which the name of Fisher is everywhere renowned. Its colors reveal the exquisite shading and lustre made possible by genuine Duco finish. And its comfort is the comfort achieved by ample interior dimensions, a full 107" wheelbase and four semi-elliptic shock absorber springs.

You need only drive the new Chevrolet to appreciate its thrilling performance and to realize that costly car luxury is no longer dependent upon owning a costly car.

Bigger and Better

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The Roadster, $495; The Touring, $495; The Coach, $585; The Coupe, $595; The 4-Door Sedan, $675; The Sport Cabriolet, $665; The Imperial Landau, $715
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The very minimum of rubbing produces the glossy, brilliant sheen usually found only on new cars.

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BEHIND THAT CURTAIN

(Continued from Page 35)

"If you mean the elevator girl, you are quite wrong. Not a trace of her. You still think she was Eve Durand?"

"If she wasn't, then I must bow my head in sackcloth and ashes," Chan replied.

"Well, that's no place for anybody's head," Kirk remarked.

"None the less, mine has been there," Chan grinned.

Mrs. Dawson Kirk bustled in. "Here I am," she announced. "On time to the minute. Please make a note of that."

"Hello," Kirk greeted her. "You remember Miss Morrow, of course."

"Oh, yes; the lawyer. How do you do? And Mr. Chan—look here; why haven't you solved this case?"

"A little more patience," grinned Chan. "We are getting warm now. You are under hovering cloud of suspicion at last."

"So I hear," snapped the old lady. She turned to Miss Morrow. "Well, my dear, Barry said you wanted to cross-question me"

"Nothing cross about it," Miss Morrow said, with a smile. "Just a few polite questions."

"Oh, really. Don't be too polite. I'm always suspicious of too polite people. You don't think I killed poor Sir Frederic, I hope?"

"Not precisely. But you've written a letter ——"

"I suppose so. Have a habit of writing indiscreet letters. And old habits are hard to break. But I always put 'Burn this' at the bottom. Somebody has failed to follow my instructions, eh?"

Miss Morrow shook her head. "I believe you omitted that admonition in this case." She handed the letter to Mrs. Kirk. "You wrote that, didn't you?"

Mrs. Kirk glanced it through. "Certainly I wrote it. What of it?"

"This Grace Lane was a good friend of yours?"

"In a way, yes. Of course, I scarcely knew the girl ——"

"O-ho!" cried Barry Kirk. "You vouched for her in every way, yet you scarcely knew her."

"Keep out of this, Barry," advised the old lady. "You're not a lawyer. You haven't the brains."

"Then you knew Grace Lane only slightly, Mrs. Kirk?" the girl continued.

"That's what I said."

"Yet you recommended her without reservation. Why did you do that?"

Mrs. Kirk hesitated. "If you'll pardon me, I regard it as my own affair."

"I'm sorry," Miss Morrow replied quickly, "but you will have to answer. Please do not be deceived by the setting of this interview. It is not a social function. I am acting for the district attorney's office, and I mean business."

Mrs. Kirk's eyes flashed. "I understand. But now, if you won't mind, I'd like to ask a few questions."

"You may do so. And when you have finished I will resume."

"What has this girl, Grace Lane, to do with the murder of Sir Frederic Bruce?"

"That is what we are trying to determine."

"You mean she had something to do with it?"

"We believe she had. And that is why your recommendation of her is no longer your own affair, Mrs. Kirk."

The old lady sat firmly on the edge of her chair. "I shan't say a word until I know where all this is leading us."

"It'll lead you to jail if you don't stop being stubborn," suggested Barry Kirk.

"Indeed? Well, I have friends among the lawyers too. Miss Morrow, I want to know Grace Lane's connection with Sir Frederic?"

"I have no objection to telling you if you will keep the matter to yourself."

"She's the most indiscreet woman on the West Coast," Kirk warned.

"Hush up, Barry. I can keep still if I have to. Miss Morrow?"

"When Sir Frederic came here," Miss Morrow explained, "he was seeking a woman named Eve Durand, who disappeared from India fifteen years ago. We suspect Grace Lane was that woman."

"Well, why don't you ask her?"

"We'd be glad to, but we can't. You see, she's disappeared again."

"What! She's gone?"

"Yes. Now I have answered your questions and I expect you to do as much for me." Miss Morrow became again very businesslike. "Grace Lane was undoubtedly brought to you by a third person—a person you trusted. Who was it?"

Mrs. Kirk shook her head. "I'm sorry. I can't tell you."

"You realize, of course, the seriousness of your refusal?"

"I—well, I—good heavens, what have I got mixed up in anyhow? A respectable woman like me ——"

"Precisely," said Miss Morrow sternly. "A woman honored throughout the city, a woman prominent in every forward-looking movement—I must say I am surprised, Mrs. Kirk, to find you obstructing the course of justice. And all because this person who brought Grace Lane to you is now asking you to keep the matter secret."

"I didn't say that."

"But I did. It's true, isn't it?"

"Well—yes, it is. And I must say I think she's asking a good deal of me."

"She? Then Grace Lane was brought to you by a woman?"

"What? Oh—oh, yes. Of course. I'll admit that."

"You have admitted it," chuckled Barry Kirk.

"Tell me this," Miss Morrow went on, "before you left to come down here, did you let Mrs. Tupper-Brock know where you were going?"

"I did."

"Did you tell her you expected to be questioned by me when you got here?"

"Yes."

"And was it then that she asked you not to reveal the fact that she was the person who brought Grace Lane to you, with a request that you help the girl?" Mrs. Kirk was silent. "You needn't answer," Miss Morrow smiled. "As a matter of fact, you have answered. Your face, you know."

Mrs. Kirk shrugged. "You're a clever young woman," she complained.

"Since that is settled, and I now know that it was Mrs. Tupper-Brock who introduced the Lane girl to you," Miss Morrow continued, "there is no real reason why you shouldn't give me the details. How long ago did it happen?"

Mrs. Kirk hesitated and then surrendered. "Several months ago," she said, "Helen brought the girl to the house. She told me she had met her on a ferry—that they were old friends—had known each other in Devonshire a great many years back."

"In Devonshire. Please go on."

"Helen said this girl had been through a lot."

"What?"

"I didn't ask. I have some delicacy. Also that she was destitute and in desperate need of work. She was such a pretty, modest, feminine little thing, I took an immediate fancy to her. So I got her the job in this building."

"Without consulting me," Kirk suggested.

"Why should I? It was a matter requiring instant action. You were off somewhere as usual."

"And that's all you know about Grace Lane?" inquired Miss Morrow.

"Yes. I made inquiries and found she was doing well and was apparently happy. When we came up here the other night we spoke to her. She thanked me very nicely. I'm sorry she's been hounded out of town."

Miss Morrow smiled. "One thing more. Have you noticed any signs of a close friendship between Mrs. Tupper-Brock and Colonel Beetham?"

"I believe they've gone out together occasionally. I don't spy on them."

"Naturally not. I think that is all, Mrs. Kirk."

Mrs. Kirk stood up. She appeared to be in a rather chastened mood. "Thanks. Fortunately I can still get to my lecture on time."

"Just one point," added the girl. "I'd rather you didn't repeat this conversation to Mrs. Tupper-Brock."

"Me—I won't repeat it to anybody." The old lady smiled grimly. "Somehow I don't seem to have come out of it as well as I expected." She said good-by and made a hasty exit.

"Bully for you!" cried Kirk, with an admiring look at Miss Morrow.

She stood, frowning. "What did I tell you this morning? Mrs. Tupper-Brock was lying, but I didn't expect confirmation so soon."

"Going to have her on the carpet again?" Kirk asked.

"I am not. What's the good of more lies? Grace Lane was an old friend—which may mean that Grace Lane will write to Mrs. Tupper-Brock from wherever she is hiding. I am going to make immediate arrangements with the postal authorities. Mrs. Tupper-Brock's mail will reach her through my office from now on."

"Excellent," approved Chan. "You have wise head on pretty shoulders. What an unexpected combination! May I inquire, what is your good friend Flannery doing?"

"The captain has taken a sudden fancy to Miss Lila Barr. I believe he has ordered her to his office at five o'clock this afternoon, for what he calls a grilling. I'll not be able to be there, but if I were you I'd drop in on it."

Chan shrugged. "I fear I will look in vain for 'Welcome' inscribed in glowing characters on the mat. However, I will appear with offhand air."

Miss Morrow turned to Barry Kirk. "I do hope your grandmother won't hold my inquisition against me."

"Nonsense. You were splendid and she's crazy about you. I saw it in her eyes when she went out."

"I didn't," smiled the girl.

"You didn't look carefully. That's where you make a mistake. Examine the eyes about you. You'll find a lot more approval than you suspect."

"Really? I'm afraid I'm too busy. I must leave that sort of thing to the old-fashioned girls. Now I must run along. There's just a chance that I can find Grace Lane for Captain Flannery. Someone must do it."

"And it might as well be you," quoted Kirk. "I'll hope to see you again soon" He showed her out.

At 4:30 Charlie Chan strolled to the Hall of Justice and walked in on Captain Flannery. The captain appeared to be in rare good humor.

"How are you, sergeant?" he said. "What's new with you?"

"With me, everything has aged look," Chan replied.

"Not getting on as fast as you expected, are you?" Flannery inquired. "Well, this should be a lesson to you. Every frog ought to stick to his own pond. You may be a world-beater in a village like Honolulu, but you're on the big time over here. You're in over your depth."

"How true," Charlie agreed. "I am often dismayed, but I think of you and know you will not permit me to drown. Something has happened to elevate your spirit?"

"It sure has. I've just pulled off a neat little stunt. You see, I had a grand idea.

(Continued on Page 122)

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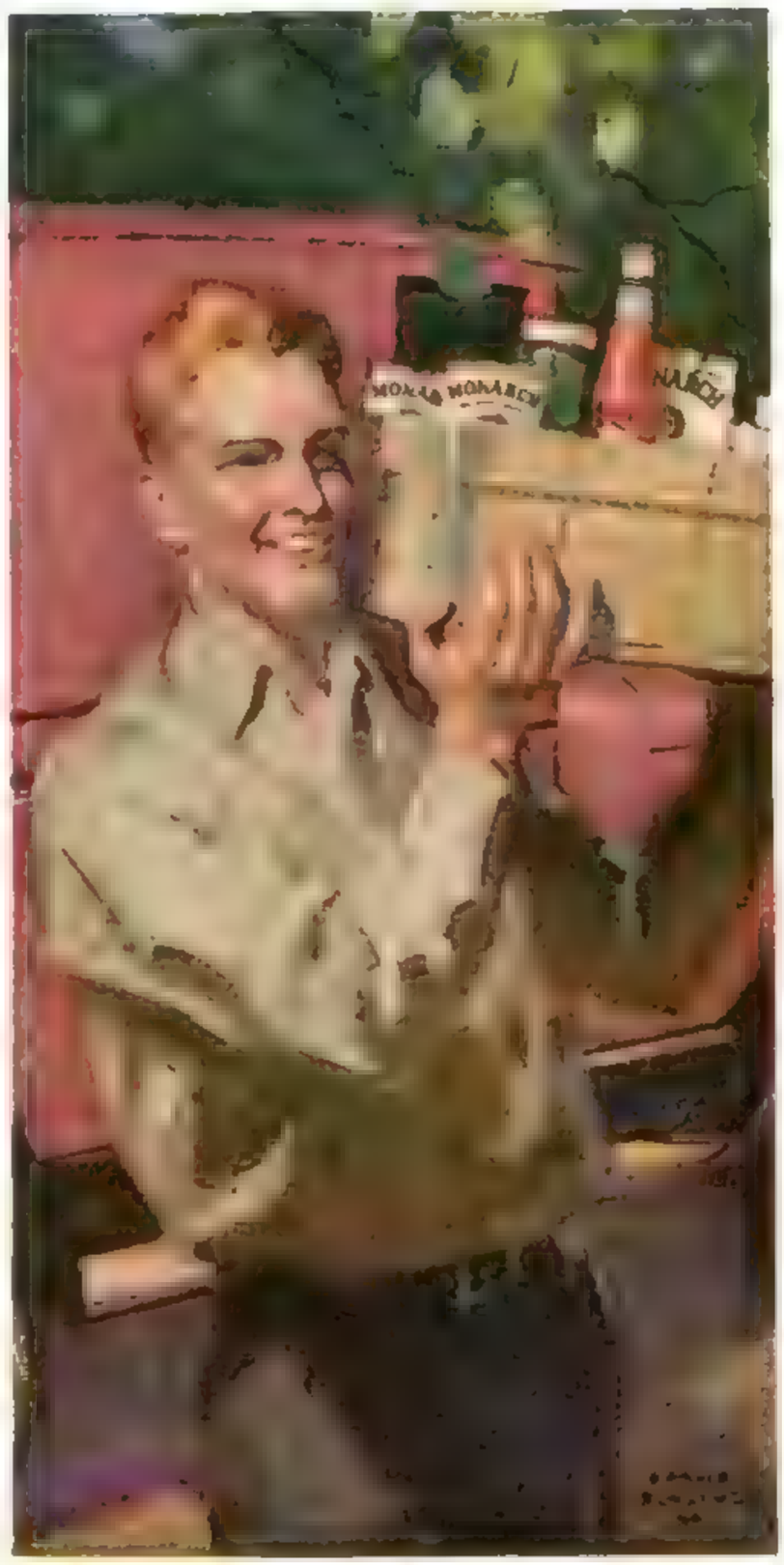

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His headquarters are in his head and heart. And his only code is his cheerful willingness to give you his best . . . in long hours of service, prompt home deliveries, seasonable food suggestions . . . and the finest quality always, at right prices.

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(Continued from Page 120)

I put an ad in the morning paper for those velvet slippers ——"

"Ah, yes," Chan grinned. "Inspector Duff warned me you were about to be hit by that idea."

"Oh, he did, did he? Well, I'm not taking orders from Duff. I was on the point of doing it some days ago, but it slipped my mind. Duff recalled it to me, that's all. I put a very cagy advertisement in the paper and ——"

"Results are already apparent," Chan finished.

"Are they? I'll say so." Flannery took up something wrapped in a soiled newspaper. The string had already been loosened, and casting it aside, he revealed the contents of the bundle. Before Chan's eyes lay the red velvet slippers from the Chinese Legation, the slippers found on the feet of Hilary Galt that tragic night in London, the slippers in which Sir Frederic Bruce had walked to his death little more than a week ago.

"What happy luck," Charlie said.

"Ain't it?" agreed Flannery. "A soldier from out at the Presidio brought them in less than an hour ago. It seems he was crossing to Oakland to visit his girl last Wednesday noon, and he picked this package up from one of the benches on the ferryboat. There was nobody about to claim it, so he took it along. Of course, he should have turned it over to the ferry people, but he didn't. I told him that was all right with me."

"On ferryboat to Oakland," Chan repeated.

"Yes. This guy'd been wondering what to do with his find and he was mighty pleased when I slipped him a five-spot."

Charlie turned the slippers slowly about in his hands. Again he was interested by the Chinese character which promised long life and happiness. A lying promise, that. The slippers had not brought long life and happiness to Hilary Galt—nor to Sir Frederic Bruce.

"Just where," Chan mused, "do we arrive at now?"

"Well, I'll have to admit that we're still a long ways from home," Flannery replied. "But we're getting on. Last Wednesday—the day after the murder—somebody left these slippers on an Oakland ferryboat. Left them intentionally, I'll bet—glad enough to be rid of 'em."

"In same identical paper," Charlie inquired, "they were always wrapped?"

"Yes, that's the paper this fellow found them in—an evening paper dated last Wednesday night. A first edition, issued about ten in the morning."

Chan spread out the newspaper and studied it. "You have been carefully over this journal, I suspect?"

"Why—er—I haven't had time," Flannery told him.

"Nothing of note catches the eye," Chan remarked. "Except—ah, yes—here on margin of first page. A few figures, carelessly inscribed in pencil. Paper is torn in that locality and they are almost obliterated."

Flannery came closer and Charlie pointed. A small sum in addition had evidently been worked out.

$79
23
$103

"A hundred and three," Flannery read. "That's wrong. Seventy-nine and twenty-three don't add up to a hundred and three."

"Then we must seek one who is poor scholar of arithmetic," Chan replied. "If you have no inclination for objecting I will jot figures down."

"Go ahead. Put your big brain on it. But don't forget I produced the slippers."

"And the newspaper," Charlie added. "The brightest act you have performed to date."

The door opened and a man in uniform entered. "That dame's outside, captain," he announced. "She's brought her fellow with her. Shall I fetch 'em in?"

"Sure," Flannery nodded. "It's Miss Lila Barr," he explained to Chan. "I got to thinking about her, and she don't sound so good to me. I'm going to have another talk with her. You can stay if you want to."

"Overwhelmed by your courtesy," Chan responded.

Miss Lila Barr came timidly through the door. After her came Kinsey, Kirk's secretary. The girl seemed very much worried.

"You wanted me, Captain Flannery?"

"Yeah. Come in. Sit down." He looked at Kinsey. "Who's this?"

"Mr. Kinsey—a friend of mine," the girl explained. "I thought you wouldn't mind ——"

"Your fellow, eh?"

"Well, I suppose ——"

"The guy you was crying about that night you came out of the office where you saw Sir Frederic!"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm glad to meet him. I'm glad you can prove you've got a fellow anyhow. But even so, that story of yours sounds pretty fishy to me."

"I can't help how it sounds," returned the girl with spirit. "It's the truth."

"All right. Let it go. It's the next night I want to talk about now. The night Sir Frederic was killed. You were working in your office that night?"

"Yes, sir. Though I must have left before—the thing—happened."

"How do you know you left before it happened?"

"I don't. I was just supposing ——"

"Don't suppose with me."

"She has good reasons for thinking she left before the murder," Kinsey put in. "She heard no shot fired."

Flannery swung on him. "Say, when I want any answers from you I'll ask for 'em." He turned back to the girl. "You didn't hear any shot?"

"No, sir."

"And you didn't see anybody in the hall when you went home?"

"Well, I—I ——"

"Yes? Out with it."

"I should like to change my testimony on that point."

"Oh, you would, would you?"

"Yes. I have talked it over with Mr. Kinsey and he thinks I was wrong to—to say what I did."

"To lie, you mean?"

"But I didn't want to be entangled in it," pleaded the girl. "I saw myself testifying in court, and I didn't think—it just seemed I couldn't ——"

"You couldn't help us, eh? Young woman, this is serious business. I could lock you up."

"Oh, but if I change my testimony? If I tell you the truth now?"

"Well, we'll see. But make sure of one thing—that it's the truth at last. Then there was somebody in the hall?"

"Yes. I started to leave the office, but just as I opened the door I remembered my umbrella. So I went back. But in that moment at the door I saw two men standing near the elevators."

"You saw two men. What did they look like?"

"One—one was a Chinese."

Flannery was startled. "A Chinese! Say, it wasn't Mr. Chan here?" Charlie smiled.

"Oh, no," the girl continued. "It was an older Chinese. He was talking with a tall thin man—a man whose picture I have seen in the newspapers."

"Oh, you've seen his picture in the papers? What's his name?"

"His name is Col. John Beetham and I believe he is an explorer."

"I see." Flannery got up and paced the floor. "You saw Beetham talking with a Chinese in the hall just before Sir Frederic was killed. Then you went back to get your umbrella?"

"Yes, and when I came out again they were gone."

"Anything else?"

"No, I guess not."

"Think hard. You've juggled the truth once."

"She was not under oath," protested Kinsey.

"Well, what if she wasn't? She obstructed our work, and that's no joking matter. However, I'll overlook it, now that she's finally come across. You can go. I may want you again."

The girl and Kinsey went out. Flannery walked the floor in high glee.

"Now I'm getting somewhere!" he cried. "Beetham! I haven't paid much attention to him, but I'll make up for lost time from here on. Beetham was in the hall talking with a Chinaman a few minutes before the murder. And he was supposed to be upstairs running his magic lantern. A Chinaman—do you get it? Those slippers came from the Chinese Legation. By heaven, it's beginning to tie up at last!"

"If I might presume," said Chan, "you now propose to ——"

"I propose to get after Colonel Beetham. He told Miss Morrow he didn't leave the room upstairs. Another liar—and a distinguished one this time."

"Humbly asking pardon," Chan ventured, "Colonel Beetham very clever man. Have a care he does not outwit you."

"I'm not afraid of him. He can't fool me. I'm too old at this game."

"Such magnificent confidence," Charlie smiled. "Let us hope it is justified by the finish."

"It will be, all right. You just leave Colonel Beetham to me."

"With utmost gladness," agreed Chan. "If you will allot something else to me."

"What's that?" Flannery demanded.

"I refer to faint little figures on newspaper margin."

"Poor arithmetic," snorted Flannery, "and a poor clew."

"Time will reveal," said Chan gently.

XVII

BARRY KIRK answered the ring of the telephone the next morning at ten and was greeted by a voice that, even over the wire, seemed to afford him pleasure.

"Good morning," he said. "I'm glad to hear from you. This is what I call starting the day right."

"Thanks ever so much," Miss Morrow replied. "Now that your day has begun auspiciously, would you mind fading away into the background and giving Mr. Chan your place at the telephone?"

"What! You don't want to talk to me?"

"I'm sorry, no. I'm rather busy today."

"Well, I can take a hint as quickly as the next man. I know when I'm not wanted. That's what you meant to convey, isn't it?"

"Please, Mr. Kirk."

"Here's Charlie now. I'm not angry, but I'm terribly, terribly hurt." He handed the telephone to Chan.

"Oh, Mr. Chan," the girl said, "Captain Flannery is going to interview Colonel Beetham at eleven o'clock. He's all Beetham today. He's asked me to be on hand to remind the colonel about his testimony the night of the murder, and I suggest you come too."

"The captain demands me?" Chan inquired.

"I demand you. Isn't that enough?"

"To me it is delicious plenty," Charlie replied. "I will be there. At Captain Flannery's office, I presume?"

"Yes. Don't fail me," Miss Morrow said, and rang off.

"Something doing?" Kirk asked.

Chan shrugged. "Captain Flannery has hot spasm about Colonel Beetham. He interrogates him at eleven, and I am invited."

"How about me?"

"I am stricken by regret, but you are not mentioned."

"Then I hardly think I'll go," Kirk said.

At a little before eleven Charlie went to the Hall of Justice. In Flannery's dark office he found Miss Morrow, brightening the dreary corner where she was.

"Good morning," she said. "The captain is showing Inspector Duff about the building. I'm glad you're here. Somehow I've got the impression Captain Flannery doesn't care much for me this morning."

"Mainland police have stupid sinking spells," Chan informed her.

Flannery came in, followed by Inspector Duff. He stood for a minute glaring at Charlie and the girl.

"Well, a fine pair you are," he roared. "What's the idea anyhow?"

"What is the idea, captain?" asked Miss Morrow sweetly.

"The idea seems to be to keep me in the dark," Flannery went on. "What do you think I am—a mind reader? I've just been talking with Inspector Duff about Colonel Beetham, and I discover you two know a lot more about the colonel than you've ever told me."

"Please understand—I haven't been talebearing," smiled Duff. "I mentioned these things thinking of course the captain knew them."

"Of course you thought I knew them," Flannery exploded. "Why shouldn't I know them? I'm supposed to be in charge of this case, ain't I? Yet you two have been digging up stuff right along and keeping it to yourselves. I tell you, it makes me sore."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" cried Miss Morrow.

"That helps a lot. What's all this about a servant of the colonel's—a Chinaman named Li Gung? Are you willing to talk now, Sergeant Chan, or are you still playing button, button, who's got the ——"

"I'm the guilty one," the girl cut in. "I should have told you myself. Naturally, Mr. Chan must have thought I had"

"Oh, no," Chan protested. "Please shift all guilt from those pretty shoulders to my extensive ones. I have made mistake. It is true I have pondered certain facts in silence, but I was hoping some great light would break."

"All right—all right," Flannery interrupted. "But will you talk now—that's what I want to know? When did you first hear about Li Gung?"

"At noon of the day Sir Frederic was killed, I have great honor to lunch with him. After lunch he takes me apart and talks of this Li Gung, a stranger visiting relatives in Jackson Street. He suggests I might make cunning inquiries of the man, but I am forced to refuse the task. On morning after murder I am in stateroom of Maui boat, foolishly believing I am going to Honolulu, when I hear Colonel Beetham in next cabin saying farewell to one he calls Li Gung. The colonel directs that Gung lie low in Honolulu and answer no questions."

"And all that was so unimportant I never heard of it," stormed Flannery. "How about the fact that Beetham was one of the guests at the picnic near Peshawar?"

"We did not learn that until Tuesday night," Miss Morrow informed him.

"Only had about thirty-six hours to tell me, eh? On May fourth, nineteen hundred and twelve, Colonel Beetham left Peshawar by way of the—er—the Khyber Pass to go to—to—to make a trip ——"

"To Teheran by way of Afghanistan and the Kavir Desert of Northeastern Persia," Duff helped him out.

"Yes. You told the inspector that, sergeant, but you never told me."

Charlie shrugged. "Why should I trouble you? The matter appears to mean nothing. True enough, I might make a surmise—a most picturesque surmise. But I see you, captain, floundering about in difficult murder case. Should I ask such a man to come with me and gaze upon the bright tapestry of romance?"

"Whatever that means," Flannery returned. "If I hadn't got that Barr girl in I'd still be in the dark. I was too smart for you—I hit on Beetham's trail myself—but that doesn't excuse you. I'm disappointed in the pair of you."

"Overwhelmed with painful regret," Chan bowed.

"Oh, forget it." A man in uniform ushered Colonel Beetham into the room.

(Continued on Page 127)

A Pledge to the Motoring Public....

Bigger, Better, Longer Wearing Balloon Tires

FULL OVERSIZE

Extra plies of equal tension cord. Full air chamber—not a standard tire of six plies, but a special of six plies.

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For every use, in large or small homes, in bungalows or tiny apartments, the famous "PREMIER FAMILY" presents an electric vacuum cleaner that will serve your purpose with the maximum efficiency, economy and convenience.

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⅓ the size and ⅓ the price of PREMIER DUPLEX but the same high quality, durability and sterling value.
Far more satisfactory than attachments for thorough cleaning of automobiles, clothing, stair carpets, draperies, upholstered furniture, mattresses and other household articles. As easy to use as an electric iron. Has the same motor-driven brush and powerful super-suction as the Premier Duplex. Advantageous in business for cleaning show windows, display tables, etc. Clubs, hotels, theatres, garages and factories all need the Premier Pic-Up. Furnished with an extension handle for cleaning rugs and mouldings.

Premier Pic-Up solves the problem of cleaning stair carpets and gets into difficult corners with delightful ease.

The new Premier Pic-Up is as thorough as it is convenient for cleaning the upholstery of your motor car.

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⅔ the size, ⅔ the price of PREMIER DUPLEX but the same dependable quality and performance!
Designed for those who require a compact cleaner for use in small homes, apartments, and bungalows where cleaning areas are limited. The Premier Junior takes one-third less closet room and costs a third less money to buy. Has the same motor-driven brush and powerful super-suction as the Premier Duplex. The only difference in action between this model and the Premier Duplex is that it requires three strokes of the Junior to clean the same area that the Duplex cleans in two. Premier Junior is furnished with a complete set of attachments—FREE!

Premier Junior takes up but little closet room and its free attachments make light of cleaning upholstered furniture, mattresses and drapes.

Premier Junior makes it easy to clean hard-to-get-at places without moving heavy furniture. It thrives on dusty corners that are difficult to reach.

A PREMIER FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

The PREMIER DUPLEX

The Parent Cleaner of this Notable Family

The New Premier Family is welcomed in homes throughout the land

Not since the days of brooms and mops has there been such an important development in house-cleaning efficiency. No longer is it necessary for you to buy a "twelve-room" vacuum cleaner for a three-room home. No need for you to pay a price in excess of your cleaning needs.

The advent of the complete Premier Family has put an end to all this. And it still further lightens the burden of cleaning about the home. You not only have a choice of a far-famed vacuum cleaner in three different sizes, at three different prices, but you may have one scientifically planned and built to answer every sort of use to which a vacuum cleaner possibly can be put.

You will be surprised at the host of tasks the versatile Premier Trio will perform for you—in the home, in the garage—in stores, clubs and offices. The result of years of experiment and expert manufacturing skill, the Premier Family has been planned to completely cover the field of electric vacuum cleaning.

The new Premier Junior and Premier Pic-Up are backed by the name and reputation of the Premier Duplex itself. Each bears the same guarantee.

Ask the nearest Premier Dealer to demonstrate the Premier Family—in your home if you like. Then select the one that best suits your needs and the price you wish to pay.

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A White Fireman visited this plant and made a thorough inspection of all conditions bearing upon its special fire-hazards.

Numerous suggestions, including one major recommendation, were made to the plant-owners and adopted by them.

The major recommendation was that their large oil-storage be moved from its original location near their oil-boiling section to a point on their property sufficiently distant to avoid possible fire communication.

Through the relocation of these storage tanks, containing volatile oils, naptha and gasoline, a large property-value was transferred from the high-hazard, high-rate zone of the oil-boiling section to a low-hazard, low-rate zone segregated from it.

The immediate result of all the changes proposed by the White Fireman, and adopted by the plant-owners, was so to reduce the average rating of the entire plant that the owners' annual premium was actually lowered 20%—reduced from $24,000 a year to about $19,000 a year; and at the same time a dangerous fire-hazard was removed.

THE White Fireman symbolizes the Fire-Prevention Service maintained by insurance companies. This service includes: Consultation with architects and builders, that projected structures may have the least possible susceptibility to fire-damage ¶ the inspection of property, with recommendations for the elimination or reduction of existing fire-hazards ¶ the maintenance of the Underwriters' Laboratories for the testing of building materials, the practical trial of fire-extinguishers and other protective equipment, the examination of electrical apparatus and materials, for their fire-safety ¶ and, in addition, various other technical aids to the furtherance of fire-prevention and property-conservation. . . . . .

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The Oldest American
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Property Owners may Secure Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents

(Continued from Page 122)

The colonel knew a good tailor—a tailor who no doubt rejoiced in the trim, lithe figure of his client. He was faultlessly attired, with a flower in his buttonhole, a stick in his gloved hand. For a moment he stood, those tired eyes that had looked on so many lonely corners of the world unusually alert and keen.

"Good morning," he said. He bowed to Miss Morrow and Chan. "Ah, this, I believe, is Captain Flannery."

"'Morning," replied Flannery. "Meet Inspector Duff of Scotland Yard."

"Delighted," Beetham answered. "I am very happy to see a man from the Yard. No doubt the search for Sir Frederic's murderer will get forward now."

"I guess it will," growled Flannery, "if you answer a few questions for us and tell the truth."

The colonel raised his eyebrows very slightly. "The truth, of course," he remarked, with a wan smile. "I shall do my best. May I sit down?"

"Sure," replied Flannery, indicating a dusty chair. "On the night Sir Frederic was killed, you were giving a magic-lantern show on the floor above."

"I should hardly have called it that. Motion pictures, you know, of Tibet."

"Yes, yes. You did a lecture with these lantern slides, but toward the end you dropped out and let the performance run itself. Later Miss Morrow here asked you what was it you asked him, Miss Morrow?"

"I referred to that moment when he left the machine," the girl said. "He assured me that he had not been absent from the room during the interval."

The captain looked at Beetham. "Is that right, colonel?"

"Yes, I fancy that is what I told her."

"Why?"

"Why? What do you mean?"

"Why did you tell her that when you knew damn well you had been down on the twentieth floor talking with a Chinaman?"

Beetham laughed softly. "Have you never done anything that you later regretted, captain? The matter struck me as of no importance—I had seen nothing of note on my brief jaunt below. I had a sort of inborn diffidence about being involved in the scandal. So I very foolishly made a slight—er—misstatement."

"Then you did go down to the twentieth floor?"

"Only for a second. You see, a motion-picture projector and seven reels of film make a rather heavy load. My old boy, Li Gung, had assisted me in bringing the outfit to Mr. Kirk's apartment. I thought I should be finished by ten, and I told him to be back then. When I left the machine at fifteen minutes past ten I realized that I still had another reel to show. I ran downstairs, found Gung waiting on the lower floor, and told him to go home. I said I would carry the machine away myself."

"Ah, yes—and he left?"

"He went at once, in the lift. The lift girl can verify my statement if ——"

"If what?"

"If she will."

"You were going to say, if we can find her."

"Why should I say that? Isn't she about?"

"She is not. In her absence, maybe Li Gung can back up your story?"

"I'm sure he can, if you care to cable him. He is in Honolulu at the moment."

"He left the next noon, on the Maui?"

"Yes, he did."

"You saw him off?"

"Naturally. He has been with me more than twenty years. A faithful chap."

"When you said good-by you told him to lie low over in Hawaii."

"Yes, I—yes, I did. You see, there was some trouble about his passport. I was fearful he might get into difficulties."

"You also told him to answer no questions."

"For the same reason, of course."

"You knew he would have to show his passport on landing. If it wasn't O. K., did you suppose lying low after that would do any good?"

"Show his passport at another American port? Really, you know, I'm frightfully ignorant of your many rules and regulations. Quite confusing, I find them."

"You must a man who's traveled as little as you have, colonel."

"Ah, yes. Now you're being sarcastic."

"Oh, don't mind me," Flannery said. "We'll drop Li Gung. But I'm not through yet. I understand you were at Peshawar, in India, on the night of May third, nineteen hundred and twelve."

Beetham nodded slowly. "That is a matter of record."

"And can't very well be denied, eh? You went out into the hills on a picnic. One of the party was a woman named Eve Durand." Beetham stirred slightly. "That night Eve Durand disappeared and has never been seen since. Have you any idea how she got out of India?"

"If she has never been seen since how do you know she did get out of India?"

"Never mind. I'm asking you questions. You remember the incident?"

"Naturally. A shocking affair."

Flannery studied him for a moment. "Tell me, colonel—had you ever met Sir Frederic before the other night at Barry Kirk's bungalow?"

"Never. Stop a bit. I believe he said he had been at a dinner of the Royal Geographical Society in London, and had seen me there. But I did not recall the meeting."

"You didn't know that he had come to San Francisco to find Eve Durand?"

"Had he really? How extraordinary."

"You didn't know it?"

"Of course not."

"Could you have given him any help if you had?"

"I could not," replied Beetham firmly.

"All right, colonel. You're not thinking of leaving San Francisco soon?"

"In a few days—when I have completed arrangements for my next long expedition."

"You're not leaving until we find out who killed Sir Frederic. Is that understood?"

"But my dear fellow—surely you don't think ——"

"I think your testimony may prove valuable. I'm asking you—is it understood?"

"Perfectly. I shall hope, however, for your early success."

"We all hope for it."

"Of course." Beetham turned to Inspector Duff. "A frightful thing. Sir Frederic was a charming fellow."

"And much beloved," said Duff evenly. "Please don't worry. Everything possible is being done, Colonel Beetham."

"I am happy to hear that." Beetham rose. "Now if there is nothing more ——"

"Not at present," said Flannery.

"Thank you so much," replied the colonel, and went debonairly out.

Flannery stared after him. "He lies like a gentleman, don't he?" he remarked.

"Beautifully," sighed Miss Morrow, her eyes on the door through which the explorer had gone.

"Well, he don't fool me," Flannery continued. "He knows more about this than he's telling. If he was anybody but the famous Colonel Beetham, I'd take a chance and lock him up this morning."

"Oh, but you couldn't!" the girl cried.

"I suppose not. I'd be mobbed by all the club women in the Bay District. However, I don't need to. He's too well known to make a get-away. But I'd better keep him shadowed, at that. Now let's get to business. If only Li Gung was here I'd sweat something out of him. What was that Sir Frederic told you, sergeant—about Li Gung's relatives in Jackson Street? I might look them up."

"No use," Chan answered. "I have already done so."

"Oh, you have? Without a word to me, of course."

"Words of no avail. I made most pitiful failure. I am admitted to house, but plans are foiled by kind act of boy scout."

"A boy scout in the family, eh?"

"Yes, name of Willie Li. The family of Henry Li, Oriental Apartment House."

Flannery considered. "Well, the young generation will talk, if the old one won't. Willie ought to have a chance."

"He has obtained it. He tells me little—save that once on a hard journey Colonel Beetham kills a man."

"He told you that? Then he knows something about Beetham's journeys?"

"Undubitably he does. He has overheard talk."

Flannery jumped up. "That's enough for me. I'll have Manley of the Chinatown Squad bring the kid here tonight. They're all crazy about Manley, these Chink kids. We'll get something."

The telephone rang. Flannery answered, and then relinquished it to Miss Morrow. As she listened to the news coming over the wire her eyes brightened with excitement. She hung up the receiver and turned to the others.

"That was the district attorney," she announced. "We've got hold of a letter mailed to Mrs. Tupper-Brock from Santa Barbara. It was written by Grace Lane, and it gives her present address."

"Fine business!" Flannery cried. "I told you she couldn't get away from me. I'll get a couple of men off in a car right away." He looked at Miss Morrow. "They can stop at your office for the address."

She nodded. "I'm going right back. I'll give it to them."

Flannery rubbed his hands. "Things are looking up at last! Make it seven tonight—I'll have the kid here then. Sergeant, you're coming? I may want your help. And you can look in if you like, inspector."

"Thanks," Duff said.

"How about me?" asked Miss Morrow.

He frowned at her. "I'm not so pleased with you. All those secrets ——"

"But I'm so sorry." She smiled at him. "And I was a little help to you in finding Grace Lane, you know."

"I guess you were, at that. Sure, come along if you want to."

The party scattered, and Charlie Chan went back to the bungalow, where he found Barry Kirk eagerly awaiting news. When he heard the plan for the evening Kirk insisted on taking Miss Morrow and Chan to dinner. At 6:30 they left the obscure little restaurant he had selected because of its capable chef, and strolled toward the Hall of Justice.

The night was clear and cool, without fog, and the stars were bright as torches overhead. They skirted the fringe of Chinatown and passed on through Portsmouth Square, the old Plaza of romantic history. It was emptied now of its usual derelicts and adventurers; the memorial to R. L. S. stood lonely and serene in the starlight.

Flannery and Duff were waiting in the former's office. The captain regarded Barry Kirk without enthusiasm.

"We're all here, ain't we?" he inquired.

"I thought you wouldn't mind," smiled Kirk.

"Oh, well, it's all right. I guess it's pretty late now to bar you out." He turned to Miss Morrow. "You saw Petersen, didn't you?"

"Yes. I gave him the address."

"He had Myers with him. Good men, both of them. They'll be in Santa Barbara this evening, and can start back at sunrise. Barring accidents, they'll bring Grace Lane into this office late tomorrow afternoon. And if she gets away from me again she'll be going some."

They sat down. Presently a huge police officer in plain clothes, with a khaki shirt, came in. He was kindly and smiling, but he had the keen eye of a man who is prepared for any emergency. Flannery introduced him

"Sergeant Manley," he explained. "Head of the Chinatown Squad for seven years—which is a good many years longer than anyone else has lived to hold that job."

Manley's manner was cordial. "Glad to meet you," he said. "I've got the kid outside, captain. I picked him up and brought him along without giving him a chance to run home for instructions."

"Good idea," Flannery nodded. "Will he talk?"

"Oh, he'll talk all right. He and I are old friends. I'll bring him in."

He disappeared into the outer office and returned with Willie Li. The boy scout was in civilian clothes and looked as though he would have welcomed the moral support of his uniform.

"Here you are, Willie," Manley said. "This is Captain Flannery. He's going to ask you to do him a big favor."

"Sure," grinned Willie Li.

"All boy scouts," Manley went on, "are American citizens, and they stand for law and order. That's right, ain't it, Willie?"

"In the oath," replied Willie gravely.

"I've explained to him," Manley continued, "that none of his family is mixed up in this in any way. They won't be harmed by anything he tells you."

"That's right," said Flannery. "You can take my word for it, son."

"Sure," agreed the boy readily.

"Your cousin, Li Gung," Flannery began, "has been a servant of Colonel Beetham's for a long time. He's been all over the world with the colonel?"

Willie nodded. "Gobi Desert. Kavir Desert. Tibet, India, Afghanistan."

"You've heard Li Gung tell about his adventures with the colonel?"

"Yes."

"Remember 'em?"

"Never going to forget," replied Willie, his little black eyes shining.

"You told your friend, Mr. Chan, here, that the colonel once shot a man for some reason or other?"

The boy's eyes narrowed. "Because it was necessary. There was no crime there."

"Of course—of course it was necessary," rejoined Flannery heartily. "We wouldn't do anything to the colonel because of that. We have no authority over things that happen outside of San Francisco. We're just curious, that's all. Do you remember what trip it was during which the colonel shot this man?"

"Sure. It was the journey from Peshawar through Khyber Pass over Afghanistan."

"It happened in Afghanistan?"

"Yes. A very bad man. Muhamed Ashref Khan, keeper of the camels. He was trying to steal "

"To steal what?"

"A pearl necklace. Colonel Beetham saw him go into the tent—the tent which no man must enter at cost of his life ——"

"What tent was that?"

"The woman's tent."

There was a moment's tense silence. "The woman's tent?" Flannery repeated. "What woman?"

"The woman who was traveling with them to Teheran. The woman from Peshawar."

"Did your cousin describe her?"

"She was beautiful, with golden hair and eyes like the blue sky. Very beautiful, my cousin said."

"And she was traveling with them from Peshawar to Teheran?"

"Yes. Only Li Gung and the colonel knew it when they went through the pass, for she was hidden in a cart. Then she came out, and she had her own tent, which Colonel Beetham said no man must enter or he would kill him."

"But this camel man he disobeyed? And he was shot?"

"Justly so," observed Willie Li.

"Of course," agreed Flannery. "Well, son, that's all. I'm very much obliged to you. Now run along. If I had anything to say in the scouts, you'd get a merit badge for this."

"I have twenty-two already," grinned Willie Li. "I am Eagle Scout." He and Manley went out.

Flannery got up and paced the floor. "Well, what do you know?" he cried. "This is too good to be true. Eve Durand disappears in the night, her poor husband

(Continued on Page 129)

Who sings loudest *of the "old oaken bucket"?*

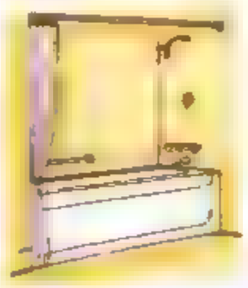
THE man who sings most feelingly of "the old oaken bucket" usually has a crystal glass of iced water on the banquet board before him.

The man who several times a day must bring up the bucket hand over hand from the well bottom is too close to it to have any "fond recollections."

It is only in the light of an individual's improved position, in the light of his achievement of bettered living conditions, that he rose-colors his early hardships, tinting them into pleasant memories.

He may well view the rigors of his boyhood as of vast import in forming his character. But there is more than a suggestion of mist in his eyes when he recalls how burdened with work, how old before her time, was his mother.

In spite of the romantic memory of his barefoot days, his high resolve is to achieve that success which will give his children all of the advantages which other children have, which will relieve his wife of aging drudgery.



His ambition is a home.

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Plumbing and Heating Industries Bureau

A national association of Heating Contractors, Master Plumbers, Wholesalers, and Manufacturers EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

MAKE A HEALTH EXAMINATION OF YOUR HOME

(Continued from Page 127)

is frantic with grief, the whole of India is turned upside down in the search for her. And all the time she's moving on through Afghanistan in the caravan of Col. John Beetham, the great explorer everyone is crazy about, the brave, fine man no one would dream of suspecting." Flannery turned to Chan. "I see now what you meant. Romance, you called it. Well, I've got a different name for it. I call it running away with another man's wife. A pretty scandal in the colonel's past—a lovely blot on his record. By heaven, wonderful! Do you see what it means?"

Chan shrugged. "I see you are flying high tonight."

"I certainly am—high, wide and handsome. I've got my man, and I've got the motive too. Sir Frederic comes to San Francisco hunting Eve Durand. And here is Col. John Beetham, honored and respected by all, riding the top of the wave. Beetham learns why Sir Frederic has come—and he wonders. He hears the detective has been in India. Has he found out how Eve Durand left that country? If he has, and springs it, the career of John Beetham is smashed. He'll be done for—finished. He won't collect any more money for his big expeditions. Is he the sort to stand by and watch that happen? He is not. What does he do?"

"The question is for mere effect," suggested Chan.

"First of all, he wants to learn how much Sir Frederic really knows. At dinner he hears that about the safe being open. He's crazy to get down there and look around. At the first opportunity he creeps downstairs, enters Mr. Kirk's office ——"

"Through a locked door?" inquired Chan.

"The elevator girl could get him a key. She's Eve Durand—don't forget that. Or else there's Li Gung; he's on the scene. Maybe that's just by accident. But he could be used—the fire escape. Anyhow, Beetham gets into the office. He hunts like mad, gets hold of the records, sees at a glance that Sir Frederic has discovered everything. At that moment Sir Frederic comes in. The one man in the world who knows how Eve Durand got out of India—and will tell. The man who can wreck Beetham forever. Beetham sees red. He pulls a gun. It's a simple matter for him—he's done it before. Sir Frederic lies dead on the floor, Beetham escapes with the records—the secret of that old scandal is safe. By the Lord Harry, who'd want a better motive than that!"

"Not to mention," said Chan gently, "the velvet slippers. The slippers of Hilary Galt."

"Oh, be reasonable, man!" cried Flannery. "One thing at a time."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE FAILURE OF DEMOCRACY

(Continued from Page 27)

dangers could be overlooked, but when democracy is strong its influence must be combated. When hatred and fear of this kind reach a certain point of cohesion, there is but one outcome in the present uncivilized state of mankind.

Indeed, the state of the world today could well be compared to that of 1815, when the Tory reaction of the Holy Alliance was seeking by every means to extirpate the republicanism of Napoleon; a republicanism which, although it had ceased to be a political fact, was still a social fact, since it allowed the common man to rise. But the Tories of those days overlooked, and the Tories of today overlook, one fact. Democracy as a reality, not a theory, has been steadily advancing. Science and invention, a multitude of other influences, have taken care of that. The ordinary man, for all the slave that he still may be, has been liberated and you will never get him back where he started. The democrat may be wrong in many details of his present methods and the results may be disorderly and regrettable; the Tory may be able temporarily to produce what seems—but only from the top looking down—an almost perfect state of affairs, yet philosophically and historically the democrat would seem to be right. He, at least, is riding the flood, however leaky his skiff may be, while the Tory is attempting to hold it back.

Objections to Practice

Now, politically and socially, or in other words, philosophically, there are just two types of mind, with all their subdivisions—the democratic mind and the Tory mind. Back of almost every excuse now being given for the present dislike of the United States is this essential fact of the Tory mind. When the European complains of Americanization, he is not complaining of Americanization; he is complaining of democracy, although he does not know it. When the European liberal meets this charge by saying that he is not complaining of democracy but the fact that the United States has fallen away from the democratic doctrines—in other words, that he is complaining not of theory but of practice—it is because, influenced by the wave of Toryism now sweeping Europe, he has lost sight of the slowness of democracy, its huge arc; the fact that frequent and gross mistakes are inherent in the democratic system.

At all events, as Bertrand Russell pointed out, you must not compare a system of government with some remote ideal if you are making a practical judgment upon it. You must judge it, as you would a man, humanly. The ideal, for example, may be Christianity, but if you are just, also logical, you will compare a man not with this remote ideal but with his fellows.

If democracy is no worse than any other form of government, then it is not a failure, and those who wish for it, even if it is more of a belief than a fact, have a right to it. But if, in adding up the peculiar vices and virtues of a democracy and comparing them with the peculiar vices and virtues of other forms of government, you find that democracy does indisputably promote certain benefits while by no means indisputably injuring certain other benefits, then democracy has not only not been a failure, it has had a modicum of success.

A Philosophy in Operation

Still further, and most important of all, if in tracing the history of a democracy you find that, one after another, what were thought to be the peculiar vices of democracy have been cured or bettered, then the democracy has not only had a modicum of success but its future is hopeful, nor are its new vices any more likely to be permanent than its old.

Does democracy in the United States meet these tests? I think it does.

As an instance, we are as a nation far less imperialistic than we were twenty years ago. This, on the face of it, may not seem true, because American business, due to expansion, is just at present more imperialistic than it has ever been. But politically and in the temper of the people, the United States has never been less imperialistic. As a result, and this has been shown dramatically two or three times within the past five years, as soon as the people realize clearly the imperialism of business they—most of them business men themselves—curb and cure that imperialism.

Now, democracy is very much misunderstood. It is misunderstood even by the democratic mind, save when that mind pauses to think about it. Many times as it has been defined, it cannot be defined too much. To the present-day American nothing is more important than this redefinition, whether he makes it to himself or states it publicly.

Democracy is a political system, it is also a social system, but more than either, it is a philosophical system—a religion, if you wish to call it that. In its practice it is a philosophy put into operation. To the right, it takes itself out in an individual's belief in a certain political system which will allow the philosophy to work; to the left, it takes itself out in the individual's point of view toward humanity. To the contrary, any Tory system is largely pragmatic. Fundamentally it is not a philosophy; merely a question of whether a thing works. Therefore, to a democrat his faith is as necessary as his works.

A political system can go astray, a social system can be damaged, but if the philosophy is still there, those who hold it believe that sooner or later both can be remedied. This is why, although the continued assertion of the American of his belief in democracy seems to the European, in the face of actuality, banal, sentimental and frequently hypocritical, to the American it seems a matter of life and death. If he loses his philosophy—little as he may understand it, little as he may live up to it, little as he may even realize that it is a philosophy—he knows that democracy is done for.

The speeches of our statesmen and more honest politicians are not the tiresome repetitions of lip service that Europeans or some of our own critics think them. They are the necessary ritual of the democratic faith and the assurances to the public that, however bad things may be, that faith is not entirely forgotten.

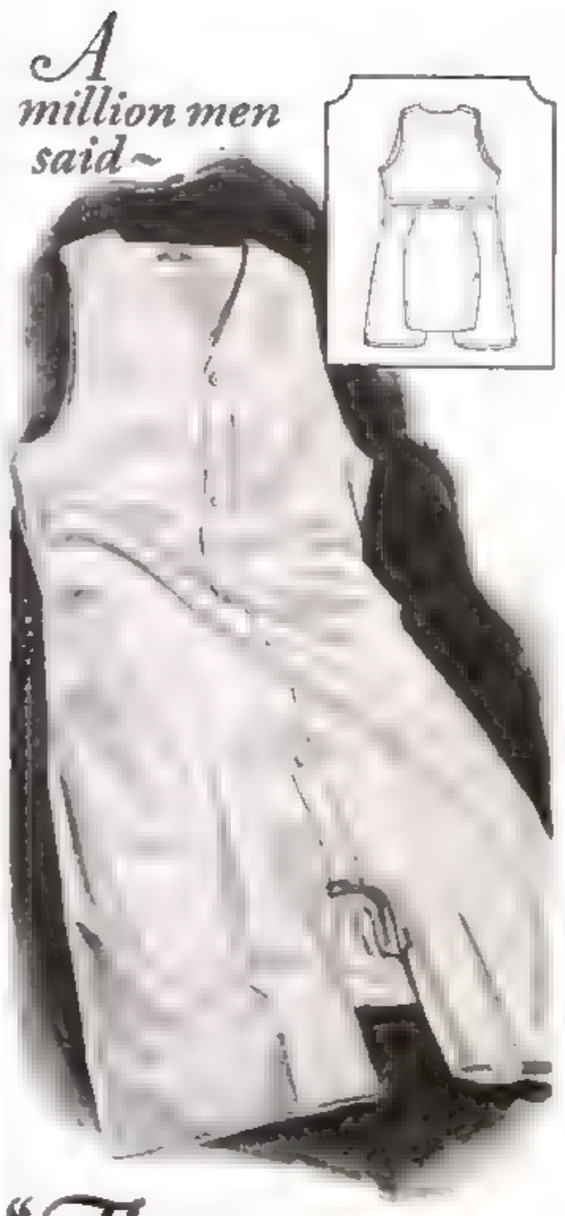
Rituals have their dangers. Obviously. But, except for the very brilliant and strong, the world cannot get on without them. Moreover, at their worst they are assertions on the part of those making them by which the rest of mankind, should it wish, can check them up. Only the Tory, and then only when he is in complete control, can remain silent and contemptuously refuse to explain his motives. Direct action is the prerogative of the autocrat alone.

Democracy is not only a philosophy but it is a philosophy based on evolution. Indeed, it is no more than evolution translated into political and social terms. Evolution is slow. So is democracy. Evolution works by the trial-and-error method. Evolution, therefore, is wasteful. So is democracy. But when all is said and done evolution is the only process that has yet produced a man.

First-Hand Knowledge

The trial-and-error method means merely that you learn from mistakes or successes, and not from what is told you. It is merely another name for knowledge acquired at first hand, and it has this great advantage: Much as it walks backward and forward, much as it stumbles, much as at times it even shelters reaction, permitting a democracy to appear for a while an autocracy, what eventually is learned is the secret of a common national experience, and national or racial experiences become part of the fiber of a race, of a nation. They are automatic and inevitable. It is not necessary to think about them. Much time as they have wasted in the beginning, they no longer waste time at all. The human race took centuries learning to walk erect; now walking erect is the least thing the normal man has to worry about.

For example, the United States is one of the few countries today where political or sectional rebellions do not represent possible future events. Sectional rebellion has been tried and the advantages of union have been proved. But in the beginning our sectional rebellion would not have occurred had it not been for the weakness



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inherent in democracy; a weakness that means subsequent strength. Nor is political rebellion any more likely. Nor is social revolution.

Political rebellion is not likely because every American knows that if events reach a crisis a new party will be formed, and that if the abuses have been too great, this party will win. Either that, or else one of the older parties will be forced to change utterly its tactics. This has so often happened in the past, and there is so little to prevent it from happening in the present, that arguments to the contrary seem absurd. That such a process is slow, wasteful, sometimes tragic, is clear, and so the citizens of a democratic country hesitate to make the experiment; but once they do, the lesson they have learned is never forgotten.

For the same reasons, social revolution, to the American of all classes, is but the vaguest of considerations. Throughout the United States there is constantly going on a series of small and bloodless—sometimes, unfortunately, bloody—revolutions, and when these reach a certain degree of importance the nation as a whole takes cognizance of them, and their causes, at least partially, are cured. There is no need of any further argument in this direction except to point to the present position of the American laboring man. That many abuses are left is true. Yes. That these perpetual small revolutions are wasteful; certainly. But their sum total is not half so wasteful as that of a French or Russian revolution.

Descending from graver matters to everyday ones and therefore—to some minds possibly—vulgar ones, there was a time when the American, save for the most refined, was famous for his spitting. He has ceased spitting; he will never spit again. Through disgust with his own habits—although, of course, helped by the cigarette he has learned to amend them. But should something happen to the rulers of Tory countries, the world will see for a while an expectoration, or its equivalent, that will make the earlier American essay appear the gentle amateur event it was. Spitting holds out numerous prospects of fun if you have never been allowed to spit. It is only by trying it yourself that you learn how selfish, disgusting and unsanitary it is.

A suppressed class in any country is dangerous in direct proportion to the amount of repression and the size of the class.

Patient Observation

Today, in the United States, if you wish to find bad manners, gross materialism and all the errors that are supposed, wrongly, by the Tory mind to adhere to democracy, seek out the most newly arrived immigrant just escaped from the supposed good manners of Toryism; or if you wish to find an utter lack of any desire for beauty, seek out an immigrant recently arrived from one of the more artistic countries of Europe. The American of older stock is no longer coltlike. For the most part he has gone through his period of bad manners. Having done the worst he could by his landscape, he is trying to improve it.

I may be mistaken, but so far as I know, the United States is the sole modern country which is setting aside great tracts of land for recreation only, where cities everywhere are deliberately setting out to make themselves beautiful; where there are growing movements to beautify gasoline stations and prohibit roadside billboards. The American landscape is an excellent concrete example of democracy in action. Few will deny that it has been hideously defaced. But wait a few hundred years, and meanwhile regard these spots where this movement to beautify it has already been given impetus.

Democracy, being evolution, to be understood even in the slightest must be observed with the patience of the geologist or biologist; with the vision which regards not decades, or even centuries, but tens of centuries. The United States, one hundred and fifty years old, is by its very nature still an infant. Perhaps a thousand years from now—and that allowing for the speed of modernity and the United States in particular—the historian may be able to evaluate approximately the American experiment. Until then, he can only hope to separate out from the tangled skein of the present a few threads and, following them through from the beginning, speculate as to their future.

The Tory country can be judged more swiftly and ruthlessly. There is no such impediment to continuous and speedy action as in a democracy. A man can run downhill and more prettily than he can run uphill. Against Toryism history is the most damaging witness. The Tory mind is the fundamentalist mind. It believes in a perfect creation produced by a wave of the hand and preserved by inexorable laws. In its phrase book there is no such sentence as "Circumstances alter cases"; no such words as "mutability" and "flexibility."

The Urge Toward Superiority

But to believe in evolution—at all events where it is applied to human affairs—it is necessary also to believe in something else, without which this sort of evolution falls to pieces—you must believe, that is, in the urge toward superiority, conscious or unconscious, on the part of the average man and woman.

With my democratic bias I cannot see how any open-minded student of history can deny this urge. That as it first emerges it is likely to take itself out in ugly and uncomfortable ways is no doubt true, and a democracy bears witness to this fact, but as the instinct becomes trained, either in the individuals where it first appears or in the generations which follow, the ugly and uncomfortable features tend to disappear. In other words, it seems to me that a democracy, since it is evolution, since it is in microcosm the history of the human race, must run the gamut of almost every form of absurdity, childishness and wastefulness, before, in the end, it produces a universal and inherent beauty, order and intelligence never before achieved by any political system. Biologically and socially each generation is inclined to repeat the ancient errors, which are mostly what are known as moral errors, personal errors, the root of which, the nature of which, have never been accurately charted or understood. Politically, and socially in a large way, the human race does not repeat its errors in their entirety when anything approaching an opportunity for universal experience is given. It does slowly progress. It does not progress, however, when there is class rule, for then only the ruling classes can enjoy these experiences, and other classes, in order to share, must upset the ruling class by revolution. After which, we have for a while merely a completely wasteful turning over; a repetition without any progress.

For instance, the communistic government of Russia, which is rapidly ceasing to be communistic, will have accomplished just what? Well, if it is lucky, eventually, and after infinite blood and misery, it will accomplish just what the democracy of the United States has already accomplished. It will have liberated the ordinary man and have given him opportunity. It will not have destroyed class; it will not have destroyed inequality of wealth. In order to accomplish what democracy has accomplished, it will merely have substituted one class for another and, in so doing, will have destroyed whatever good—the result of slow centuries—there may have been in the class that has been annihilated.

That this urge toward superiority, given free rein as it has been given in the United States, has been at work, and that even in the short space of one hundred and fifty years the upward trend can be clearly distinguished, seems to me evident. You can select any one of a dozen threads from the tangled skein.

Let us take first Will Durant's charge that democracy has failed, because democratic government inevitably falls into the hands of professional politicians and thus no longer is a government by the people and for the people.

To begin with, certain terms, carelessly used, must be investigated. Democratic government does fall into the hands of professional politicians; indeed, it falls into their hands almost the moment it starts. But then, so does every other form of government, and so will every form of government conceivable to the human mind. If anyone can pick out in history any government to which this does not apply, he will be rewriting history. He will not only be rewriting it, he will be making it up. The difference between, let us say, Louis XIV and the late Mr. Croker was merely one of title and the not-unimportant fact that Mr. Croker could be stopped and Louis XIV couldn't. If those famous professional politicians, Metternich, Bismarck, Machiavelli and Richelieu, are typical of Tory government—and at least their names have survived when others have been forgotten—democracy has nothing especially to fear in comparison.

The gravest charge that can be brought against the American mind is its lack of historical perspective. In its charges against its own country it frequently displays the most extraordinary lack of knowledge of what has gone before. One would be led to believe that political graft was an American invention; that political ruthlessness was invented by General Jackson's gang. It would not even be surprising to find some American critic stating that Benedict Arnold discovered treason.

In direct proportion to the size of a country and the complexity of its problems does its government fall into the hands of professional politicians. The same is true of a city or a town. How could it be otherwise? Politics is a business, and an intricate one. If every man spent all his time, even the major portion of it, governing his country, little else would be accomplished. If I am not mistaken, the failure of the Greek democracies was due to the number of amateur politicians, idle because of slave labor. Personally I have never been able to understand the ignominy implied in the term "professional politician." You might as well sneer and say, professional plumber, professional dentist, professional architect.

The Best People

The same applies to the ignorant use of the words "political machine." What is the difference between a political machine and any other organization formed for the purpose of conducting business? If you deny the political machine, then you deny the need business has for organization.

These delusions arise from the remnants of an ancient Tory idea that government is the task of a certain rich class, relieved by their wealth from any temptation toward financial dishonesty, but by no means relieved, as history shows, from the temptations of the lust of power, of place, and of class cruelty. That Will Durant, in common with many Americans, shares in these delusions is evident from his further statement that, although democracy in the United States has fallen into the hands of professional politicians and is no longer a government by the people and for the people, none the less he could largely forgive it if it were a government of the best people.

What does he mean by the best people? Unconsciously he is harking back to the ancient Tory idea I have mentioned. Class rule is a dangerous thing, as the records of various nations have shown. It may be excellent for the class in power, but it is fatal for the rest of the country. And who knows, anyway, who the best people are, and who is fit to choose them? The best people, once intrenched in power, have a singular habit of turning into the worst people. As a practical instance, I have never been able to see the difference between a United States senator who buys his seat—and very few of them do—and a British peer who buys his peerage, save that the former invariably regrets his action and the latter does not. Save also for the extremely essential and saving democratic fact that the buying of seats in the United States Senate becomes at once such a public scandal that it is not likely to grow into a habit. It remains, in other words, sporadic.

The point is not whether the government of a country falls into the hands of professional politicians and political machines, for that the government of any country is bound to do; the only questions are whether these machines and politicians sufficiently register public opinion—as Will Durant claims, in the United States they do not—whether they have been doing this progressively, with, of course, inevitable setbacks, since the country began; and whether the personnel of these machines has been steadily degenerating and no longer represents an accurate cross section of the country.

As far as I can make out, in not one of these respects has democracy in the United States failed, and in not one of these respects has there been a lack of progress, despite numerous backslidings and numerous eras of fairly black shame. Mr. Durant must not be misled by the scorn of the average man—especially the intelligent one—for politics. In every country and in every age the average citizen has complained and has scorned his politicians, but only in a democracy, save by means of a revolution, has this scorn a chance of becoming effective.

The Will of the Majority

England is supposed to have a very high type of government, and yet the Public Orator of Oxford University, Mr. Poynton, speaking recently, and in the character of a pupil of Socrates, said:

"You English people make a sorry bungle of anything connected with the state, but your voluntary achievements are wonderful; your Boy Scouts, your Girl Guides, for instance."

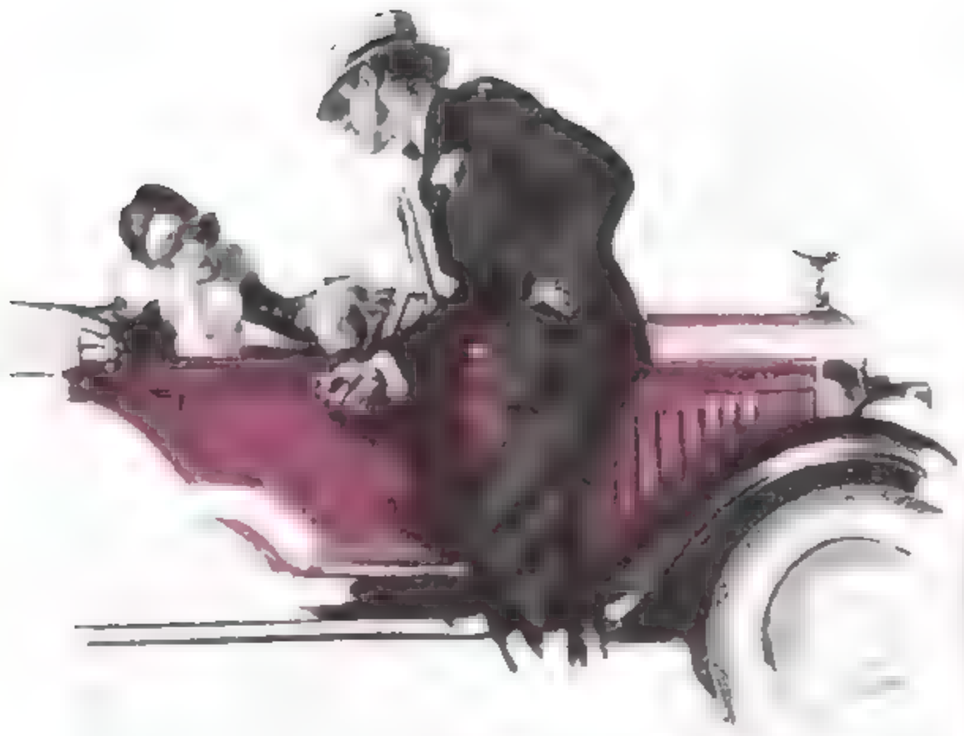
Lord Bryce, a good many years ago, said the same thing about the United States. He maintained that democratic government would become more and more a question of professional politicians running the business of the government, with voluntary organizations effecting the really important and necessary changes. We have seen, of course, that such voluntary organizations, in the shape of lobbies, can be extremely dangerous as well as useful, but they, too, are subject to the democratic process of betterment and experience.

As a matter of fact, the electorate of the United States now works as a gigantic voluntary organization; a gigantic lobby that every so often expresses its will, prescribes the general policy, and then goes back to its proper place. And that is just as it should work, so long as it remains watchful. That it does remain watchful is proved by the fact that when it wants so to do, it directly reverses the general policy. I suppose no one will deny that the defeat of President Wilson expressed exactly the will of the majority of the people at that time. When the party now in power ceases to express the will of the majority of the people, it will no longer remain in power. And this will of the majority has never been so evident as at present. There has never been a time in the history of the United States when every interest has been so represented not only in the actions of the Government but in the personnel of that Government.

That there are abuses, injustices, absurdities is obvious; that to cure these under the democratic system is a laborious and slow process is also obvious; but that nothing but a democratic government would allow these abuses, injustices and absurdities even to come to the surface is also obvious—let alone attempting to cure them.

As to the personnel of our present generation of professional politicians, as to the workings of the average political machine, those are delicate and hotly debatable questions; but I, for one, am convinced that in these respects, as in most others, there has been a steady improvement. We are accustomed to compare present achievement

(Continued on Page 135)



Ten million women drivers on the slippery roads of today! And on yesterday's grit-surfaced roads only men were driving. Of course a more modern, surer-footed tread is needed to meet modern driving conditions.

The slipperier the road the louder these sure-footed tires sing "S-S-S-SAFE"

RIGHT down the trolley track . . . all four wheels on the rails . . . Bad driving, of course, but try it just once on the new Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Balloons . . .

Try it just to hear the comforting "song of safety" rise higher and louder as the vacuum cups grip, grip, grip the slippery steel rails.

For the smoother and slipperier the road, the tighter the vacuum grip takes hold . . . Grit roads silence the song . . . Then friction alone is enough . . . But on the grease-streaked tar surfaces . . . on car tracks . . . in rain . . . wherever the going is bad the vacuum cups work hardest . . . to hold you safe on these modern, smoother roads.

The carcass of Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Balloons is of selected, long-staple cotton cord fabric. Every size is six-ply, each ply cushioned. Double frictioned with the finest rubber, it is flexible to the point of being almost impervious to external shocks. Tread of the densest rubber, giving slow, even wear and mileage heretofore believed impossible.

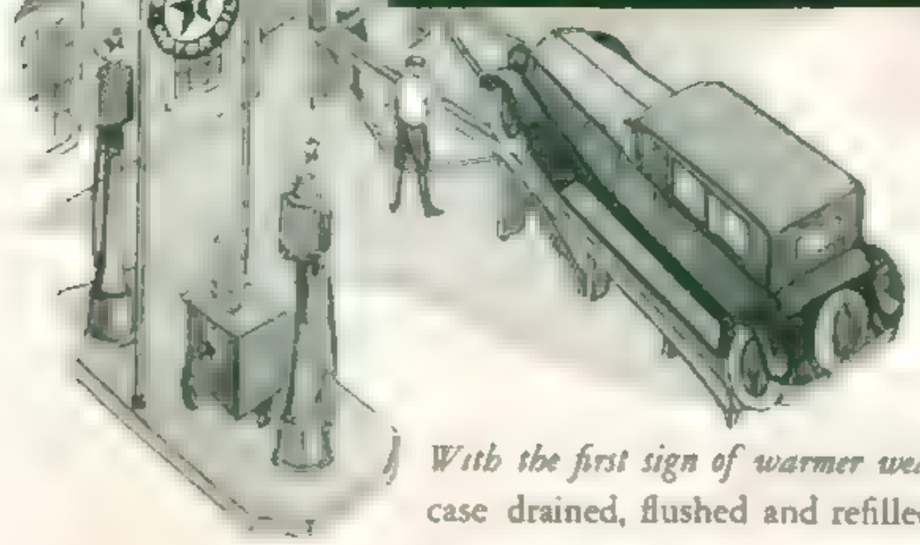
As the wheel revolves the vacuum cups grip-and-let-go, grip-and-let-go with the purring sound of suction created and released—"the song of safety" motorists call it.

The final need of modern motoring is met in the adaptation of the vacuum principle to the balloon tire.

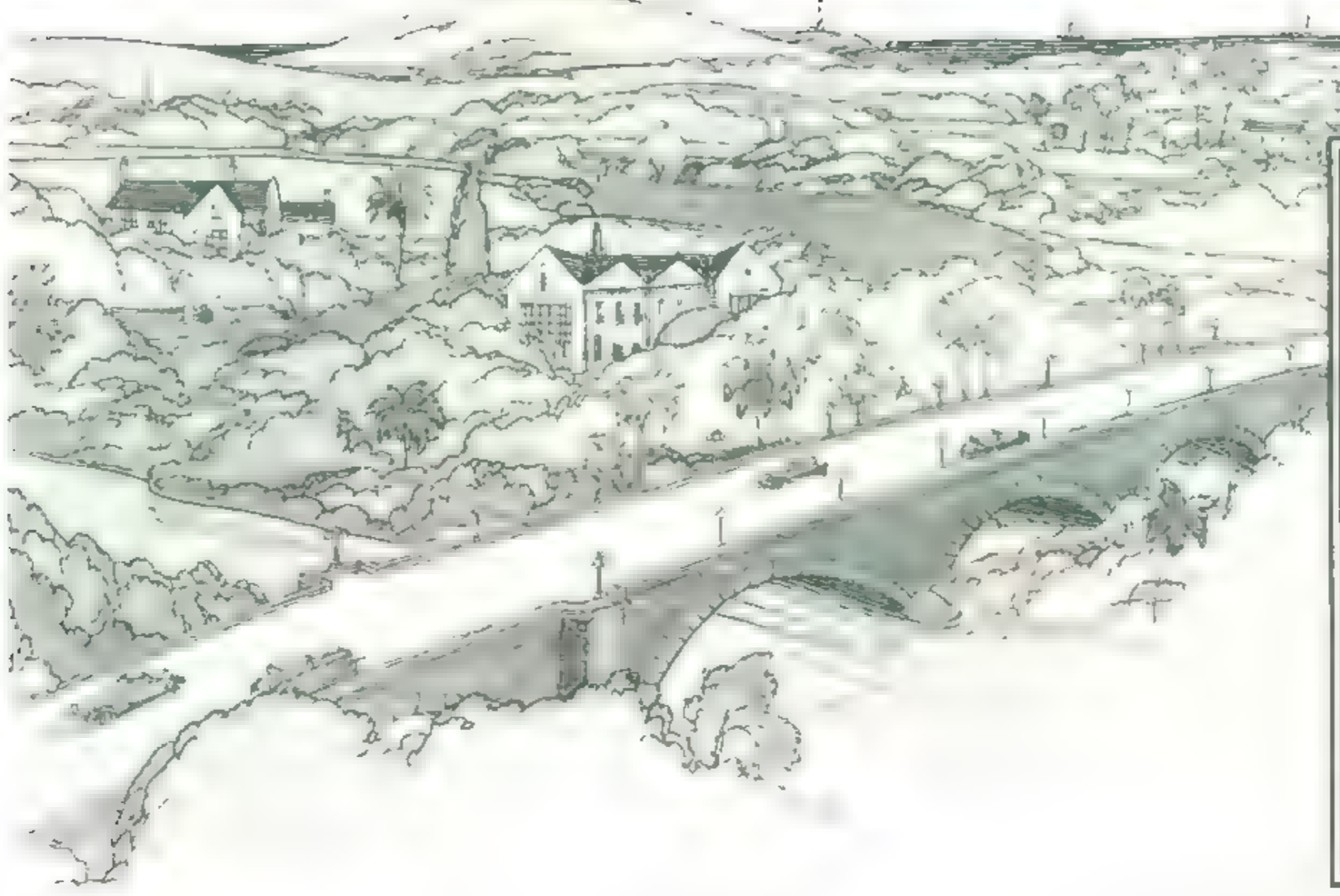
And if driving conditions where you live are such that friction treads are still satisfactory, remember that you can get maximum value in sturdy, long-mileage Pennsylvania Balloons and Jeannette Tires, also made by us.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY OF AMERICA, Inc.
Jeannette, Pennsylvania

Pennsylvania VACUUM CUP BALLOONS



With the first sign of warmer weather have your crankcase drained, flushed and refilled with fresh oil. Most cars require a change in *grade* also. Consult the Condensed Texaco Lubrication Chart on the page opposite



Condensed

TEXACO LUBRICATION CHART

The makes of cars listed represent more than 94% of all cars in service. Check carefully to see if your car requires a change to summer grade.

NOTE: Cold Weather recommendations apply at temperatures below 50° F. Where two grades are indicated, the heavier oil should be used during extremely hot weather.

Make of Car	Cold Weather	Warm Weather	Make of Car	Cold Weather	Warm Weather
Buick	M	H	La Salle	H	EH or S
Cadillac	H	EH or S	Lincoln	H	EH
Chandler	M	H or EH	Marmon	M	H or EH
Chevrolet	H	H or EH	Nash	M	H or EH
Chrysler	H	H or EH	Oakland	M	H
Dodge	M	H or EH	Oldsmobile	M	H
Essex	M	H or EH	Overland	M	H
Ford A	M	H	Packard	H	EH or S
Ford T	FF	F	Peerless	M	H
Franklin	H	EH	Pontiac	M	H
Hudson	M	H	Reo	M	H
Hupmobile	M	H	Star	M	H
Jewett	M	H	Studebaker	M	H or EH
Jordan	M	H	Willys-Knight	M	EH

NOTE: The letter M on the Texaco Chart indicates Texaco Motor Oil, H indicates Texaco *Heavy*, EH indicates Texaco *Extra Heavy*, S indicates Texaco *Super Heavy*. Texaco Golden Motor Oil conforms in viscosity with the viscosity grades of the Society of Automotive Engineers.

About this time of the year

—the romance of the open road calls to everyone! But remember that most cars today require a heavier grade of motor oil for warm weather driving; certainly the majority of 1928 engines do.

For today's finer, faster engines run hotter. Upon higher heat . . . faster "turn over" . . . more explosions . . . depends their increased efficiency. Such engines demand *exact* lubrication; the right grade of motor oil is not only important, it is *imperative.*

Texaco Motor Oil, clean, clear, golden . . . is scientifically refined and of full viscous body. Each grade is designed to provide correct lubrication for a definite type of engine . . . to ensure full protection against heat and friction.

Change your motor oil now . . . *today.* And while you are changing *make sure of both brand and grade.* This is the invariable practice of those motorists who know that flawless motoring and Texaco lubrication seem to be inseparable partners!

A dealer near you sells golden Texaco Motor Oil. The Texaco Red Star and Green T identifies him.

FULL BODY

IN ALL GRADES

Clean-Clear-Golden

TEXACO

Motor Oil

The Texas Company, 17 Battery Place, New York City, *Texaco Petroleum Products*

Today's Higher Speeds ...

Make PERFECT CIRCLES Even More Important

WHETHER you're loafing at twenty—or stepping along at fifty or more—PERFECT CIRCLES take good care of your motor—supplying the cylinder-walls and pistons with *all* the oil they need—yet saving every drop of oil that isn't actually required.

At today's higher speeds—when cars *can* and *do* go faster .... PERFECT CIRCLES are in step with the times .... They supply exactly the lubrication you need—varying it automatically to protect your motor at *every* speed.

An impressive group of America's leading makers of passenger cars, trucks and buses—140 of them—have adopted PERFECT CIRCLES as standard equipment. They *know* the advantages of these better piston rings. You can have these same benefits for your motor, for PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* rings are installed by good repairmen everywhere. Ask for PERFECT CIRCLES by name.

THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANY, Hagerstown, Indiana
Export Sales Department, 549 West Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois

Compression Type, 30c

Oil-Regulating Type, 60c
Pat. May 2, 1922

It will pay you—in increased power and improved performance—to have PERFECT CIRCLE *Compression* rings installed along with PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* rings. They hold compression and prevent Blow-by (leakage of explosion gases past inferior or worn-out piston rings). To insist that this PERFECT CIRCLE combination be used in your engine is the one sure way to get the finest piston ring equipment.

PERFECT CIRCLE
PISTON RINGS

(Continued from Page 130)

with the achievement of the founders of the country. That is not fair. The country is a far more complex organization than it was in 1800; the founders of any country are usually the very highest type of men; the country seldom remains for any length of time the near-Utopia it was when first conceived. In order to discern whether the United States has progressed or degenerated, politically, socially and intellectually, the critic should start in about 1830. If he will study conditions from then on, he will not, I think, remain depressed.

If anyone will state that the political and diplomatic mind, save among the leaders of a country, is not likely to be the highest type of mind, I will be inclined to agree with him, but taking that into consideration, and even taking into consideration the direct election of senators, I would like to have proved to me—by facts, not statements—that the Government of the United States, by and large, in all its departments, is not a more dignified proceeding than it has ever been in its history, save, perhaps, for those bright years between 1776 and 1829. And even those years were not so bright as many people think them.

I find that most people who deride, let us say, the personnel of the Senate, when they are questioned, exhibit entire ignorance of that personnel. This is a test I have tried many times. Starting, as an arbitary example, with Cutting of New Mexico, and working through to Moses of New Hampshire, this personnel, although it may often be mistaken, compares well in dignity with any other upper house in the world. When undignified people are elected to it they are speedily laughed into silence or out of office. Indeed, sometimes they are unconscious agents of good. Many a backward state has been awakened by an undignified senator. Once more, one of the benefits of a democracy is that a fool in a high place is more easily isolated and more easily retired than a fool under a Tory system of government. There is no delusion that a fool, simply because he is a gentleman, is any less of a fool.

I find that the same people who writhe uneasily because of the personnel of our representative bodies, about which they know nothing, are equally ignorant of the personnel and accomplishments of our government bureaus; of their intelligence, honesty and record of hard work; of the experts who man them; of their vast improvement over the bureaus of previous years. They are not always honest. No, of course not. They are not always intelligent. During the stress of great wars instances of stupidity and dishonesty are likely to come to the surface, but if you know anything about these bureaus at all, you will know that evolution has been effectively leavening them. For one thing, the spoils system, formerly their basis, has been replaced by a real fervor for accomplishment and governmental service.

Skeins of American Life

As political machines become smaller they are likely to become more corrupt, less dignified, for the rewards do not attract so high a type of man. The political machine that governs a city is not so likely to be as honest or intelligent as the machine that governs a country; but even here, it seems to me, the impartial observer can find an improvement in American affairs, both in personnel and accomplishment. The Tammany of today is nothing like the Tammany of forty years ago. In even the most corrupt city—and there are far too many of them—the political rings are required to give a return for the money they steal that would have outraged the ward politicians of half a century ago.

To my way of thinking, you can take any other skein of American life and, following it through, arrive at the same conclusion. The skein of increasing honesty and intelligence in business; the skein of a more worldly and less provincial point of view; the skein of an increasing interest in the things of the mind; the skein of maturity and wisdom; the skein of the comfort of living as opposed to mere luxury without comfort—a dozen other skeins. And so long as this evolutionary process is discernible I am not overwhelmed by any temporary thunderstorms.

If numerous people wish to run up and down the country in nightshirts committing outrages—although any possible victim should be protected and all outrages severely punished—the paraders should be allowed to parade until they drop from exhaustion. If you have a fractious horse, you exercise him; you do not keep him in the stable. Mr. Durant's supposition and the supposition of the Tory mind -for the socialistic mind and the Tory mind are alike in their belief in direct action and their real contempt for the ordinary citizen, their denial of any urge toward superiority—is that if enough people parade in their nightshirts, pretty soon everyone will be parading in his nightshirt and the country will become a nightshirt land. To the contrary, the democratic belief is that in every country there are born too many strong people who have an instinctive dislike for nightshirts, save in their proper places, to permit this to happen, and that an overuse of the nightshirt eventually strengthens the hands of these people, just as it weakens the ranks of the paraders.

Slow to Change

I am not even depressed by our record of crime or our conduct of murder trials; perhaps at present the principal charges being brought by the Tory mind to prove the failure of democracy. Indeed, from a large point of view I find both encouraging, and arguments in favor of democracy, not against it. There are new factors at work that will eventually force, for the first time in history, a real appreciation of crime and possibly a real cure for it. Crime has always been with the world. Because of the growing misery and humiliation of our position in this respect, before long we will find ourselves taking drastic steps, and those drastic steps will of necessity be intelligent ones. To suppose that any great and peaceful community will allow itself to be conquered, or even continually insulted, by crime is absurd. Yet, on the other hand, mankind will not move until it has to. It is only when conditions become impossible that they are changed. Crime is no more inevitable than yellow fever. When, for the first time in history, a great nation is forced to investigate the causes of crime, as shortly we will be forced to do, as our engineers were forced to investigate the causes of yellow fever in building the Panama Canal, then crime will be cured because the conditions that make it will be cured. The plagues that swept Europe in the Middle Ages were the mothers of sanitation and preventive medicine.

A Sure Way to be Famous

Furthermore, crime is usually no more than energy and a certain amount of imagination misused and misplaced. It might be called energy minus character. The lack of crime in countries where there are vast suppressed populations, where suppression is part of the average man's point of view, does not seem to me a subject for particular congratulation. To begin with, under such circumstances no attempt will ever be made effectively to cure crime; to end with, lack of energy in itself is no virtue.

For the same reason our criminal justice, dreadful as it may be as a present spectacle, is not philosophically a hopeless one. The American's dislike for inflicting capital punishment—a dislike that has been present all through his history—is not a sign of sentimentality or barbarism; it is a sign of civilization and logic. Nor is it contradicted by the American's predilection for personal violence. Both are part of a whole. The injured citizen realizes the hesitation his fellow citizens will experience in punishing, under the present laws, the man who has injured him.

This is no argument for or against capital punishment, but every intelligent man knows that our present procedure, far from diminishing crime, promotes it; and this same intelligent man is gradually coming to the conclusion that it is the dignity, sureness and inevitable swiftness of punishment that is the deterrent, not its severity. It is this dignity, sureness and formidable celerity that frightens the criminal. He has not the constructive imagination to visualize the actual punishment. If he had he would not be a criminal. At all events, there is an impediment in our major justice and this impediment must be removed. As far as I am personally concerned, the object would seem to be to get murder out of the world, not to perpetuate it by reserving to any government the right legally to perform it.

Biscayne Bay, Florida

It is perhaps in the essential idea of democracy itself that the evolutionary urge toward superiority can be as clearly traced in the American mind as anywhere else. The most difficult charge to answer of all those made against democracy, and one frequently made even by the friends of democracy, is that although democracy may liberate and enrich the mass of the population, it has a constant tendency to pull down to one common level the extraordinary man. Matthew Arnold said that unless an American thought like his fellows he had to emigrate. Today I should say that one of the surest ways to become famous and prosperous, and with increasing emphasis, is not to think like your fellows. But however that may be, if you will trace from 1776 to the present the American's idea of equality, you will notice curious changes.

No critic who knows anything of American history believes for one moment that the words "All men are created equal" meant, to the men who stated this philosophical proposition, more than the ideal that all men should have, as much as humanly possible, equal opportunity. But the words have been distorted by both the unthinking democrat and the hostile Tory.

This country started as a small aristocratic republic. In 1829 it became for a while the home of a mistaken idea of democracy. Whatever may have been the other virtues fermenting in the mass, there is no doubt that to the average American for many decades, equality meant not so much the opportunity to become, through hard work and training, the equal of the best, but the opportunity to claim that, no matter how ignorant or inefficient you were, you were the equal of the best, anyway. It is on this rock that many democracies have foundered in the past. The amateur spirit properly understood is often a magnificent thing, but the amateur spirit misunderstood is the source of bad manners, stupidity and poor service. For every American to believe that he can become President is an excellent idea, but for every American to believe that no further effort is needed is a wretched and dangerous idea.

A Creative Force

That this latter belief has largely disappeared from the American mind is evident on every side; not only in the improved quality of American life, its manners and point of view, but in the improved quality of American work and craftsmanship. The growing complexity of existence—science among other factors—has informed the American that in order to succeed, knowledge, politeness and intelligence are required. He has also been informed how to appreciate and reward talent in every direction. The gate of opportunity is still wide open, but it is more closely guarded, and you have to prepare yourself better in order to pass through it. Surely this is no charge against democracy. Democracy fails only when the gate is closed.

And the gate cannot be closed unless two misfortunes happen. The gate can only be closed when a democratic government becomes an aloof bureaucracy; when the citizen who has succeeded, losing his democratic point of view, is no longer anxious to discover and reward talent. The former danger is inherent in every form of government and can only be avoided by vigilance; the second cannot happen until the whole fabric of American life and the basis of the American philosophy undergo changes which do not seem likely.

Many years ago Bernard Shaw, writing to Count Tolstoy on the nature of the Deity, spoke as follows. If you substitute for the name of the Deity the word "democracy," you have a perfect description of what I have been trying to say.

"To me," Shaw wrote, "God does not as yet exist, but there is a creative force constantly struggling to evolve an executive organ of God-like knowledge and power—that is, to achieve omnipotence and omniscience, and every man and woman born is a fresh attempt to achieve this object."

The Birth of the Automatic Idea

Achievement

When Almon B. Strowger made the first crude model of the automatic telephone switch forty years ago, he little dreamed that its fundamental principles would eventually be adapted to the needs of world industry in numerous ways.

The success of the Strowger Automatic Switch was first proved in public telephone exchanges in various parts of the world. They were later adapted to P-A-X, the accepted system of automatic interior telephony . . . today they also form the basis of the Strowger Watchman Supervisory Systems, Tele-Chec Systems (for Theaters), Industrial Fire Alarm Systems, Supervisory Control Systems for Power Stations, and Railway Signalling and Communication Systems . . . all developed on the same sound engineering principles, and utilizing largely the same proven equipment.

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A COOK'S TOUR

(Continued from Page 40)

The last means Rouen duck and I will give you the recipe, even though it cost me a lot of money.

The duck, which should be young, large and very plump, is not executed in the style of the Long Island duckling—that is, its poor little head is not laid on the block and guillotined in the manner of Marie Antoinette. The Norman chef stifles his *canard*. He creeps silently up on the poor unsuspecting fowl and, tossing a blanket over its head, smothers it. This system is used so that none of the juice shall escape from the fowl, but I consider it a nasty trick to play on a duck. There is a good deal of quacking while the duck is playing the compulsory rôle of Desdemona to the chef's Othello, but in a few minutes the unfortunate fowl's ghost has winged its last flight. It is then cleaned, after which the liver is replaced and sewed in. Once ready for the stove, the fowl should be cooked inside of three or four hours, for it goes bad very rapidly. Allow the bird to roast from fifteen to twenty-five minutes, according to size.

Bring the roast duck into the dining room and place it on a silver platter and blaze for quite some time with a good cognac. This procedure, of course, is impossible in America. The carcass and the rest of the bird—which has been cut up in advance—are thrown in a *pressoir*, or press, and all the essence that is extracted by the pressing is mixed with boiling cognac. This mixture is then stirred with a silver fork or spoon to blend the two liquids. The liquid is poured into a chafing dish and a generous lump of butter added. When it is all thoroughly melted and blended in the chafing dish, it is seasoned well with pepper. The duck is cut into thin slices and the slices are dropped into the sauce in the chafing dish. Take a spoon and keep working the sauce over the slices until they are saturated. It is then ready to serve.

Dining on a Blazed Bird

The smothered Rouen duck is easily detected from all counterfeits because of the redness of the dark flesh, due to the fact that suffocation retains all the juices. It is not a game fowl, but an ordinary barnyard bird. The cognac, or *fine champagne*, is essential and the only substitute I can suggest is lamp oil or furniture polish. The blazing of the fowl in cognac is a reminder that Joan of Arc was blazed in much the same way in the Place du Vieux-Marche in this little town of Rouen. It is unfortunate that *fine champagne* plays an important rôle in most of the cooking of Normandy, for it is also used in the recipe for *poulet maison*, the specialty of the restaurant in the Hôtel de la Couronne. However, I do not feel that I am quoting excerpts from the defunct Bartender's Guide of 1897, for the blazing of cognac absolutely deprives it of its alcoholic and stimulating qualities; after the burning, only the flavor of the liqueur remains. You can dine on a blazed bird without violating any amendment, for no alcohol remains. It is quite different from sherry or Madeira in lobster Newburg, because that dish is not burned out in the preparation and the liqueur retains its high-powered kick. Here is the recipe for *poulet maison:*

Select a tender chicken and cut in four or six pieces. Put a large lump of butter into a saucepan and cook over a hot fire. Season the chicken with salt and pepper and place the slices in the pan before the butter changes color. When the slices start to brown, turn them over. Then put the lid on the saucepan and place it in the oven.

Take a dozen raw mushrooms and chop them into small dice. Add them to the chicken when the chicken is almost cooked. Before you take the bird out of the oven, throw into the pan a small quantity of truffles sliced *en julienne* that have been previously soaked in Madeira wine. Let it boil down and then blaze the chicken with a glass of good cognac. Throw in a gill of clotted cream and let it simmer just a moment.

Arrange the chicken carefully on a silver platter. The sauce still remains in the pan, so throw a large gob of butter into the sauce and move the pan around on top of the fire, taking care that it does not come to a boil. Otherwise the sauce will break and the cream will curdle. Pour the sauce over the chicken on the platter. Make a garniture of sliced smoked ham around the edge of the platter and on each slice of ham lay a bouquet of hot asparagus tips.

The only objectionable feature is the wines, but I might add that you can procure Madeira and other wine flavors that are nonalcoholic but will supply the proper tang to the cooking, which, after all, is the thing to accomplish. The Frenchman pours rum into his cooking because of the flavors left by the blazing. It is exactly the same system as putting chocolate or vanilla into ice cream or puddings.

Shad-Roe Omelet

The cream sauce of Normandy, which is poured over everything to such an extent that you are surprised when you see a statue or a cathedral which is not painted with a coat of the sauce, is very easy to prepare. You mix equal parts of sweet Normandy cream and fresh butter. It is then melted in a double boiler. After seasoning with salt and a little Cayenne pepper, it is ready to be poured on eggs, fish, vegetables or anything in the vicinity. Our trouble in America is that we use milk that is too thin and necessitates a thickening of flour. No Normandy chef uses flour in his sauces.

The stuffed baked Seine shad is magnificent. You must go to Normandy for this dish, because the shad season is very short and the fish never runs far up the Seine. It is prepared thus:

Cleanse and wash the shad for baking. Prepare the stuffing with bread crumbs that have been soaked in milk. Mash a half dozen hard-boiled eggs and break up the shad roe into little bits. Chop some parsley, thyme and other herbs that may appeal to your taste. Season the whole with salt and pepper. Knead the eggs, roe and herbs into a paste and stuff the fish with this mixture. Sew the shad up as you would a turkey and place in a long fish pan. Cover the shad with plenty of butter. If the butter is sweet, you can add a trifle more seasoning. Put it into the oven and baste very often with the gravy.

The Norman chef does some surprising things with shad roe, but he excels his own imagination when he uses it in an omelet. Two shad roes are sufficient for six people. They are washed carefuly and bleached by steeping for five minutes in boiling water that has been slightly salted. Sometimes a piece of tuna fish as large as a hen's egg is hashed in with the roes, seasoned with a little minced shallot. After it is well mixed up, it is thrown into a saucepan with a lump of the best butter and allowed to fry lightly. This procedure is the important part of the recipe.

Next beat up a dozen eggs. Take the hot shad roe and pour it over the eggs, stirring it all up until well mixed. Cook the omelet in the usual manner. In order to make it perfect, follow Madame Poulard's system of pouring in the dash of cream at the right moment. This makes a delicious breakfast or luncheon dish and is just as good for supper. So here you have a recipe that can be eaten three times a day during the shad season, and a dish also that confounds the Parisian claim that Norman chefs do not know what they are cooking about.

The roses that shine in Picardy run second to the cuisine that glistens in Normandy. The finest of plain cooking is that prepared by the farmers' wives. It is also the most economical. I admit that the male chef has the greatest reputation at the stove, but he has acquired it in big hotels and restaurants that spend immense sums of money in experimental cooking, knowing that they will get back their outlay from the innocent tourist. But when it comes to fine cooking with little cost, it is the women of the world who invent the simple and nutritious dishes. Put Oscar of the Waldorf in a lumber camp and I'll guarantee that he will never get famous for ham and eggs with boiled potatoes. But when Oscar has a corporation and ten million dollars in back of him, he becomes famous for ham with champagne sauce and eggs with diamond dust.

Normandy is famous for its apples, and its apples are famous for their cider. The juices of six or seven different brands of apple are squeezed in the presses and the cider thus possesses all the aromas and flavors of the finest fruit. It is rarely used in cooking, but is reserved for drinking with certain dishes, and goes best of all with tripe. When you speak of tripe, there is only one kind in your mind and that is tripe *à la mode de Caen*. The town of Caen is a short ride from Rouen and is known the world over for its tripe. The recipe:

Garnish the bottom of an earthenware dish with slices of onions and carrots, bunches of laurel and thyme, and several cloves and peppercorns. Season with salt to taste. On top of this base of vegetables and herbs, place your tripe, which you have previously chopped into squares of about two inches. At the same time add a few pieces of calf's foot. There is a certain essence thrown out from calf's foot in cooking that can be attained from no other meat and it serves beautifully as a foil for the tripe. Place another layer of carrots over the tripe, then another layer of tripe over the carrots, and continue the layers until the deep earthenware dish is two-thirds full. Add enough water almost to fill the dish and place a cover securely on top and cook for about ten hours. After uncovering the dish, reduce the water by boiling. It should be served directly from the dish itself to make certain that it is red hot when it reaches the table.

The Secret of a Dish of Tripe

Some twenty-five years ago I went to Caen to get the original recipe for tripe *à la mode de Caen*, and that recipe called for apple cider to be added to the dish at the same time with the water. We cooked it with cider at Rector's and the same method was employed at the immortal Delmonico's. The first time I ate it was in Kinsley's Restaurant, in Adams Street, Chicago. Gustave Baumann, a renowned Swiss restaurateur, married Kinsley's daughter after Kinsley had made a fortune serving honeycomb tripe. The secret of the tenderness of Kinsley's tripe was that he boiled it overnight to break down its natural toughness.

When Kinsley opened the Holland House in New York he made honeycomb tripe his specialty. The Holland House was considered the greatest hotel restaurant in the United States by the epicureans, and I know that the late Marshall Field made the Holland House his New York headquarters.

There is another way of serving tripe with a Creole sauce, but I consider the Caen recipe to be the best. The preparations should include a washing of the tripe until it is perfectly white. A quantity of beef marrow added to the boiling pot will make the tripe rich and mellow. When cooking for six persons, you should use about a pound and a half of butter and a pound of beef fat. Considering the present price of butter, I should judge that tripe is an expensive dish.

(Continued on Page 139

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OUT OF THE WEST COMES

MARLAND

Super MOTOR OIL

(Continued from Page 136)

At Honfleur, which is on the Gold Coast of France, about thirteen kilometers from Trouville, is the Hotel St. Simeon, reconstructed from the monastery built in the fourteenth century. A seat at a St. Simeon table for luncheon is just about as economical as a seat on the New York Stock Exchange. Incidentally, the present owner does own a seat on the New York Exchange, for he is an American with an imported Vandyke beard that makes him look like a European.

This inn is his hobby and he operates it on the theory that the rich tourist loves to complain about the high cost of gadding about. His chef, Jules Ansaldi, is well known to New Yorkers, for he formed a partnership with Vernon Castle in the old days and opened the Sans Souci restaurant at Forty-second and Seventh Avenue in the new building erected on what was formerly the site of the old Metropole Hotel, run by the Considine brothers. Castle and his wife had just caught the popular fancy with their exquisite dancing and Jules was smart enough to see their possibilities. The restaurant was a success, but when the war broke out Castle entered aviation and Jules went home to France to fight.

But as I said before, the summer resorts of France are expensive. I didn't eat at the Hotel St. Simeon. I went straight through the dining room into the kitchen and ate with some chefs who knew me in Paris around 1900. I hornswoggled Jules out of two very fine recipes, one for lobster *gratinée* and the other for *poulet St. Simeon*. The *langouste gratinée* recipe is simple:

Slice your lobster the long way down the middle. Remove the flesh and chop it up into small pieces. Make a sauce *béchamel*, adding grated Gruyère cheese. Mix the lobster meat with the sauce and then stuff into the two half shells. Powder with grated cheese and then brown in the oven.

Every Town Has Its Fame

Sauce *béchamel* is practically the same as the cream sauce well known to housewives except that a very strong reduction of consommé is added, which gives the sauce a good body.

The *bourdelots*, or fruit dumplings, of Normandy are a specialty of that beautiful district and can be made with apples, peaches or pears, thus:

If you are going to prepare a dozen pears, take a pound of flour, pile it on a kneading board and make a hole in the center. In the hole put a half pound of butter, one egg, a gill of water and two pinches of table salt. Work these ingredients together with your hands and spread the resulting paste out with a roller. Cut the slices of paste very thin and use each slice to cover a pear. The pears should be about half cooked before being covered with the paste. It is not necessary to peel the fruit, but, of course, a peeled pear is more appetizing to the eye. After the dozen pears are wrapped in the paste, color them with the yolk of egg diluted with water. This glazes the dumplings and gives them a nice brown color in the cooking. Place the dumplings in a large pie pan and put them in the oven to bake slowly for thirty minutes or so.

Each little town in Normandy is famous for one individual thing—fish, tapestry, cheese, paintings or sausage. The creator of a new dish has the same chance of acquiring immortality as any of the saints, for if Rouen is dedicated to Joan of Arc, did not Vimoutiers erect a statue to the woman who invented Camembert cheese? Each inn along the road is a little more historic than the tavern of the previous day, but it is not until you arrive at Honfleur that you reach the most famous of all the inns of the world. This is the spot where the epicurean and the gourmet bare their heads, for here is the fountainhead of the restaurateurs, *L'Hôtellerie Guillaume la Conquérant*—the Inn of William the Conqueror. It has changed much since I first saw it twenty-five years ago. It was a village tavern then, but the dollars of the prodigal tourist have transformed it from an antique Norman inn into a modern restaurant. This is due to the location, as it is but a short motor trip from those capitals of expenditure, Trouville and Deauville.

The inn was built by Bill the Conqueror on a favorable spot overlooking the tides of the River Dives, where his boats were slowly taking shape and his army was waiting to be ferried across the Channel. For Bill had the idea of invading England and putting his conquering touches on that well-known island. The Dives still flows to the sea, but William's boats and William have gone many centuries ago. Only the inn remains. It eventually became the seigneurial home of Sieur de Semilly, whoever he was, and his family arms are still seen on a door panel. It gained its fame as a modern inn under the able guidance of Madame Leremois, who ran it until her death. But even now it is impossible to destroy its age-old charm.

The Norman Barbecue

There was also a Monsieur Leremois, but a woman is the big factor in all French inns. There may be a male waiter serving food prepared by a man chef, but you can bet that all the marketing and the receipts are handled by the wife. Incidentally, I have often wondered why America has no famous inns, and I think the answer is that inns are not made notable by architecture or money, but by associations. There is but one inn which stands out clearly in the United States, and that one has recently been bought by Henry Ford. It is famous because of one thing only: It was there that Longfellow wrote his Tales of a Wayside Inn. New Yorkers may jump up and ask about Fraunce's Tavern, Philadelphians may inquire about the King of Prussia and Jerseyites may become patriotic about the White Horse Tavern, but the Wayside Inn is the daddy of them all.

And where the Wayside Inn had its Longfellow, the Inn of William the Conqueror has its Madame de Sévigné, its Daubigny and even its Dumas. It was here that George Sand wrote some of her books, meanwhile smoking a powerful black cigar, wearing trousers and otherwise confounding the simple Norman peasants who did not know whether this queer-looking person was author or authoress. Louis XI used the inn as a stop-over on his pilgrimages to Mont St.-Michel, and Henry IV acquired a case of historical colic under the same roof. Henry made the mistake of indulging too strongly in his favorite dish of copperish Norman oysters, and the details of that ancient spasm of stomach twinges are among the state archives of France. For a king with colic is still the king, even though he lacks the supreme authority essential to the banishment of an oyster from his regal domains. I didn't try any oysters of the Henry IV period, for I respect their ancestors too much.

There is no doubt that the Norman is a big eater and a bigger drinker. If the barbecue originated anywhere, it must have started in this section of France. But even with the grossness, there is always a fine touch, for who but a Norman would think of barbecuing a whole beef garnished with burned almonds?

And where else would you hear of a chicken stuffed with a smaller chicken and the smaller bird stuffed with a pigeon? And lest the pigeon feel slighted, that, in turn, is also stuffed with a delicious mixture of meat and bread crumbs.

They stuff everything in Normandy, but, most of all, themselves. And every course is saluted with a gulp of some ancient liqueur. Every feathered and every furred creature tastes better in Normandy, for the birds and rabbits live on thyme, laurel and aromatic herbs. The Parisians call the Normans clodhoppers and peasants, but this criticism is less constructive than envious. It is one spot in France that is France. I wish they would lower their prices a little and then it would be possible to enjoy the meals.

The fish at the William the Conqueror are just as good as the other food, for Honfleur is on the seacoast. Best of all the fish is the Channel sole, and I want to say a word for the Norman fisherman. He has all the bravery of the New Englanders of Salem and thinks nothing of daring the Atlantic in a rattletrap scow with a patched sail and a couple of oars. The French trawlers are propelled by steam, but they are the most ridiculous jiggers that ever sailed the sea. You can see them, fifty miles out from Havre, from the decks of the ocean liners, as they bob up and down in the trough of the seas. Each trawler is as rusty as a tomato can on a deserted picnic ground, and the hundreds of gulls flying around them make the trawlers resemble seagoing bird cages. That's what they look like—bird cages, with the birds outside trying to get in.

Here is a fine recipe for *sole maison*, or sole in the manner of the house:

Butter an oval-shaped pan and put in some sliced mushrooms, a little bouquet of thyme and laurel, a sprig of parsley, and season with salt and pepper from the pepper mill. You can even take the peppercorns and mash them yourselves. After these preliminary efforts, put the sole in the pan. Pour an essence of fish consommé over the sole, but not enough to cover the fish entirely.

On account of the abundance of fish in Normandy and the exacting manner in which each fish must be prepared, all Norman inns and households have ready at all times what is known in the French as *fond*. This *fond* is a reserve supply of fish consommé made from a large number of fish after the fillets have been cut out. The fish are boiled down in a huge kettle and the essence obtained from the process is the *fond*, which is set aside and drawn upon when needed. As no American housewife maintains a *fond*, it will be found necessary to prepare your fish sauce the night before or do without it. There is no substitute for it and it is the secret of the dish. Cover the sole with heavy brown paper which has been soaked in butter. Then over the paper place a plate turned upside down. When the dish is about to come to a boil shove the pan to one side of the fire. The idea is to allow the fish to cook without boiling.

Garnished With Stuffed Mushrooms

Pour the sauce out of the pan and reduce it separately in another pan over a hot fire. Then move this pan over to one side of the stove also, and add small lumps of good butter. Keep stirring with a whip and adding butter until you think you have a sufficient quantity of sauce. Strain through a very fine sieve or piece of clean white fabric, preferably muslin. Place your sole on a platter, put it in the oven to get it well warmed again and pour your completed sauce over it.

The Normans use a garniture for this dish consisting of asparagus tips, small diced potatoes, fresh mushrooms stuffed with tiny bits of shrimp and a little bouquet of hashed truffle. But then the Normans would think of something like that. Their dishes are supposed to appeal to the eye as well as the stomach, and I think they are right. Another thing about this recipe is that the sole is not an American delicacy. But if you care to work out this cross-word recipe, we have a capable proxy in a fish that swims in Western Atlantic waters, the good old flounder. Or you can practice on a sea trout or any other fish. It is a shame that the Florida pompano does not stand up well under shipment to the North or Middle West, because the recipe is ideal for it. The Florida land boom accomplished one good thing for the rest of America when it introduced the winter tourist to the delicious pompano.

Looking over this recipe for sole, you will notice the brown buttered paper and the reversed dish. Their use results in a poached or steamed fish, for the Frenchman does not like his fish boiled. That is

(Continued on Page 141)

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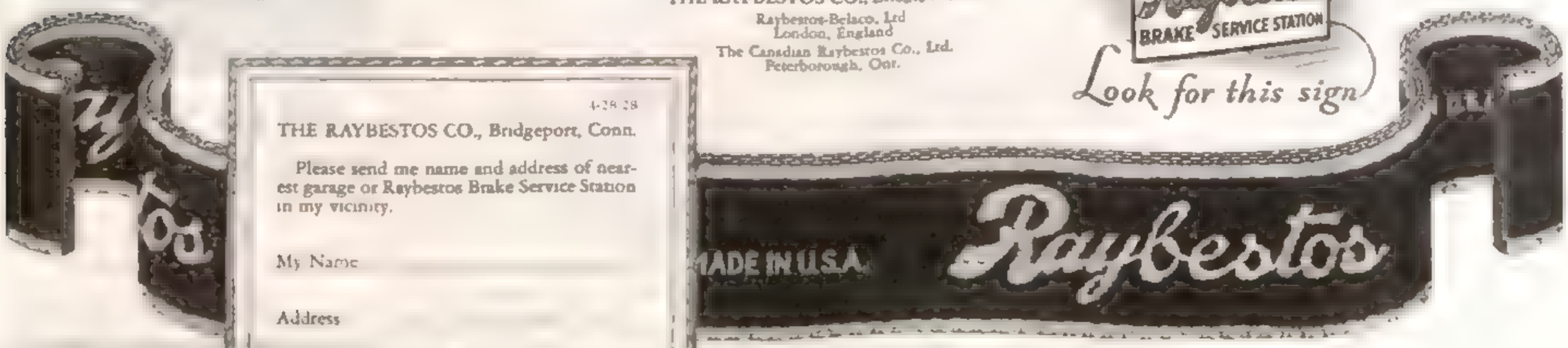

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why he does not cover the sole entirely with the sauce, thereby preventing the fish from swimming in a pool of liquid which would result in boiling instead of poaching. They have some pretty fine points in French cuisine, and the usefulness of this recipe will depend on the personal judgment of the person trying it.

Every fish cooked by a Norman chef gets the same care and attention that he would bestow on a rich and infirm old uncle who has designated him as his heir. He is considerate and gentle in his treatment of it, at the same time slowly and surely hastening its end. You find the same care lavished on the famous Norman ham, which is cooked in cider, served with a cider sauce and washed down with bumpers of cider. It is the only ham that I have tasted prepared in this way, and the result is that the fat is just as toothsome as the meat. I started in by cutting the fat away from the ham, for I never eat fat. The chef remonstrated with me when he saw my actions and told me if I didn't want the fat he would eat it himself. Thereupon I tasted the fat and found it three times better than excellent.

First Catch the Rabbit

The cider is not of the hard variety. When the Norman wants his cider hard he allows it to age and puts it through a course of sprouts that results in a cider tougher than bootleg. When the peasant gets primed with this motive power he is transformed from a gentle citizen into a raging demon who beats his wife, daughters, sons, neighbors, cows, horses, and is even liable to waste many a heavy whack on the marble statue of Louis the Magnificent.

I find the meat dishes of Normandy are about average. You don't hear much about them, as they are lost in a maze of unique rural specialties. The tourists going into Honfleur, Houlgate, Avranches and other quaint burgs are not after beefsteaks and chops. However, no cook's tour would be complete without a meat dish, so tie your napkins around your neck, for here comes the gravy:

This dish is of the class known as *les bons plats de France*, one of the good French dishes, and is beef sautéed in the pan. Cut some very thin slices of meat from the hip or sirloin. Place a large piece of the best butter, about the size of an egg, in a saucepan and then put your slices of beef in the pan. Season with salt and pepper and add some thin slices of onion. Cook the beef for five minutes over a slow fire. Then turn the meat over and allow it to cook for five minutes on the other side. Great care should be taken not to allow the onions to burn. Add half a glass of bouillon which has been already mixed with a little potato flour. During the cooking a small teaspoonful of vinegar should be added to the pan. When the bouillon is added, the dish is ready to serve.

The meat of the rabbit is also treasured by the Normans, and they have always managed to get it even in the days when they were forced to poach in the woods and parks of the grand seigneurs. The peasant was a deliberate lad who first caught his rabbit and then thought about the recipe:

Catch or buy a wild rabbit and remove all the bones. Keep the legs, liver and hindquarters. Chop the meat all up except a few small pieces which are to be retained for the fillets. These fillets are to be cut lengthwise. Add a pound of finely chopped pork. Mix the rabbit meat and the pork well together, adding salt, pepper, a dash of nutmeg and a spoonful of cognac. Trim an earthenware dish, which should be deep, with strips of pig's fat and spread a layer of the mixed rabbit meat and pork over this. Then put a layer of bacon over the meat and a piece of fillet over that. Repeat these layers until the dish is full. Cover the dish with strips of pig's fat and add a leaf of laurel and one of thyme. Then put the dish into the oven and permit it to cook for two hours.

This is a wild-rabbit *pâté*. And as *pâté de foie gras* and every other kind of *pâté* is served cold, you must allow this dish to cool off before serving. After cooking, place it in the ice box and keep it there until ready to dine, otherwise it will spoil. I have never before run across this method of preparing rabbit, as my only recollection of rabbit is in the form of a stew. The rabbit *pâté* listens good, but I suspect that the work and trouble involved in the preparation will make it unpopular with anybody who bends over a hot stove. However, if nobody calls for this recipe inside of thirty days, it belongs to the person who found it, so I suspect it will be my property until I pass on.

Shrimps also are very important in the Norman cuisine. You can buy them in bags and shell them like peanuts at a baseball game. They are not only eaten for their individual merits but are also used as garnitures for meat, fowl and fish. Any time you turn over a mushroom there is sure to be a shrimp hiding under it like a bug under a rug. Slice yourself a piece of fish and a hundred shrimps jump out at you. Every piece of salad leaf has a shrimp under it, and there is even a bisque of shrimp, which means the little devils are in the soup. It's a wonder they don't make earrings out of them. The *écrevisse*, or crawfish, is another popular marine horror. It is mashed in rice, eaten in sandwiches and made the guest of honor in a thick soup. If you like crawfish, then Normandy is your garden spot for thousand leggers. I don't eat them and neither do I eat snails. Americans eat very few things that crawl, but a thing must crawl very fast to stop a European from eating it, bones and all.

The eel, not so stylish in America, is much sought after in Normandy and all over France. I have quite a few recipes obtained from the old-timers, but I don't intend to publish them, because there is something slinky and shivery about an eel, especially when I remember that the Roman nobles under the Emperor Domitian used to throw their slaves to the lampreys. Therefore, when the nobles ate the eels later on they were committing second-class cannibalism, which is within the law but outside the ethics.

Perfumed Eel Stew

The eel is dished up in Normandy in the form of a fish stew, mixed with carp, sole, shrimp and crawfish, and flavored with thyme, laurel, parsley and garlic. This mess is perfumed with *vin ordinaire* and spangled with three dozen small onions which have been scorched in butter. The ensemble resembles the day's output of a dredge that has been scooping up the bottom of a river. So far as the American appetite is concerned, there are too many good things floating and swimming in the sea that save us the necessity of diving into the mud for more obscure eatables. We will eat the turtle and the lobster, but the eel and the snail belong to the League of Nations.

Summing up the cuisine of Normandy, I should say that it is the purest in Europe and the only one that has not been influenced by the flow of years and the waves of tourists. The Normandy cream and butter, the two essential ingredients of good cooking, are the finest in the world. With these twin jewels as a base, the Norman is able to fashion a tiara of food that sparkles like a lighthouse in an ocean of mediocre eatables. The Norman doesn't care a whack what the Parisians think about him, and his system must be right, for every tourist I have met crowns the Norman as the chef of chefs.

His little feathered Pal faced death with him

Everyone around the mine knew Danny. He was the fire-boss, so it was his duty to inspect the mines for gas. Pal, his little golden canary, often helped him in his lonely search for gas. One day there was a terrible explosion. Danny led the rescue parties with the aid of Pal. When the last mangled body had been brought to the surface Danny discovered that Pal had been left to die in the mine. In spite of the warnings that another and greater explosion was certain, he went back alone to search for his little feathered friend.

Another explosion did follow and barred the entrance to the mine. Danny's friends dug their way into the doomed mine but could find no trace of Danny. They were about to give up the search when a canary's excited chirp guided them to a fall of slate where Danny lay half buried and unconscious.

During the long days of Danny's convalescence, Pal sang cheerfully and confidently even when the doctors shook their heads.

"Sure, and the wee feathered rascal knows more than any of the doctors," said Danny. "Didn't he save my life in the first place, and now he's going to sing me back to a man's work in the world again."

So Pal sang Danny back to his old job as fire-boss in the mine. "It's great to hear Danny come whistling down the entries again," said the miners. "And it's great to hear Pal greet him when he comes whistling home at dawn," said Danny's mother.

Get your bird guest a Hendryx Bird Home

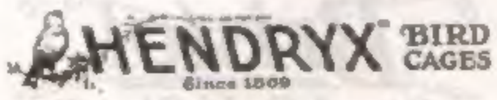
No pet in your home will so endear itself to everyone, young and old, as will a canary. And a bird is the only pet whose living quarters add a decorative note of beauty to your home. Colorful designs in Pyralin or Duco finishes are made to harmonize with every interior.

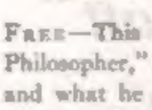
Look to see the Hendryx name on the cage you buy. Ask your dealer to point out the Hendryx "Nine Points of Perfection." You may see the newest Hendryx designs at your nearest pet shop, florist, seed or hardware store, house furnishing or department store.

Prices range from $2.00 to $150.00; stands from $2.50 to $25.00.

In the Bird Store

"Cheerio, cheerio-o!" gayly sang the Littlest Bird. "You are wasting your breath on that man," said the Wise Old Bird. "No, I'm not. He just confided to me that he always wanted a bird, and he is going to pick out a lovely Hendryx to put in the living-room window, so that his wife will let him have me. Tra-la-la!"





One of the Hendryx "Nine Points of Perfection"

In Hendryx cages base hook catches are convenient to operate and sure. They have self-locking features so that the bottom portion of cage will not fall off. This is one of the features making HENDRYX *Bird Homes so easy to cleanse that a child can do it.*

FREE—This charming booklet, "The Feathered Philosopher," the story of "Cheri," a little canary and what he taught people about "life, cheerfulness, happiness and love." Illustrated in colors, it makes an attractive gift to send to your bird-loving friends. A free copy will be sent to you and to any friends whose names you send us. Write to The Andrew B. Hendryx Company, 82 Audubon Street, New Haven, Conn.

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For your protection — look for this gold label on the shaft itself.

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So bear this in mind the next time you think of buying a golf club—only the Bristol "Gold Label" Steel Golf Shaft can be made of "spring steel". Its exclusive manufacturing processes make this so.

For your protection there is a gold label on every Bristol "Gold Label" Shaft, no matter who is the maker of the club. Look for it—unless it is there, you are not getting a steel shaft made of genuine "spring steel". After once using a Bristol, you will know what we mean.

"made of Spring Steel"

Bristol Steel Golf Shaft

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Upon request we will send you an interesting little booklet on golf.

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING CO.
2042 HORTON STREET, BRISTOL, CONN.

AN AMERICAN COMEDY

(Continued from Page 38)

Soon we have more gags—and good ones—than we possibly can crowd into the picture. Some we discard without trial, others will be edited out. Some were worked out in the gag room, others were born of spontaneous combustion in the midst of camera operations. We finish the greater part of the comedy factions before we turn back to the neglected plot. For example, we began work on Speedy in midsummer. At Christmas, the picture three-fourths or more finished, we first turned our minds to devising an opening sequence, and not until a month later did we consider how to end the story.

All of the baseball and Subway, virtually all of the taxi and Coney Island, and much of the horse-car faction were made in New York and the picture completed in the studio and on location on the Coast. On undeveloped acreage we own in Westwood Hills we built a replica of the Sheridan Square neighborhood on the lower West Side of Manhattan. Some of the picture was taken in the true Sheridan Square, some of it in this California reproduction, and it will need a 20-20 eye to tell them apart in the film. Such salvage as this costly set produces will be in the form of rentals for occasional use by other companies.

The taxi faction is a good example; let's take it apart and see how it works. Three or four ways of opening it occurred to us. We chose one which would let the audience in on the joke. Speedy, out of work again, reads a want ad calling for a "Taxi driver; must be steady and reliable." That, as the audience already knows, is precisely what Speedy is not, and it snickers in anticipation. Speedy next is seen at the wheel of his cab in the garage doorway, listening to the parting instructions of his boss. There is an oil cart in front of the garage, an Out of Order sign hung on it. As Speedy drives away, the right-hand door handle of his cab hooks the sign and carries it off. That is a gag. It is a good gag because it lays a train of comedy and because it could happen to any taxi driver. We took the scene half a dozen times and I did not fail once to hook the sign. Another employe could have hung it on the cab in mischief or jealousy, but that is neither as simple nor as essentially funny as its accidental transfer.

The Audience in Your Confidence

A fade-out designates a lapse of time, and the picture fades in to show the taxi at the curb, Speedy yawning and hunched in his seat and passers-by glancing at the cab, then going on. The audience, knowing what is wrong, enjoys itself at his expense. It is an accepted rule of comedy that the laugh of laughs is one that sneaks up behind the audience and catches it off its guard. There are exceptions, and no matter how long you have made comedies and studied audiences, you cannot be sure always whether it is better to surprise the spectator or to take him into your confidence. In this case, had we not shown the transfer of the sign the audience would be as puzzled as is Speedy at his lack of business and its attention would stray.

A gag in the Kid Brother instances a surprise laugh. The heavy slams me against a bulkhead, holds me there and beats me over the head with a belaying pin until it bends with the force of the impact. As he lets go, bewildered at the hardness of my head, I turn and disclose, just above my head, an iron bracket which had caught the blows. The surprise is feasible here for two reasons: The action is fast and the blows are funny in themselves. Thus the audience is alert and already laughing when overtaken by the unexpected dénouement. We made the scene both ways, but preview audiences laughed so satisfactorily at the surprise that we never showed the other version.

There is one rule of comedy that has no exception—you must never disappoint an audience by leading it to expect something that is not in the picture, unless you give it a still funnier situation instead. The original version of the Freshman contained a perfect instance of this. In an emergency the boy goes to the Junior Prom in a basted suit of evening clothes. As he dances, the suit begins to unravel. The easiest laugh in the world is to rob a man of his pants in public—so easy that we were above doing it here. The unraveling stopped with his coat.

Harold and Ann Christy, His Present Leading Woman, in a Coney Island Faction From "Speedy"

Frances Marion and other wise old heads who saw the film in our projection room warned me: "Harold, you've got to lose your pants." We continued superior to such hokum, however.

Each picture is previewed three or four times in as many theaters in the Los Angeles district. The theaters are chosen carefully to provide audiences of markedly contrasted types, and the picture is not edited finally until we have tested the responses of these varied cross sections of the picture public. At each preview of the Freshman the audience demonstrated that it was looking forward eagerly to the pants following the coat, and when they did not, made its disappointment so manifest that we had to redress the set, call back the cast, including many extras in the ballroom scene, and unravel the trousers.

Reverting to Speedy. He calls "Taxi!" at length to a man who glances at the cab, then starts on. The man points to the sign. Speedy leaps to the walk, snatches off the sign indignantly and assures the passenger that it is a mistake. But as he throws in his clutch the car bucks, then dies. He has forgotten to release his hand brake. The passenger alights in disgust and replaces the sign on the door. Another gag.

The taxi faction was designed to run about 600 feet, but grew, in the making, to 1500 feet, or nearly two reels of successive failures to attract a paying passenger. Speedy sets to cruising for fares. A man emerges from an apartment house, a suitcase in each hand, and signals for a cab. Speedy pulls up. A second man dashes out of the apartment house. He is the landlord and the departing guest has not paid his bill. As I load the bags into the cab the landlord knocks the absconder down. I take one look and return the bags to the sidewalk. The guest arises and knocks the landlord down. I replace the bags in the cab. But the guest is knocked down a second time and stays there. The bags return to the walk and stay there.

The Strong Arm of Justice

Two new passengers run up and demand to be taken to the Pennsylvania Station in a hurry. That is the way I take them, pursued, unknown to me, by a motorcycle cop. I pull up at the Penn Station with squealing brakes. The two men burst out of the cab and are off on the run. When I yell, "Hey! Where's my fare?" they turn for an instant, flash detective badges, and vanish into the station. As I sit mourning a fare I must pay out of my own pocket, the outraged motorcycle cop pulls up and gives me a ticket and a dressing down. For my story about the detectives he awards me the razzberry.

He leaves and an old gentleman—a paying fare at last—makes for my cab, but at that moment the detectives reappear, brush the old man aside and give me an uptown address. I wave the ticket at them. "Look at this mess you got me in." They tell me to forget the ticket; they will square that. Meanwhile step on it in the name of the city of New York. This is opportunity! I charge up Eighth Avenue stiff-arming trucks, shaving street cars, scattering pedestrians, ignoring semaphores and lights and pursued again by the motorcycle cop. I look back and shake my teeth at him derisively.

But as the audience knows, and I do not, at the moment I was pushing down the flag, the two detectives had sighted the crook they had been chasing. They leaped from the cab and the old gentleman took their place. When the motorcycle cop finally runs me down, I merely jerk my thumb back to where the two detectives should be riding and ask him to tell his troubles to his superiors. Instead of which, the old gentleman, a nervous wreck from his wild ride, stumbles out of the cab and denounces me as an assassin.

However many the extras or elaborate the pains you take, it is impossible to manufacture a crowd or a traffic scene as convincing as the real thing. The best effects usually are had by mixing the genuine and the synthetic. In the Freshman we took some of the footage at the actual California-Stanford game in the Berkeley Stadium, with a full sweep of the great crowd; then duplicated the background as nearly as was

(Continued on Page 145)

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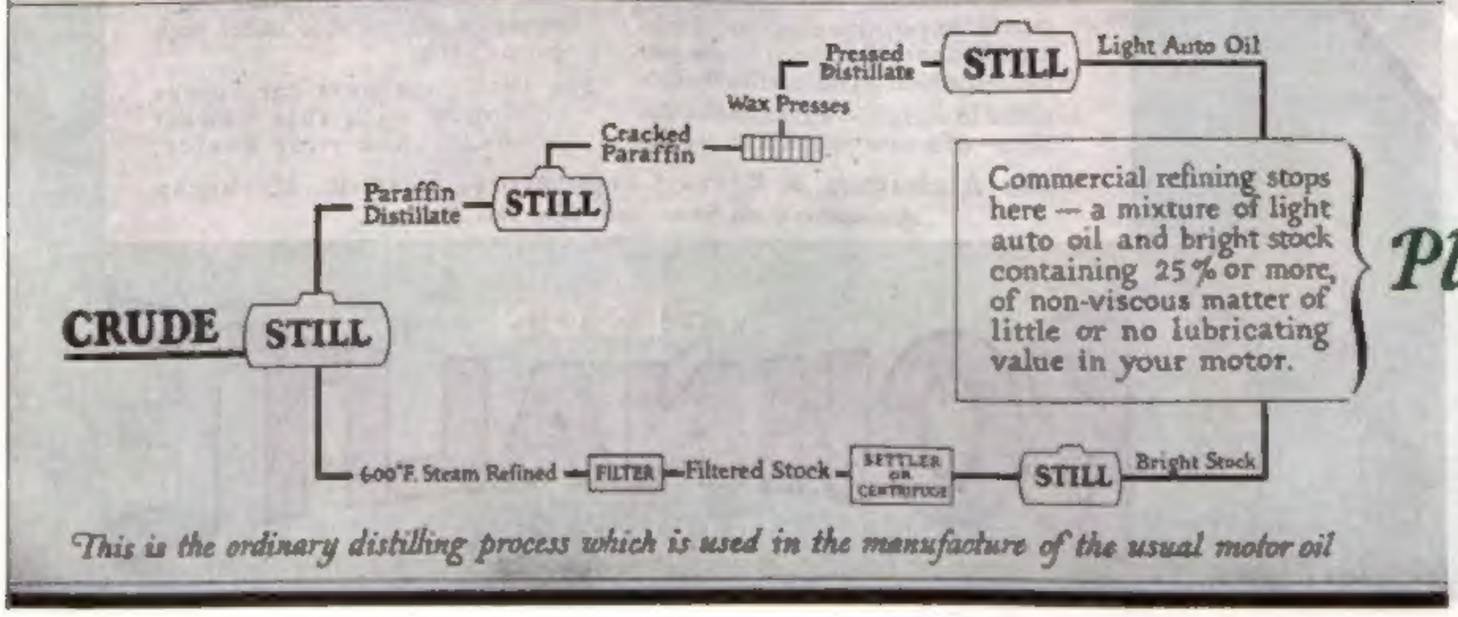
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STILL
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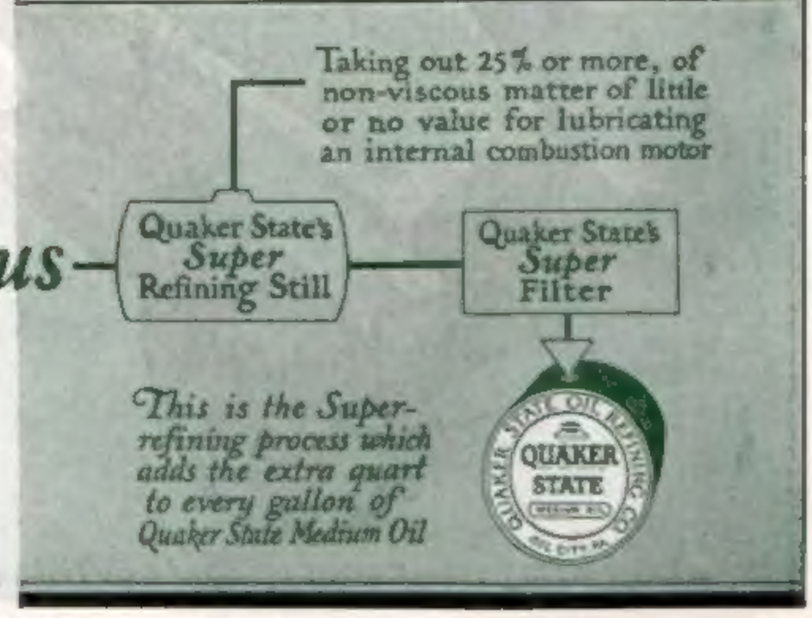
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